Nov. 23, 1981

THE NEW YORKER

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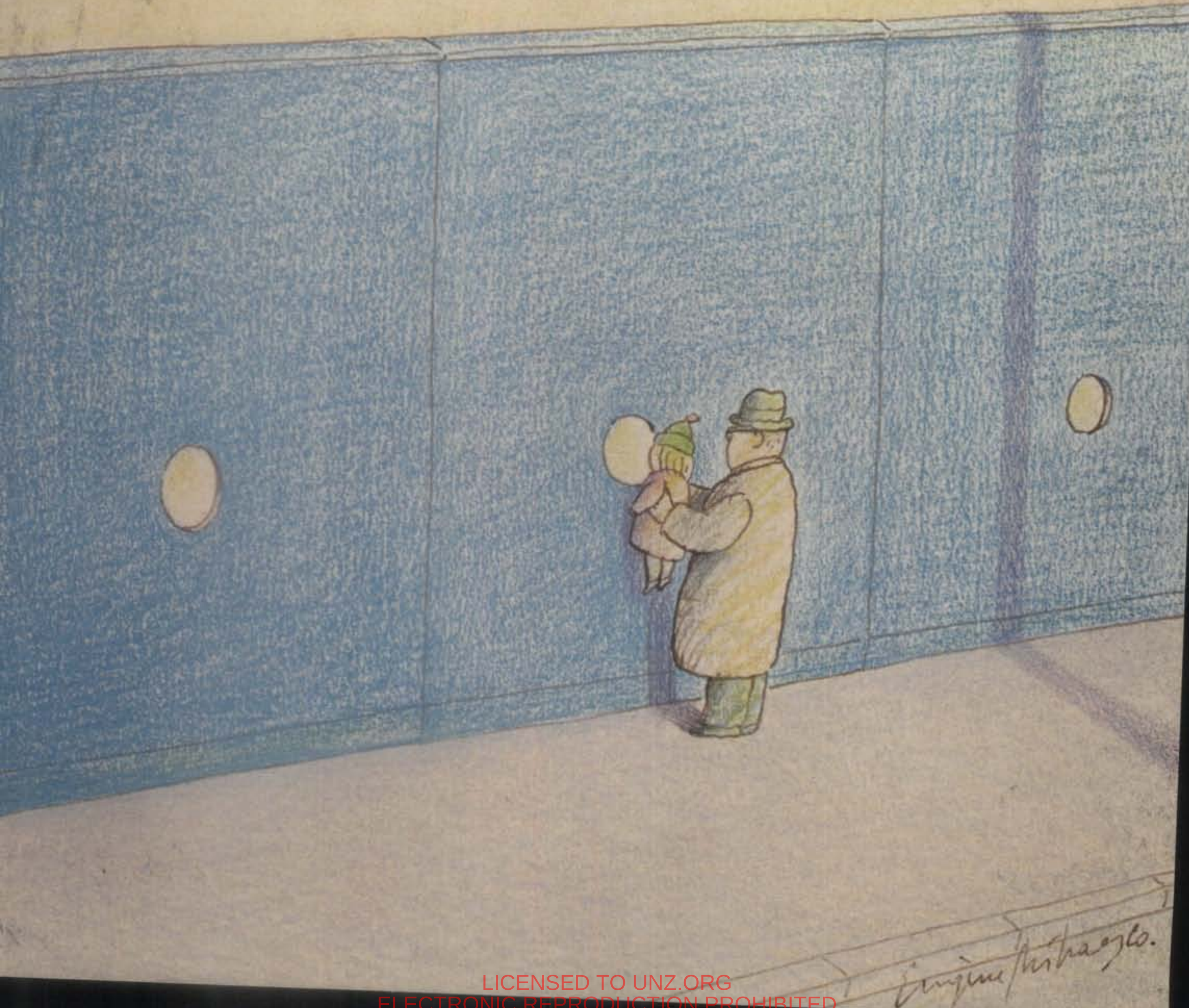
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 26. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Camelot—Richard Harris in a limited engagement of the Lerner and Loewe musical. Also in the cast are Meg Bussert and Richard Muenz. Frank Dunlop is the director. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Candida—One of Shaw's most charming plays, drained of wit and high spirits by a misguided director. Joanne Woodward merely survives in the title role; under happier circumstances, she might have triumphed. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/26/81.) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—In Jonathan Bolt's rather mild play **threads**, an actor returns from Hollywood to the Southern mill town where he was born. The result is a matter of brief episodes, some of them amusing and some sad, by and large well acted by all present, especially so by Jo Henderson, Jonathan Hogan, William Andrews, and Patricia Wettig. (11/9/81) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 22.)

Cloud 9—Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed, under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction, by Veronica Castang, Nicolas Surovy, E. Katherine Kerr, Don Amendolia, Željko Ivanek, Concetta Tomei, and Jeffrey Jones, all of them in multiple roles (m. & f.). Effective sets by Lawrence Miller. (6/1/81) (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cotton Patch Gospel—A musical entertainment by Tom Key (who is also the star and is joined onstage by four musicians) and Russell Treyz, based on Clarence Jordan's book "The Cotton Patch Version of Matthew and John." The music is by the late Harry Chapin. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 3.)

Cowboy Mouth (in Concert)—A rock performance of Sam Shepard and Patti Smith's collage. (Wonderhorse, 83 E. 4th St. 533-5888. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Closes Sunday, Nov. 29.)

Crimes of the Heart—In a small town in Mississippi, a number of terrible things happen, but it is the particular gift of the author, Beth Henley, to make nearly all of them appear very funny indeed. The cast is an ensemble as nearly perfect as one is ever likely to see. (11/16/81) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 2.)

The Dance and the Railroad—John Lone and Tzi Ma give distinguished performances as a pair of Chinese immigrant railroad builders in nineteenth-century America in this enthralling play by David Hwang. (7/27/81) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Dresser—Tom Courtenay plays to the hilt a marvellous role as the sharp-tongued homosexual Cockney dresser of an aging Shakespearian actor-manager (Paul Rogers). Ronald Harwood is the author of this clever, old-fashioned, well-made play. (11/16/81) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—Four one-acters chosen from among the thirteen plays presented here last year: "A Sermon," by David Mamet; "Open Admissions," by Shirley Lauro; "The Lady or the Tiger," by Shel Silverstein; and "Dumping Ground," by Elizabeth Diggs. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-4982. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 6.)

Entertaining Mr. Sloane—A satisfying revival of Joe Orton's astonishing, funny comedy about a handsome young criminal who becomes the sex object of his middle-aged landlady and her homosexual brother. With Brad Davis, Barbara Bryne, Gwyllum Evans, and Jerome Dempsey. John Tillinger is the director. (7/6/81) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the musical **seesaw**, with a book by Michael Bennett, music by Cy Coleman, and lyrics by Dorothy Fields. The second in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 22. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Family Devotions—A humorous, fascinating, and serious comedy by David Hwang about an elderly Chinese who comes to America to visit his prosperous relatives in Bel Air, California. The performance has its ups and downs, but there is no question of the remarkable ability of Victor Wong in the leading role. The handsome, witty setting is by David Gropman. (11/2/81) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The First—A musical focussing on Jackie Robin-

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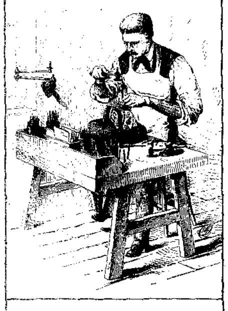

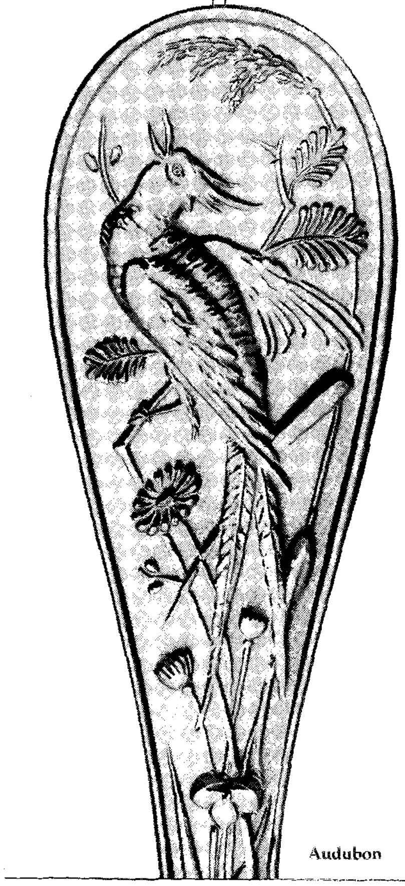

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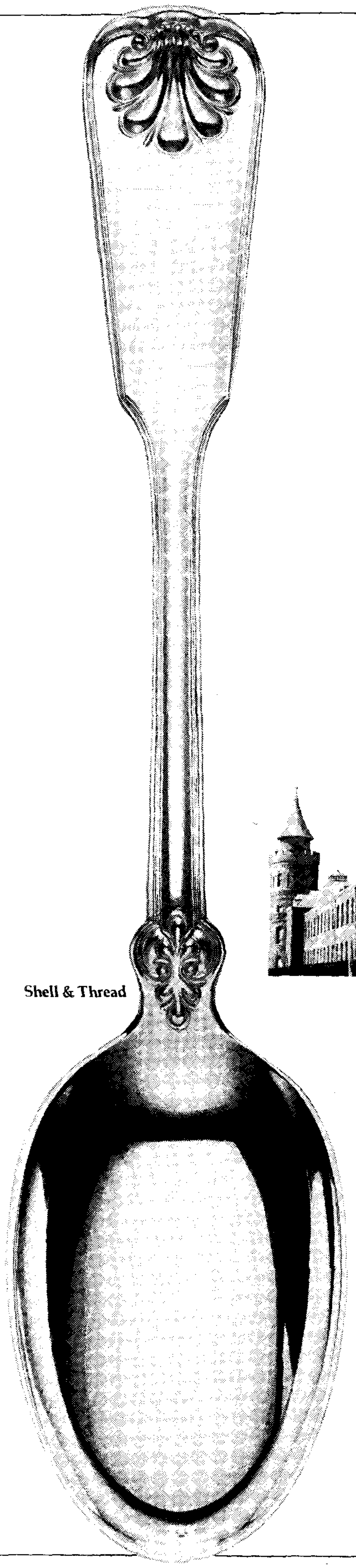

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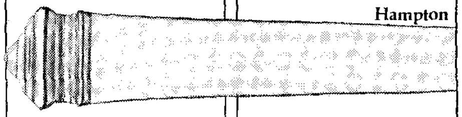

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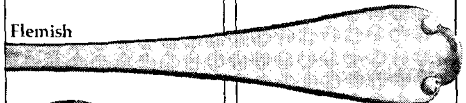

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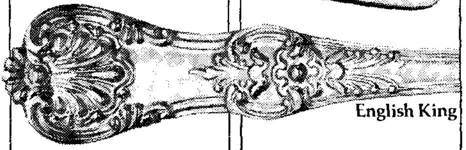

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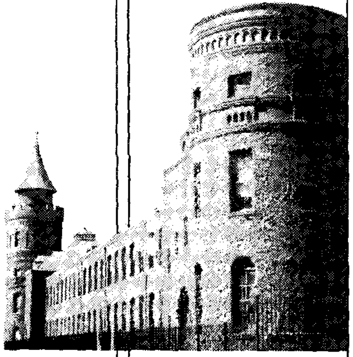

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

son's first season with the Brooklyn Dodgers. The book is by Joel Siegel, with Martin Charnin (who also directed); the music is by Bob Brush; and the lyrics are by Mr. Charnin. With David Alan Grier, David Huddleston, and Lonette McKee. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat—Bill Hutton heads the cast of a revival of a musical based on the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. Tony Tanner is the director. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 18. (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 3.)

Key Exchange—A charming first play by Kevin Wade, with Ben Masters and Brooke Adams as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom meet on their bicycles in Central Park on Sunday afternoons. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that any dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (6/22/81) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

La Mama's 20th Anniversary Celebration—Sixteen plays that were originally seen here during the sixties. The project will be spread out over the next couple of months. Through Sunday, Nov. 29. **THE SON OF FRICKA,** by Bruce Kessler: Thursday through Monday, Nov. 19-23, and Wednesday through Sunday, Nov. 25-29, all at 7:30. . . . **HURRAH FOR THE BRIDGE,** by Paul Foster. Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 18-21, at 9; Sunday, Nov. 22, at 6 and 9; Wednesday, Nov. 25, and Friday, Nov. 27, at 9; and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 28-29, at 6 and 9. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710.)

Lena Horne: The Lady and Her Music—A couple of dozen cherished standards (by Porter, Youmans, Rodgers & Hart, etc., etc.) sung to perfection. Miss Horne brings down the house not once but many times. (5/25/81) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays, except Nov. 24, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Saturday, Nov. 28.)

The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby—Dickens was simultaneously an accurate reporter of social evils and a sentimental fantasist, and both aspects of his genius are brilliantly manifested by the Royal Shakespeare Company's adaptation of his celebrated (but little-read) novel. Go at once. (10/19/81) The play is presented in two parts, and tickets are available only in consecutive two-performance combinations. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Wednesdays at 2 and 7; Thursdays and Fridays at 7; and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 7. No performances Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 25-27.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Nov. 29: Victor Herbert's **THE RED MILL.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 2.)

Manhattan Theatre Club—Cleavon Little in **THE RESURRECTION OF LADY LESTER,** by OyamO. (Reviewed in this issue.) Nightly at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 22. . . . **CROSSING NIAGARA:** A pretentious little curiosity, by Alonso Alegría, about a nineteenth-century French tightrope walker, who is persuaded to cross the Falls with a young man perched on his shoulders. Alvin Epstein gives a fine performance in the leading role, and Paul McCrane does well as his piggyback passenger. Distinguished scenery and lighting by Santo Loquasto and Jennifer Tipton. (11/16/81) Nightly, except Mondays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 29. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600.)

March of the Falsettos—William Finn's clever, talented musical (barely over an hour long) about a man who leaves his wife and young son for a male lover. The performance, under the ingenious direction of James Lapine, is light and lively. (5/18/81) (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Marlowe—Christopher Marlowe was a drunken young playwright and perhaps a spy, but this wretched rock musical has practically nothing to do with him. (10/26/81) (Rialto, Broadway at 43rd St. 354-5236. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 3.)

Mass Appeal—White-haired and black-browed, Milo O'Shea is a Catholic priest to the life; the only other character in Bill C. Davis's brilliant little comedy is Michael O'Keefe, who plays a troubled seminarian. Many contradictory opinions divide the two men, and out of the division comes, for one of them, salvation. Geraldine Fitzgerald is the able director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27.)

Merrily We Roll Along—A musical with a book by George Furth and music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, based on the 1934 George S. Kaufman-Moss Hart play of the same title. With Jim Walton, Ann Morrison, and Lonny Price. Directed by Harold Prince. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 3.)

Misalliance—A creditable production of Bernard Shaw's entertaining conversation piece, set in the country house of a rich underwear manufacturer in 1909. Philip Bosco plays the leading role, and he is ably supported by, among others, Jeanne Ruskin as his independent-minded daughter; Patricia O'Connell as his shrewd, cozy wife; and, most especially, by Anthony Heald as a temporarily addled young gunman who intrudes to avenge his late mother's honor. (9/21/81) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

My Fair Lady—Rex Harrison is back in the role of Professor Higgins, created by him a quarter of a century ago. The musical is as fresh as ever and a constant delight to the ear. (8/31/81) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 29.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Charles Fuller's **A SOLDIER'S PLAY** is the first in this season's series of four productions. Previews through Thursday, Nov. 19. Opens officially on Friday, Nov. 20. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Pump Boys and Dinettes—A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the good songs were written by Jim Wann (lead singer, guitarist, and pump boy), often with his wife, Cass Morgan (singer, percussionist, and counter girl). The six singer/instrumentalists are delightful; Mark Hardwick, at the piano; is especially so. A Dodger Theatre Company production. (11/16/81) (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Tuesdays through Thursdays—except Thanksgiving—and Sundays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11.)

Shiro—Yutaka Higashi's samurai musical, performed by the Tokyo Kid Brothers. (La Mama Annex, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 29.)

Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All for You and **The Actor's Nightmare**—A very funny evening in the theatre. "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd and wicked parodies of respected playwrights. Everyone in the company does very well, under Jerry Zaks' nimble direction; Elizabeth Franz is splendid as the nun, and Jeff Brooks is fine as the actor in spite of himself. (11/2/81) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sophisticated Ladies—A stunning potpourri of Duke Ellington numbers, affording us again and again a welcome shock of recognition. The cast, headed by Gregory Hines, sings and dances with extraordinary energy; few musicals have ever moved so swiftly from a confident start to a no less confident finish. (3/16/81) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 2.)

The Stronger and **Hughie**—A Strindberg-O'Neill double bill. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Saturday, Nov. 28, at 2.)

Taken in Marriage—A revival of a play by Thomas Babe. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 22.)

A Talent for Murder—Claudette Colbert is an ever-welcome presence on Broadway, and so is her co-star, Jean-Pierre Aumont, but they can contribute little of value to this so-called "suspense comedy" by Jerome Chodorov and Norman Panama. (10/12/81) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 2.)

Torch Song Trilogy—A play by Harvey Fierstein, with Joel Crothers, Estelle Getty, Diane Tarleton, Matthew Broderick, Paul Joynt, and Mr. Fierstein himself in the cast. (Richard Allen Center, 36 W. 62nd St. 869-3981. Thursdays through Mondays at 7:30.)

2 by South—A pair of garrulous one-acters by Frank South. The performances, under the direction of Robert Altman, are good; that of Leo Burmester, as a renegade doctor in the West who has committed a murder and waits alone for retribution, is very good. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 307-1866. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 3.)

The West Side Waltz—Katharine Hepburn as a retired concert pianist, and Dorothy Loudon as a violinist in Ernest Thompson's comedy. David Margulies, Regina Baff, and Don Howard are also in the cast. Directed by Noel Willman. Previews Wednesday, Nov. 18. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 19. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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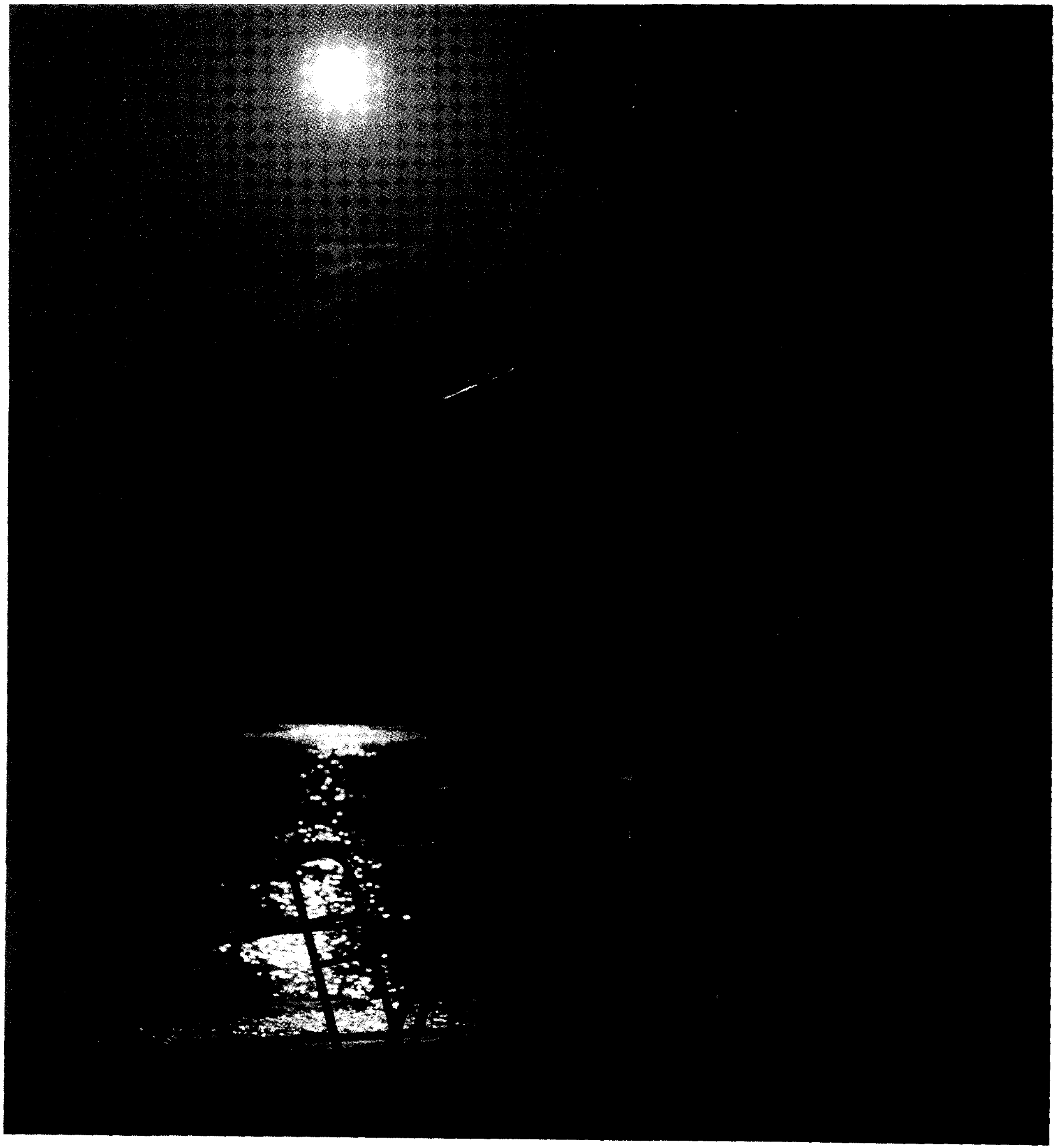

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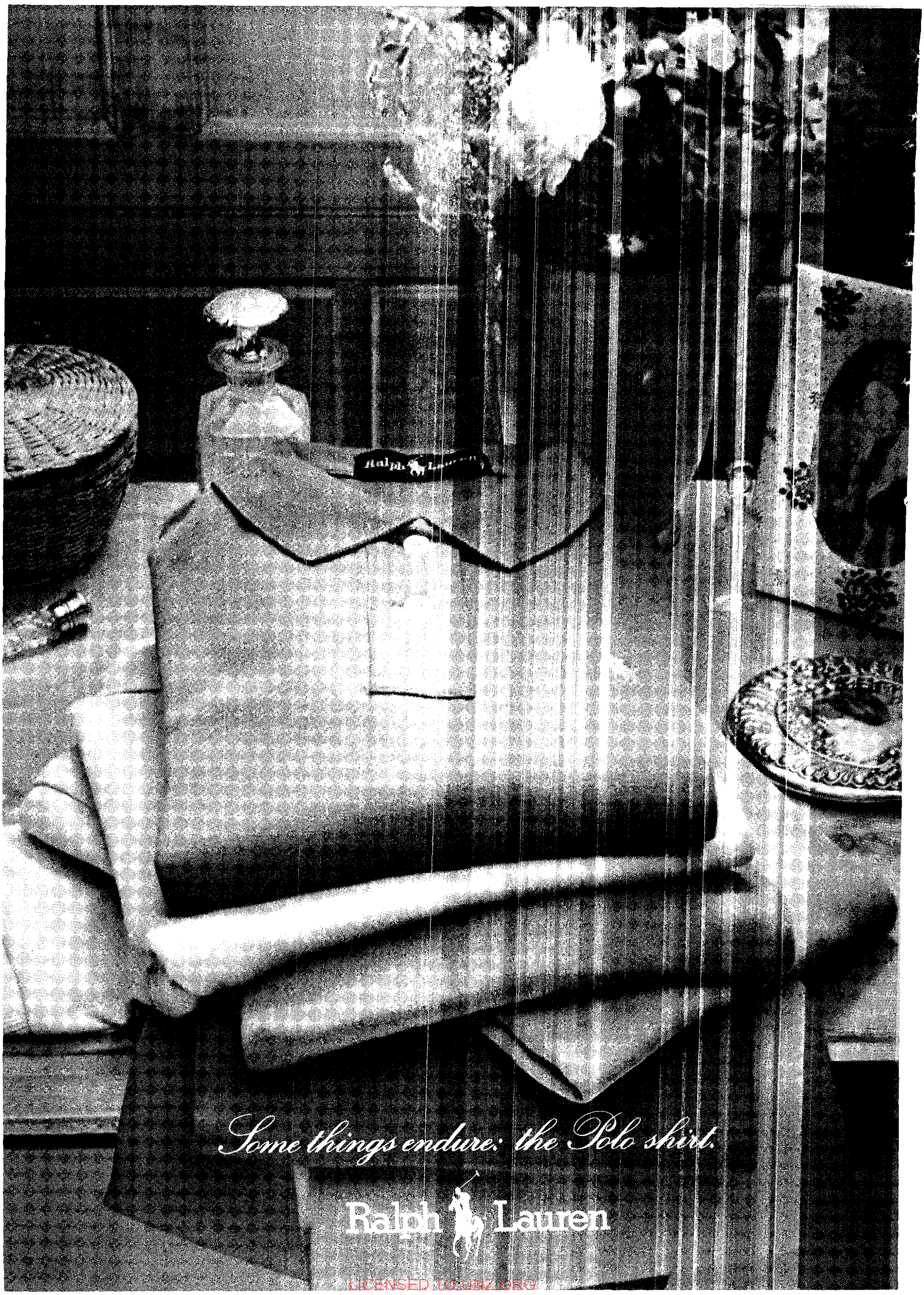
Ralph Lauren
Some things endure: the Polo shirt.
Ralph Lauren

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
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with ease on her broad shoulders this musical-comedy version of the old Hepburn-Tracy movie. The clever songs are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (4/6/81) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 25, and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 3.) . . . **AMADEUS:** We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with John Wood, Peter Firth, and Amy Irving heading the large cast. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27.) . . . **BARNUM:** A little musical that is more circus than Barnum. Mike Burstyn has assumed the role of the impresario. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinées Thanksgiving Day at 3, and Friday, Nov. 27, at 2.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** An extraordinarily effective play about a young deaf woman and one of her teachers, who falls in love with her. The author, Mark Medoff, has found humor and pathos in a most difficult subject. Phyllis Frelich and John Rubinstein play the leading roles. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 3.) . . . **DANCIN':** An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A stunning cast, headed by Farley Granger, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 2:30.) . . . **EVITA:** A sung version of the life of Eva Perón, with Derin Altay, James Stein, and David Cryer. Nancy Opel substitutes for Miss Altay at the matinée performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,968 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIFTH OF JULY:** We are back on the old Talley place, which we encountered last year in "Talley's Folly." Lanford Wilson writes with authority and with exceptional comic verve about the inhabitants of a corner of southern Missouri that may yet become as famous as the not far distant Yoknapatawpha County. Timothy Bottoms and Laraine Newman dominate the proceedings. (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 27, at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** Gilbert and Sullivan Americanized, which, in this case, is to say good-humoredly vulgarized. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matineae Friday, Nov. 27, at 2.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** Mickey Rooney and Ann Miller having a high old time in a musical show that only pretends to be based on the great days of burlesque, if burlesque ever had great days. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—The hundred-and-eleventh edition of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's brouhaha. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 18, and will close Tuesday, Dec. 1. (Byrne Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Nov. 19-20, at 10:30 and 7:30; Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 21-22, at 11, 3, and 7:30; Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 23-24, at 7:30; Wednesday, Nov. 25, at 3 and 7:30; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28, at 11, 3, and 7:30.)

Radio City Music Hall—The annual Christmas show opens on Friday, Nov. 20, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 3. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday, Nov. 20, at 7:30; Saturday, Nov. 21, at 11, 2:30, and 7:30; Sunday, Nov. 22, at 12:30, 4, and 7:30; Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 23-24, at 2:30; Wednesday, Nov. 25, and Thanksgiving at 2:30 and 7:30; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28, at 11, 2:30, and 7:30.)

The Amazing Masters of Magic and Illusion—An international cast headed by Richiardi. Opens Friday, Nov. 20, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 6. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 2 and 7:30; and Sundays at 1 and 5.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Wednesday evening, Nov. 18: "Piano Pieces," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 19: "Scotch Symphony," "In the Night," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 20: "Mozartiana," "Piano Pieces," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 21: "Swan Lake," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 21: "Scotch Symphony," "Andantino," "Eight Easy Pieces," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." (A benefit performance; for tickets call 477-4720.) . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 22: "In the Night," "Fancy Free," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 22: "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," "Andantino," "Eight Easy Pieces," and "Symphony No. 1." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 24: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2," "Scotch Symphony," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 25: "Swan Lake," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 26: "Swan Lake," "In G Major," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 27: "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2," "Agon," and "Tempo di Valse." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 28: "Apollo," "In the Night," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 28: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2," "In the Night," and "Tempo di Valse." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 21.)

Joffrey Ballet—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, Nov. 18, and Friday, Nov. 20, at 8: "Moves," "Celebration," "Return to the Strange Land," and "Trinity." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8: "Light Rain," "Secret Places," "Parade," and "Deuce Coupe II." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8: "Light Rain," "Fanfarita," "Momentum," and "Postcards." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 22, at 2: "Celebration," "Random Dances," "Momentum," and "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 22, at 7:30: "Light Rain," "Transfigured Night," "Deuce Coupe II," and "Trinity." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Ballet Today Company—With guest artist Anne Marie deAngelo. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday, Nov. 18, and Friday, Nov. 20, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 22, at 2.)

"Time Pieces"—Two works by Larry Hyman—"Rewind" and "Sister Mary's Night Out." (Washington Square Methodist Church, 133 W. 4th St. Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 18-21, at 8, and Friday, Nov. 20, at 11. For tickets call 724-2207.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant that's been a Chelsea fixture for years. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 20-21, a lively piano-bass duo—**JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA**—will occupy the four-foot-high bandstand. The following weekend (Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28), bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** will head up a trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Bechet's, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—A relaxed upper East Side bar and restaurant with jazz musicians working on a bandstand at the very back of the place. Baritone saxophonist **PEPPER ADAMS,** whose hard, cutting tone earned him the nickname The Knife when he was with Stan Kenton in the fifties, is on hand with a quartet through Sunday, Nov. 22. On Tuesday, Nov. 24, mellophonist and vibraharpist **DON ELLIOTT** will bring in a quartet that will feature pianist **JILL MC MANUS** and bassist **CECIL MC BEE.** Music from nine.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. Saxophonist Turk Mauro and his quartet perform through Monday, Nov. 23; on Tuesday, Nov. 24, *bebop trombonists* **KAI WINDING** *and* **CURTIS FULLER** will arrive with their combo. There are usually three sets, beginning at ten. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The roster: Wednesday, Nov. 18, **JONATHAN RICHMAN & THE MODERN LOVERS;** Thursday, Nov. 19, Alabama and Earl Thomas Conley; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 20-21, ragtime singer **LEON REDBONE;** Monday, Nov. 23, Bruce Cockburn; Wednesday, Nov. 25, Karlo DeVito; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28, two evenings of doo-wop groups featuring Jimmy Beaumont & the Skyliners, Earl Lewis & the Channels, the Silhouettes, and Fourteen Karat Soul. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (although no musician's name is ever posted anywhere on the premises) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. Pianist and composer **CEDAR WALTON** performs with superbassist **RON CARTER** through Saturday, Nov. 21; on Monday, Nov. 23, pianist **RAY BRYANT** will turn up with his bassist, **JIMMY ROWSER.** Music from nine-forty-five.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—The more passionate admirers of samba music think of it as one of the great developments of post-wheel civilization. This urbane room is a good place to hear it performed by a vocalist and a backup trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **HUGH SHANNON,** the international and imperishable café-society singer and pianist, has become the resident entertainer. He appears with a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL,** who sings and plays piano, too, is in the Bemelmans Bar, nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A bar and restaurant painted the color of Vienna-roast coffee beans. **ELLIS LARKINS,** the demure, elegant pianist who over the years has accompanied Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Ella Fitzgerald, Sylvia Syms, and many other singers, is the star here. He appears nightly, except Sundays, from eight until midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. The schedule: Wednesday, Nov. 18, Stu Daye's Eat Right, the Shakes, and Attention; Thursday, Nov. 19, Funktionaries, Moot, and High Sheriffs of Blue; Friday, Nov. 20, Catholic Girls, the Jitterz, and the Gentz; and Saturday, Nov. 21, Velveteen. Monday is showcase night. Music long after nine-thirty.

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City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—A country-and-Western hangout for New Yorkers who secretly wish they had names like Delbert McClinton and Lacy J. Dalton. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** demonstrates the art of the blues innuendo with her trio through Saturday, Nov. 21. On Monday, Nov. 23, **RUTH BROWN** will move in to sing some of her R. & B. biggies from the early fifties and a few jazz standards. She'll be accompanied by a trio and by her own polyrhythmic hip-bashing tambourine playing. Sundays are the property of **CARRIE SMITH,** a jazz singer with a big, resounding voice. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, Nov. 18, the Joe Cooley ceili band; Thursday, Nov. 19, Jan Davidson and Scott Ainslie; Saturday, Nov. 21, the Neon Valley Boys; Sunday, Nov. 22, guitarist Rolly Brown; Wednesday, Nov. 25, James Keane, Mick Moloney, and the Derby Ram; Thursday, Nov. 26, the Jumbo String Band; and Saturday, Nov. 28, **FIDDLE FEVER.** Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays, from eight-fifteen on Thursdays and Saturdays, and from nine on Sundays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, Nov. 22, Lynn Welshman's ten-piece band will play from nine-thirty. On Wednesdays and Fridays, other small combos work from six to eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs room, which is patronized by tourists, people on dates, and music lovers, and which is frequently very crowded. Bluesy, funky tenor saxophonist **STANLEY TURRENTINE** leads his group through Saturday, Nov. 21; on Sunday, Nov. 22, percussion wizard **RAY BARRETTO** will drop by with a Latin-jazz band; and on Tuesday, Nov. 24, pianist **MC COY TYNER,** intense and vertiginous as ever, will begin a six-night visit. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Ginger Man, 51 W. 64th St. (399-2358)—In the less frenetic area of this restaurant, one will find vintage jazz musicians performing with vigor and skill the music of their youth—the twenties, thirties, and forties. The **HARLEM BLUES AND JAZZ BAND**—made up of trombonist **EDDIE DURHAM,** guitarist **AL CASEY,** tenor saxophonist **EDDIE CHAMBLEE,** trumpeter **BOBBY WILLIAMS,** drummer **TOMMY BENFORD,** either **JOHNNY WILLIAMS** or **AL HALL** on bass, and **CHARLES BATEMAN** on piano—goes at it from nine-thirty Thursdays through Saturdays.

GLOVES
Anne Burgess

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile music. The mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. The live music: Wednesday, Nov. 18, singer Maggie Swank; Thursday, Nov. 19, the Steinettes; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 20-21, Argentine pianist **JORGE DALTO;** and starting Tuesday, Nov. 24, jazz singers **JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL—JACKIE & ROY** to their admirers. On Sundays, **ANGELA SUAREZ** sings stirring Brazilian-jazz numbers, and on Mondays bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** perform with guest players. Tuesdays through Saturdays from eleven, and Sundays and Mondays from ten-thirty. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** bassist Ronnie Markowitz, and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays from ten; on Mondays and Tuesdays, a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** begins at ten; and Sundays, **BROOKS KERR** sings and plays piano from five to ten.

Griff's Plaza Café, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A pleasant, spiffy, laid-back restaurant that hangs over Third Avenue—it's one level up—and hires fine pianists. Mike LeDonne heads a trio through Saturday, Nov. 21; on Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 24-25, **AL HAIG** will perform with a bassist. Music from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, and from nine to one on Saturdays. Closed Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 26-28.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished bar and restaurant in a neighborhood that is itself in the process of being refurbished. **RAY BRYANT** solos on the dining-room grand through Saturday, Nov. 21; starting Tuesday, Nov. 24, **RED RICHARDS** will man the keyboard. **JOE ALBANY** plays bebop piano Sundays and Mondays. The music runs Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two, and Sundays and Mondays from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. Closed Thanksgiving.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of tall ships, wide ships, short ships, and narrow ships, as well as Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. Pianist Chuck Folds leads a trio that plays for listening and dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Pianist Judd Woldin alternates with them after nine.

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A very big, airy room with ceiling fans and jazz fans. Wednesdays, trumpeter **OLU DARA'S OKRA ORCHESTRA,** which features saxophonist **HENRY THREADGILL,** offers up jazz and jazz-funk. On Thursday, Nov. 19, and on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28, Brazilian composer, arranger, singer, guitarist, and percussionist **THIAGO DE MELLO** will lead his ten-piece band, **AMAZON.** On Friday and Saturday, Nov. 20-21, Brazilian pianist and composer **DOM SALVADOR** will drop by with his band. Music from nine, and if you hang around until two in the morning on Fridays and Saturdays *you'll hear even more jazz,* played by Mike Morgenstern, the saxophonist-proprietor, who jams with a bunch of musical colleagues. Closed Thanksgiving.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet led by trumpeter Spanky Davis occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. Tuesdays through Saturdays, **HANK JONES** and **VICTOR GASKIN** play piano-bass duets. **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** are the musicians on Sundays and Mondays. Music from ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness except in the wide-open-spaces department. The schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 18-19, Texas singer and songwriter **RAY WYLIE HUBBARD;** Sunday, Nov. 22, Oneonta, N.Y., singer and songwriter **JERRY JEFF WALKER;** Monday, Nov. 23, Jack Cassady & SVT; Wednesday, Nov. 25, Texas Turkey Shoot; and Thursday, Nov. 26, **SAM & DAVE.** Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A singer's room with a view of a garden *and*, for two more weeks, of **MEL TORMÉ.** Mr. Tormé sings Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Jonathan Schwartz, disc jockey, novelist, singer, and son (Arthur's), sings here Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band, a septet, plays Dixieland jazz. Dining. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 20-21, Noel Pointer will play rhapsodic solos on his electric violin. Music from about ten until two.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. The schedule: Wednesday, Nov. 18, **ELVIN BISHOP;** Friday and Saturday, Nov. 20-21, **CHRIS HILLMAN** and **RICK ROBERTS;** Tuesday, Nov. 24, *Grover Kemble and Za Zu Zaz*; and starting Friday, Nov. 27, **SONNY TERRY** and **BROWNIE MC GHEE.** Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Dining.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

PEPPERMINT LOUNGE, 128 W. 45th St. (719-3176)—Rock and roll on Broadway: Wednesday, Nov. 18, Swinging Madisons; Thursday, Nov. 19, Certain Generals; Friday, Nov. 20, **BUZZ & THE FLYERS** and the Blasters; Saturday, Nov. 21, 999; Sunday, Nov. 22, New Order; Wednesday, Nov. 25, Our Daughter's Wedding; Thursday, Nov. 26, **JOE (KING) CARRASCO;** Friday, Nov. 27, Johnny Thunders; and Saturday, Nov. 28, Bongos. Music from about midnight.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! **SY OLIVER** and his bouncy dance septet are in their sixth year in this wonderful room. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays and Thanksgiving from six to midnight. Dining.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. The schedule: Wednesday, Nov. 18, **DAVID JOHANSEN;** Thursday, Nov. 19, **JERRY LEE LEWIS;** Friday through Sunday, Nov. 20-22, U2; Monday, Nov. 23, Joy Rider; Wednesday, Nov. 25, **TOM VERLAINE;** and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28, Bow Wow Wow. *Shows tend to begin sometime after* midnight. Dancing.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room, the current tribute is one honoring Irving Berlin. It's entitled "They Say It's Wonderful," and it has a cast of four—Andrea McArdle, Larry Kert, Debbie Shapiro, and Terry Burrell. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The players: Wednesday, Nov. 18, Jasmine, with Roger Rosenberg; Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 19-22, **MAX ROACH,** a model for up-and-coming young drummers and established, older ones, too, for some thirty-five years, and his quartet; Monday, Nov. 23, the Ed Palermo big band; Tuesday, Nov. 24, singer Carmen Lundy; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28, **STEPS,** with **MICHAEL BRECKER, MIKE MAINIERI, DON GROLNICK, PETER ERSKINE,** and **EDDIE GOMEZ.** Music from nine-thirty.

STAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Lots of mirrors, easy-to-sit-in, padded bentwood chairs, and live jazz. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 20-21, **JAKI BYARD** and his trio will provide the music. Tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN'S** quartet will be present on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28. Music from ten. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Trumpeter **TED CURSON** and alto saxophonist **CHRIS WOODS** co-pilot a crackling hard-bop quintet through Saturday, Nov. 21; beginning Tuesday, Nov. 24, swing-music specialist **SCOTT HAMILTON** will play tenor sax and lead a combo. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Home of blues—rural blues, urban blues, Chicago blues, rhythm and blues, and Kingston blues (a.k.a. reggae). The schedule: **JOE TURNER,** the Kansas City blues shouter, New Orleans-style singer, Chicago-blues singer, and early rock-and-roll singer, is here Wednesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday, Nov. 22, the Nighthawks, a popular Washington, D.C., quintet, will play blues and rockabilly tunes. Tuesdays are lift-off sessions for the local soul-shake octet the **UPTOWN HORNS,** which plays some of the bluesiest, raunchiest, and loosest music in the city. Shows most nights after nine-thirty.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A non-threatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club. The lineup: Wednesday, Nov. 18, Cheverne and David Wygal; Thursday, Nov. 19, Leslie Chase and **FINN & THE SHARKS,** a rockabilly outfit; Friday, Nov. 20, Chet Bolins and Blotto; Saturday, Nov. 21, **DEFUNKT,** the avant-garde soul-music sextet, and singer **NONA HENDRYX;** *Monday, Nov. 23, Neil Getz & the* Mumbos, Belle Star, and the Extremes; Tuesday, Nov. 24, Nightwatch and Broken Arrow; and Wednesday, Nov. 25, present-day incarnations of the Drifters and the Marvelettes. Music after eleven. Dancing.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays in the big downstairs room, enthusiastic salsa bands perform at nine-thirty; on Nov. 23, percussionist **TITO PUENTE** and his Latin-jazz sextet will trade sets with the **BOBBY RODRIGUEZ** band. On Tuesdays out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** leads a trio from nine.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Tenor saxophonist **WARNE MARSH** and pianist **SAL MOSCA** guide their quartet through some Lennie Tristano-inspired tunes through Sunday, Nov. 22; on Tuesday, Nov. 24, thunderbolt drummer **ELVIN JONES** will descend the stairs with his quartet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Hank Johnson is at the piano Mondays through Wednesdays; Tony Regusis has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight-thirty until two.

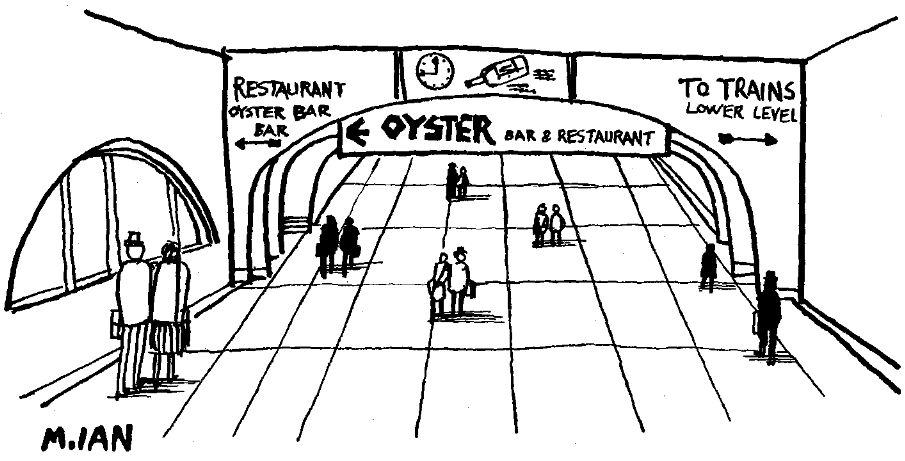
WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines, is a room full of mostly swing music. The mostly swing music: Trombonist and occasional vocalist **DICKY WELLS** leads a quartet through Sunday, Nov. 22; on Wednesday, Nov. 25, tenor saxophonist **GEORGE KELLY** will move in with his Jazz Sultans. On Mondays, saxophonist Percy France is present with a quartet, and Tuesday nights belong to the great drummer **JO JONES.** Music nightly from about nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

DAVID BROMBERG—With Robert Hunter. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

DARYL HALL AND JOHN OATES—With Karla DeVito. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 20-21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

JON HASSELL AND (BLUE) GENE TYRANNY—Public



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Although there still is very little Belleek in all the world, it is not too late to become a collector. Write for names of favoured Belleek shops in America, as well as literature on how to join the Belleek Collector's Society and acquire limited editions. Belleek Parian China, 225 Fifth Ave., NY 10010.

UNIQUE BELLEEK

BELLEEK

CHINA AS IRISH AS IRELAND

Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 20-21, at 10.

Earl Klugh—With an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

Earth, Wind & Fire—Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesday, Nov. 24, at 8.

Rod Stewart—Madison Square Garden. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 26-27, at 8.

Ella Fitzgerald (with the Jimmy Rowles Trio) and **Oscar Peterson (with Joe Pass)**—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, Nov. 27, at 7:30 and 10:30.

Go-Go's—With Joe (King) Carrasco & the Crowns. (Palladium. Saturday, Nov. 28, at 8.)

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10:30 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 19, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Billy Hart, Cheryl Pyle, Ron McLure, and Fred Hersch. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Nov. 20-21, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Sonny Fortune quartet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 22, at 9: Jaki Byard & the Apollo Stompers. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Bill Hardman-Junior Cook quintet, with Walter Bishop, Jr. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

Savoy—Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 9: Natalie Cole. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Nov. 19-20, and Sunday, Nov. 22, at 9, and Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8:30 and 11:30: Patti Labelle. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 25, at 10: The Village People. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 27, at 8:30: Gordon Lightfoot. (Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesday, Nov. 18: Hilton Ruiz trio. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 19: Nestor Torres quintet. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 20: Charles Tyler ensemble. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 21: Thiago de Mello and Amazon. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 24: Daniel Ponce. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 27: Diane Thome. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 28: Amiri Baraka with Don Pullen and Beaver Harris. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. All shows begin about 9:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Pierre Bonnard (1867-1947)—A benefit loan show of fifty-six paintings, the most comprehensive exhibit of his work in nearly twenty years. Through Dec. 11. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Natalie Charkow—Carved limestone and bronze figures and reliefs. Through Wednesday, Nov. 25. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Brian Conley—Three-dimensional painted wall pieces incorporating dense clusters of plastic foliage and references to primitive African sculpture. Through Dec. 5. (Siegel, 29 E. 73rd St.)

Honoré Daumier (1801-79)—Forty lithographs. Through Dec. 5. (McCarron, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

John Day—Recent abstract geometric paintings. Through Wednesday, Nov. 25. (Prohaska, 61 E. 77th St.)

André Derain (1880-1954)—Paintings (landscapes, still-lifes, portraits) and works on paper (nudes, figure studies). Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Theo Waddington, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Mary Faulconer / Evelyn Taylor—About twenty-five realist paintings. More than half of them date back to the early nineteen-fifties, and the remainder (of collages, New Orleans riverboat houses) are recent. / Realist landscapes, all with a touch of the mysterious. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Klaus Fussmann—Semi-abstract paintings on canvas and paper. Through Dec. 19. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

Michael Hague / John R. Grabach (1880-1981)—Watercolors by an illustrator of children's classics (these for a Hans Christian Andersen collection). / Paintings and works on paper. Through Dec. 5. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28.)

Cleo Hartwig—Stone and clay sculptures, both representational and abstract, of birds, plants, and animals. Through Dec. 1. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Winlsow Homer (1836-1910)—"Windy Day, Tynemouth Beach" and "Weatherbeaten" are among the seventeen paintings on loan from the Portland, Maine, Museum of Art. Through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St.)

Paul Jenkins—Bursts of raw acrylic colors on large canvases. The works are all recent. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Joanna Krasner—Abstract oil paintings. Through Dec. 5. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Daniel Lang—Recent realist landscapes. Through Dec. 5. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Robert Lostutter—Watercolors and drawings by a Chicago Imagist; first one-man show in New York. Through Dec. 19. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Matta—Paintings and drawings, dated 1937-47, by the Chilean-born Surrealist. Through Dec. 19. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

Armando Morales—Semi-abstract oils of still-lifes and figures. Through Dec. 31. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

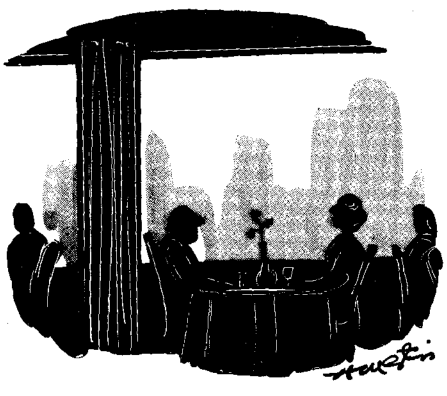
Edvard Munch (1863-1944)—A benefit loan show of more than fifty woodcuts, lithographs, and etchings—all of women. Through Dec. 5. (Browne, a new gallery at 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Emil Nolde (1867-1956)—Characteristic Expressionist watercolors and a few oils—landscapes, a bright poppy, a group of salamanders. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

Peter Reginato / Yasuo Kuniyoshi (1889-1953)—Recent freestanding abstract welded-steel sculptures. / Paintings from the teens through the forties. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Raymond Saunders—Two related shows. Seventy watercolors of flowers. Through Wednesday, Nov. 25. (Hunter College Gallery, Lexington Ave. at 68th St. Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays, 1 to 7; Wednesdays and Fridays, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ Collage drawings, many of which have the same flowers as part of their motif. Through Sunday, Nov. 22. (Mythology, 370 Columbus Ave., at 77th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10:30 to 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Mark Schlesinger—Recent abstract paintings. Through Nov. 30. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)



Judith Shea—Fabric constructions (a vest, a jacket) by an artist and fashion designer. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Raphael Soyer—Figure studies, portraits of friends, and self-portraits in oil, plus lusty drawings and watercolors by this venerable artist, now in his eighties. Through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Herk Van Tongeren—Bronze sculptures. Through Dec. 19. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Mary Joan Waid—Magnified close-up portraits, usually a part of a face, in oils and pastels. Through Dec. 12. (Einstein, 243 E. 82nd St.)

H. C. Westermann (1922-81)—Fifteen wood or wood-and-metal sculptures and twenty watercolors by this artist, who died recently. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Picasso Centenary—October 25th would have been the artist's hundredth birthday, and two uptown galleries are taking note of that fact. The Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St., has gathered together nearly forty works from 1901 to 1969—paintings, sculptures, and works on paper—many being shown here for the first time. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. . . . A complementary show next door at the Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., embraces the same time span and includes some oils making their American début, works on paper, sculptures, and graphics. Through Dec. 5. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

Social Art in America: 1930-45—A loan exhibition marking the fiftieth anniversary of the ACA Gallery, which was founded for the "purpose of representing and promoting the art of social awareness." Thomas Hart Benton, O. Louis Guglielmi, Robert Gwathmey, Marion Greenwood, Doris Lee, and the three Soyers—Isaac, Moses, and Raphael—are among the nearly forty representers. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Group Shows—At the **Carus**, 872 Madison Ave., at 71st St.: About two dozen collages and works on paper by eleven early-twentieth-century Italian (Giacomo Balla, Carlo Carrà) and Russian (David Burliuk, Olga Rozanova) Futurists. Through Dec. 19. . . . **Davis & Langdale**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: English watercolors from the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries. The roster of artists includes George Romney, Francis Danby, and Augustus John. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. . . . **Gibson**, 205 E. 78th St.: Five English artists—Mac Adams, James Collins, Roger Cutforth, John Hilliard, and Peter Hutchinson—represented by work from the late sixties and the seventies. Through Dec. 19. . . . **Noortman & Brod**, 1020 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Seventeenth-century Dutch paintings and nineteenth-century French works. More recent French drawings—as late as Raoul Dufy—are also present. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Open Mondays.) . . . **Paul Rosenberg**, 20 E. 79th St.: Twenty-six Old Master drawings, by Guardi, Tiepolo, Prud'hon, Ingres, and others. Through Dec. 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **Stone**, 48 E. 86th St.: Selections from the New York School of Abstract Expressionism. John Graham is the central figure of the show, which also includes a number of works by Willem de Kooning, Franz Kline, and Arshile Gorky. Through Saturday, Nov. 28.

Sculpture—Twentieth-century works by, among others, Arp, Maillol, and Moore. Through Dec. 1. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

William Clutz—New oil paintings: figures in Central Park and other scenes of New York. Through Dec. 5. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St.)

Jim Dine—New paintings and drawings. Through Dec. 5. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Jean Dubuffet and Joan Miró—Early drawings and collages. Through Dec. 19. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

James Ensor (1860-1949)—A retrospective of etchings and drypoints. Through Wednesday,

CUISINARTS
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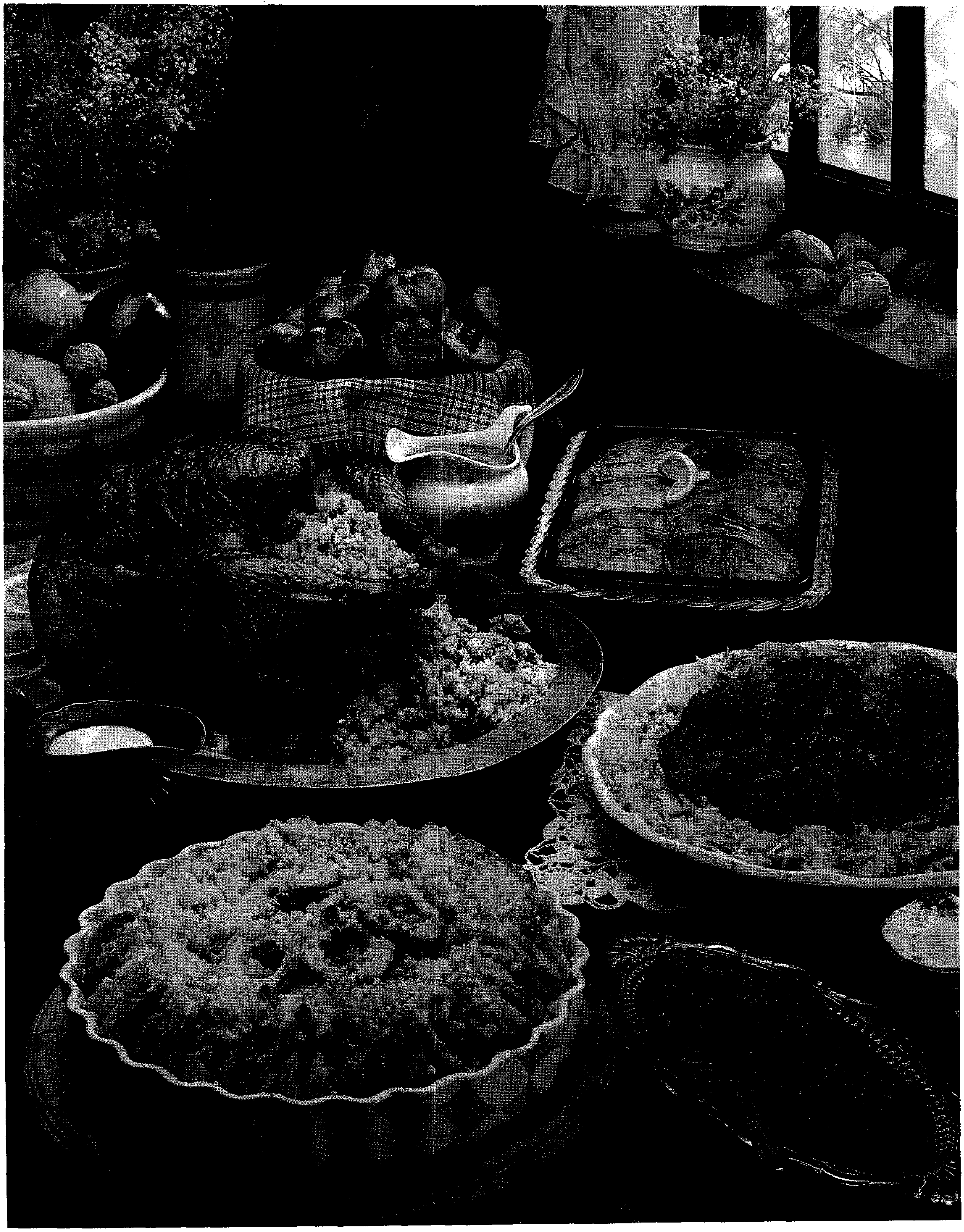
A HOLIDAY
TRADITION.

WITH THE CUISINART® FOOD PROCESSOR, YOU CAN MAKE A TRADITIONAL HOLIDAY DINNER WITH REVOLUTIONARY EASE.



THE DLC-7E STUFFED TURKEY

Not too long ago, the menu on these pages would have taken days to prepare. Today, it can be accomplished quickly and easily—because of the technological achievements built into the Cuisinart® food processor.

Feature by feature, Cuisinarts has consistently pioneered the innovations that have revolutionized food preparation, giving you the freedom and ability to do more.

Today's Cuisinart DLC-7E is, simply, the finest home food processor you can buy. It has the most powerful and efficient motor of any home food processor (it can knead as much as 4 pounds of bread dough or chop 2 pounds of meat at one time); our exclusive Large Feed Tube that lets you produce whole slices from foods as large as many tomatoes, oranges, potatoes, onions; our improved slicing discs that more consistently give you perfect slices; a workbowl so big, you can make a 4-pound cake; and the most useful selection of optional accessories.

And while our strength at Cuisinarts is engineering, our love is cooking. So this holiday season, we invite you to share some of our favorite recipes and work-saving techniques, and join with us in celebrating a wonderful revolution in traditional cooking.

THE STUFFING

Ingredients for this elaborate stuffing are actually chopped and mixed with just a few touches of the "PULSE" lever. The DLC-7E's powerful motor can handle tasks that would stall a lesser machine, like chopping up to 2 pounds of meat at one time.

1 10-ounce package of natural brown rice
1 ½-ounce container of imported, dried mushrooms (optional)
12 ounces lean pork or beef, in 1″ pieces
4 ounces pork or beef fat, in 1″ pieces
2 T. cold water

Cuisinart
FOOD PROCESSOR
CAUTION: READ INSTRUCTIONS BEFORE USING

1 large onion, peeled and quartered
1 tsp. salt
¾ tsp. dried sage
¼ tsp. dried thyme
¼ tsp. freshly ground white pepper
1 stick (4 ounces) unsalted butter

Cook rice according to package directions. Transfer to 4-quart mixing bowl. Let cool; refrigerate if not for immediate use. Soak mushrooms, if used, in ½ cup warm water for at least 30 minutes. Drain and reserve.

Install metal blade. Chop mushrooms by alternately depressing and releasing the PULSE/OFF lever 6-8 times. Add to cooled rice. Process meat, fat, water, onion and seasonings by again alternately depressing and releasing the PULSE/OFF lever until chopped to the consistency of hamburger.

Melt butter in a skillet over moderate heat. Add meat mixture and cook, breaking it up with a spoon and stirring often, until it is no longer pink. Add to rice and mushrooms, stir well, adjust seasonings, refrigerate until used.

Stuff the turkey just before baking. Makes enough stuffing for a 14-16 pound turkey.

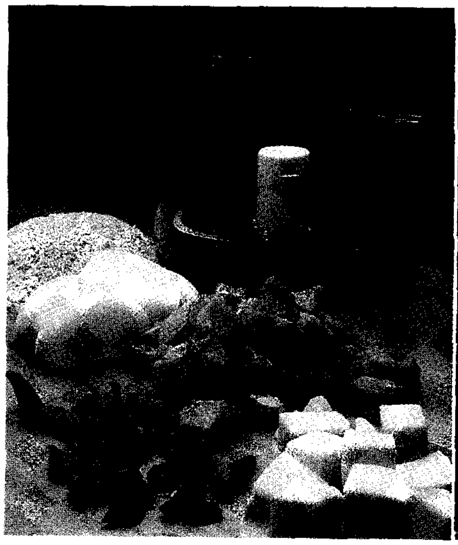
THE TURKEY

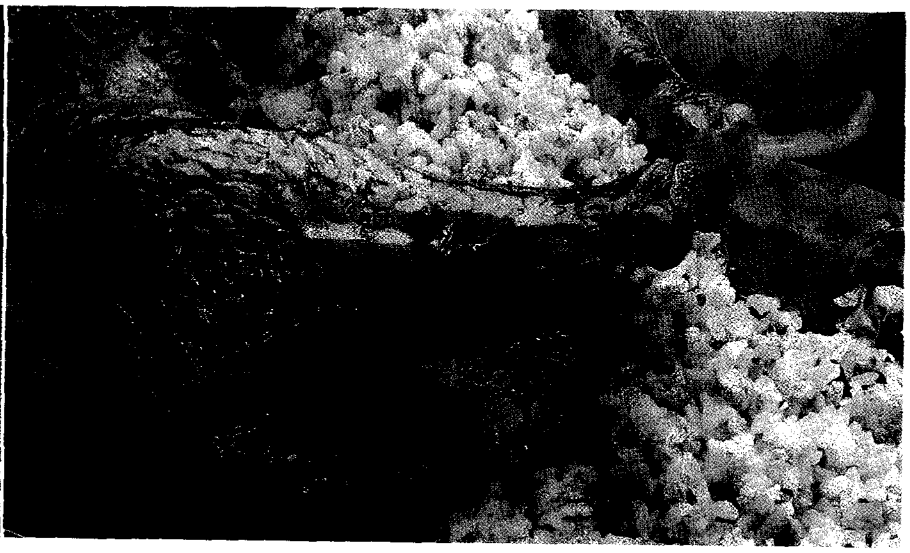
Only Cuisinarts has the Large Feed Tube (standard equipment on every model). It lets you produce slices from foods as big as a whole orange, used here as a garnish for our golden glazed bird.

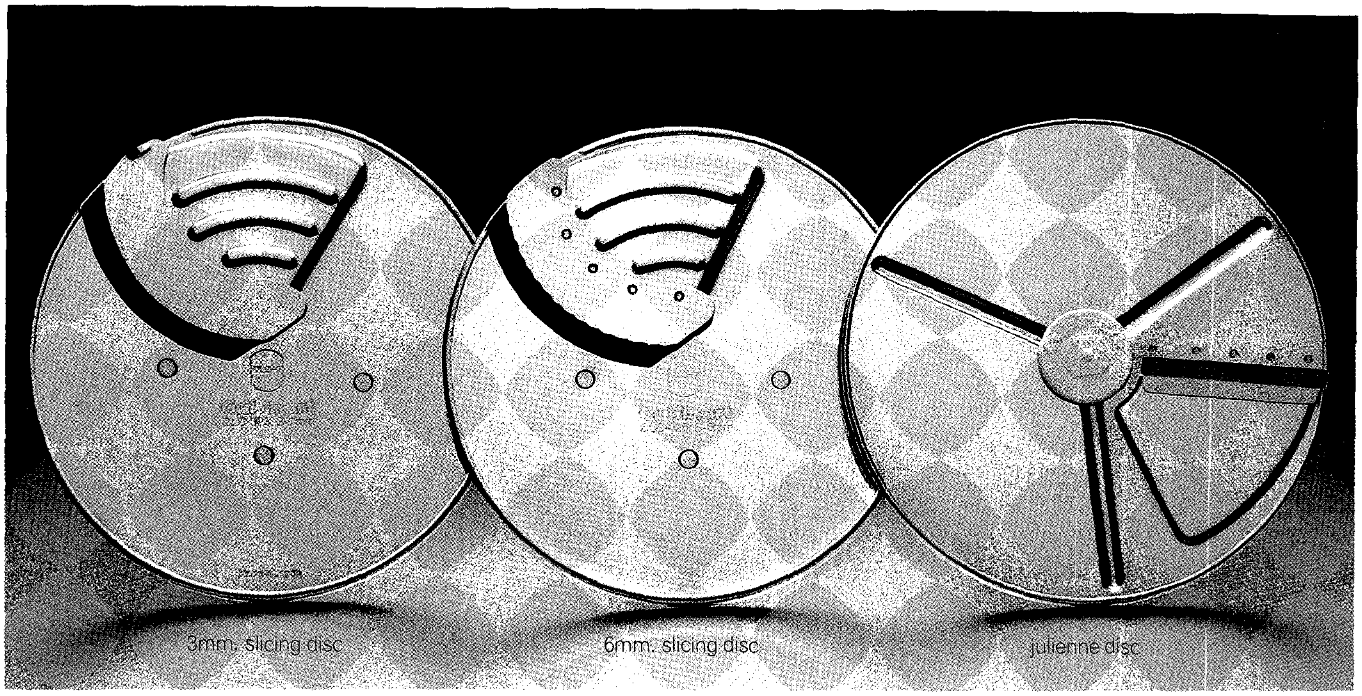
1 14-16 lb. turkey
1 10-ounce jar apple jelly, melted
2 firm oranges for garnish
Watercress for garnish

Preheat oven to 350°F. Loosely fill neck and body cavities of the turkey with stuffing and sew or skewer the openings closed. Truss the turkey, place it on its side in a roasting pan with a rack and bake 1 hour. Turn the bird to the other side and bake for another hour. Then turn it breast side up and brush melted apple jelly over all the surface (you need not use all the jelly). Bake 30-60 minutes more, or until a thermometer inserted into the breast registers 160°F.

Install slicing disc and slice the oranges. Garnish turkey platter with orange slices and watercress. (For our recipes for an unusual giblet gravy thickened with puréed vegetables instead of flour, and a delicious cranberry-orange relish made in seconds, write Cuisinarts.)







THE CUISINART JULIENNE DISC BROCCOLI SAUTÉ

Cuisinarts offers the most useful selection of optional accessories. Here, our unique julienne disc accomplishes a job that was once tedious and time consuming, enabling you to prepare this dramatic dish in next to no time.

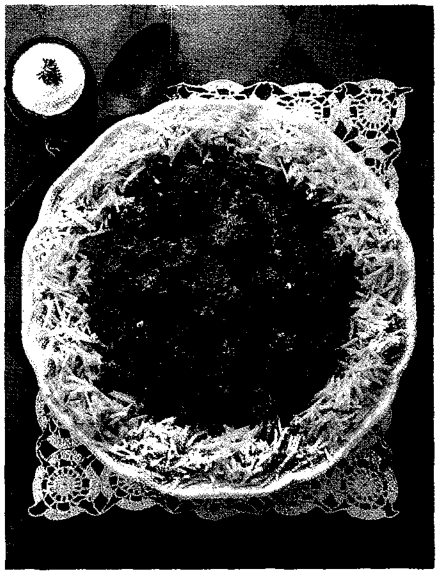
2 bunches broccoli, washed and trimmed
4 T. unsalted butter

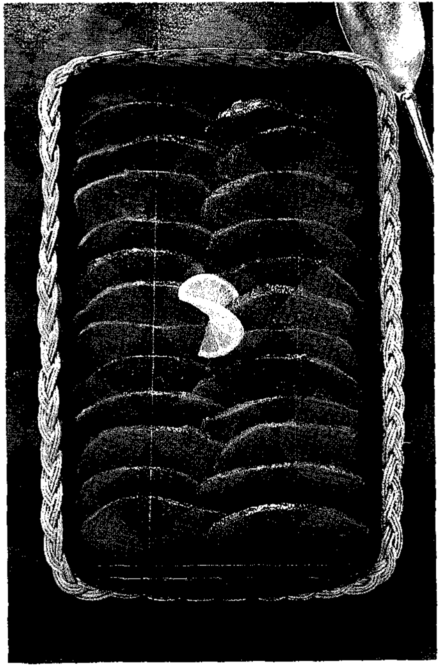
Cut off the flowerets at the very top of broccoli stems and reserve. Peel stems. Install the julienne disc. Place a stem vertically in small round feed tube and, while pressing with small pusher, depress PULSE/OFF lever until stem is processed (1-2 seconds). Repeat with remaining stems, trimming to fit if necessary. Set aside.

Bring to a boil 2 quarts salted water in a large saucepan over high heat. Add flowerets. When water returns to a boil, drain flowerets and plunge immediately into a basin of cold water. Drain again and set aside.

Heat 3 tablespoons of the butter in a large skillet over moderate heat. Add julienned stems and cook, stirring occasionally, 4-5 minutes, or until stems are barely tender. Arrange around edge of a 12-inch platter.

Melt remaining butter in skillet. Add flowerets and stir over moderate heat until heated through. Arrange flowerets in center of platter.





THE CUISINART 6MM. SLICING DISC YAM CASSEROLE

Because of their unique design, Cuisinart slicing discs produce almost all perfect slices, whether from whole tomatoes, oranges, zucchini, carrots . . . or the whole, big yam slices in this casserole.

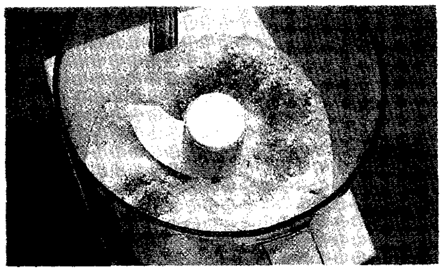
6 large yams
1 cup dark brown sugar
1 stick (4 ounces) unsalted butter, softened
⅓ cup dark Karo syrup
1-2 T. lemon juice
1 tsp. cinnamon
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. freshly grated nutmeg

Bring 3 quarts of water to a boil in a large saucepot. Add sweet potatoes and boil, covered, 15 minutes. Drain and set aside to cool slightly. Install metal blade. Process sugar and butter until smooth, about 30 seconds. Add remaining ingredients, except potatoes, and process until well mixed. Reserve. Preheat the oven to 350°F.

Install the 6mm. slicing disc. Peel the potatoes, lay them on their sides in the Large Feed Tube and process them.

In an 11″ by 7″ rectangular baking dish, arrange potato slices in 2 layers, spreading ⅓ of the reserved glaze mixture over the first layer and the rest over the top. Bake uncovered 40-45 minutes or until potatoes are tender and nicely glazed.

THE CUISINART DOUGH-BLADE PUMPKIN BRIOCHE



Our unique dough-blade kneads large quantities of dough effortlessly and perfectly. And the DLC-7E's Large Workbowl can handle as much as 8 cups of flour!

1 cup canned pumpkin
¼ cup dark brown sugar
1 package active dried yeast
3⅓ cups all-purpose flour
¾ tsp. salt
⅜ tsp. each ground cinnamon and nutmeg
¼ tsp. cloves
4 large eggs
2 sticks unsalted butter, melted and cooled
Egg wash (1 egg beaten with a pinch of salt)

Warm pumpkin over low heat to 105°-110°F. Stir in brown sugar and yeast. Let stand 10 minutes. Install dough blade. Process flour, salt and spices 10 seconds. Add yeast mixture and eggs and process 30 seconds, stopping once to scrape the side and bottom of bowl. With machine running, pour melted butter through small feed tube and continue processing 20 seconds. Dough will be very sticky.

Scrape into an oiled mixing bowl. Cover with oiled plastic wrap and let rise in warm place (75°-80°F) about 3 hours or until almost tripled in bulk. With lightly floured hands, punch down dough in bowl, cover tightly and refrigerate overnight.

Generously butter muffin tins for 24 brioches. Remove dough from refrigerator, scrape onto lightly floured surface, and turn dough to coat with flour. Divide into 24 pieces and gently press into prepared tins. With sharp scissors, make a cut ¼" deep across top of each. Cover with oiled plastic wrap and let rise in a warm place until doubled in size, about 1½ to 2 hours.

Preheat oven to 425°F. Brush tops with egg wash, taking care not to let it run down sides. Bake on center rack 5 minutes, reduce heat to 350°F and bake 3-5 minutes more or until nicely browned. Remove from tins, serve immediately, or cool and freeze.

THE CUISINART LARGE FEED TUBE FLAMING APPLE RING

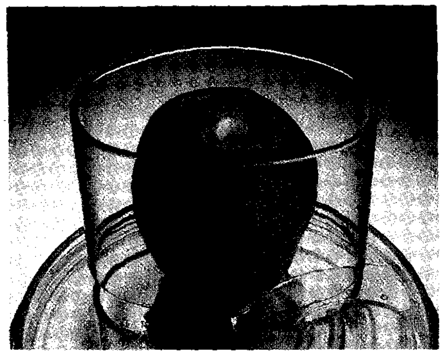
This spectacular finale to our holiday dinner takes advantage of Cuisinarts' exclusive Large Feed Tube to create the dozens and dozens of whole, perfect apple slices required.

14 red Delicious apples
½ tsp. powdered Vitamin C (optional)
¾ cup all-purpose flour
¾ cup sugar
6 T. well-chilled unsalted butter, in 6 pieces
¼ cup Calvados mixed with 2 T. sugar
Eggnog Sauce (recipe follows)

Peel and core apples (may be refrigerated overnight in water with Vitamin C added).

Preheat oven to 375°F. Install metal blade. Process flour, sugar and butter into crumbs, about 20-25 seconds. Transfer to flat dish.

Install 6mm. slicing disc. Process apples vertically through Large Feed Tube, emptying bowl as needed. Dip slices into crumb mixture and stand them side by side around the edge of a 10" ceramic quiche dish, filling gaps with half slices to make a tight ring. Mound the remaining slices in the center, and sprinkle with remaining crumb mixture.

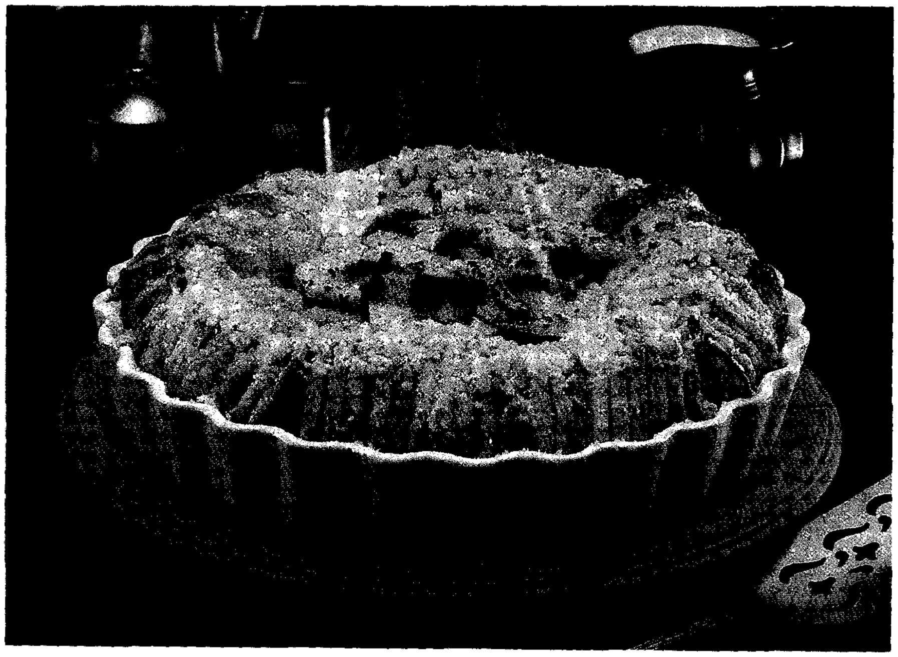


Bake 30 minutes. Reduce heat to 350°F and bake 20-30 minutes more or until topping is lightly browned. Heat Calvados and sugar mixture in a small saucepan, pour over warm Apple Ring and ignite. Serve with Eggnog Sauce.

EGGNOG SAUCE

4 large egg yolks
2 T. sugar
1 T. Calvados
¾ tsp. freshly grated nutmeg
½ tsp. vanilla
1 cup heavy cream

Install metal blade and process egg yolks and sugar 20 seconds. Add Calvados, nutmeg and vanilla and, with the machine running, pour the cream through the feed tube and then stop processing.



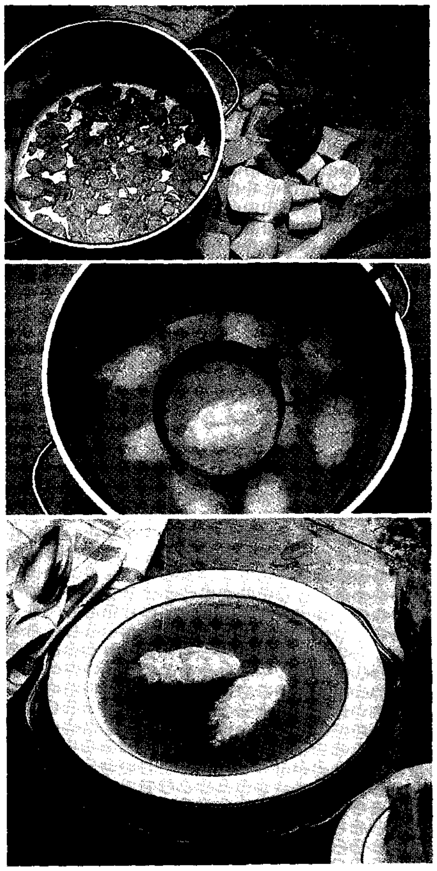
CUISINART COOKWARE TURKEY ENCORES

Turkey *again?* No, turkey *encore*! You can have your family applauding instead of complaining—with a little help from the creative cooks in the Cuisinart kitchens.

Here, leftover turkey is turned into an impressive Pot-Au-Feu with Turkey Gnocchi, cooked and then slowly simmered in our 5½-quart Deep Stockpot.

This handsome piece from the Cuisinart Commercial Stainless Cookware Collection will introduce you to a new standard of cookware: cookware for the home cook who wants only the most professional performance. Cookware whose capability and durability is virtually unmatched in the culinary world.

The bottoms are thick and flat, so they store more heat and give superior conduction sideways as well as upwards. This eliminates hot spots and provides constant heat over the cooking surface. The handles are heavy gauge stainless steel, shaped to stay cool. Every item is designed to withstand a lifetime of rough use and retain its extraordinary beauty forever.



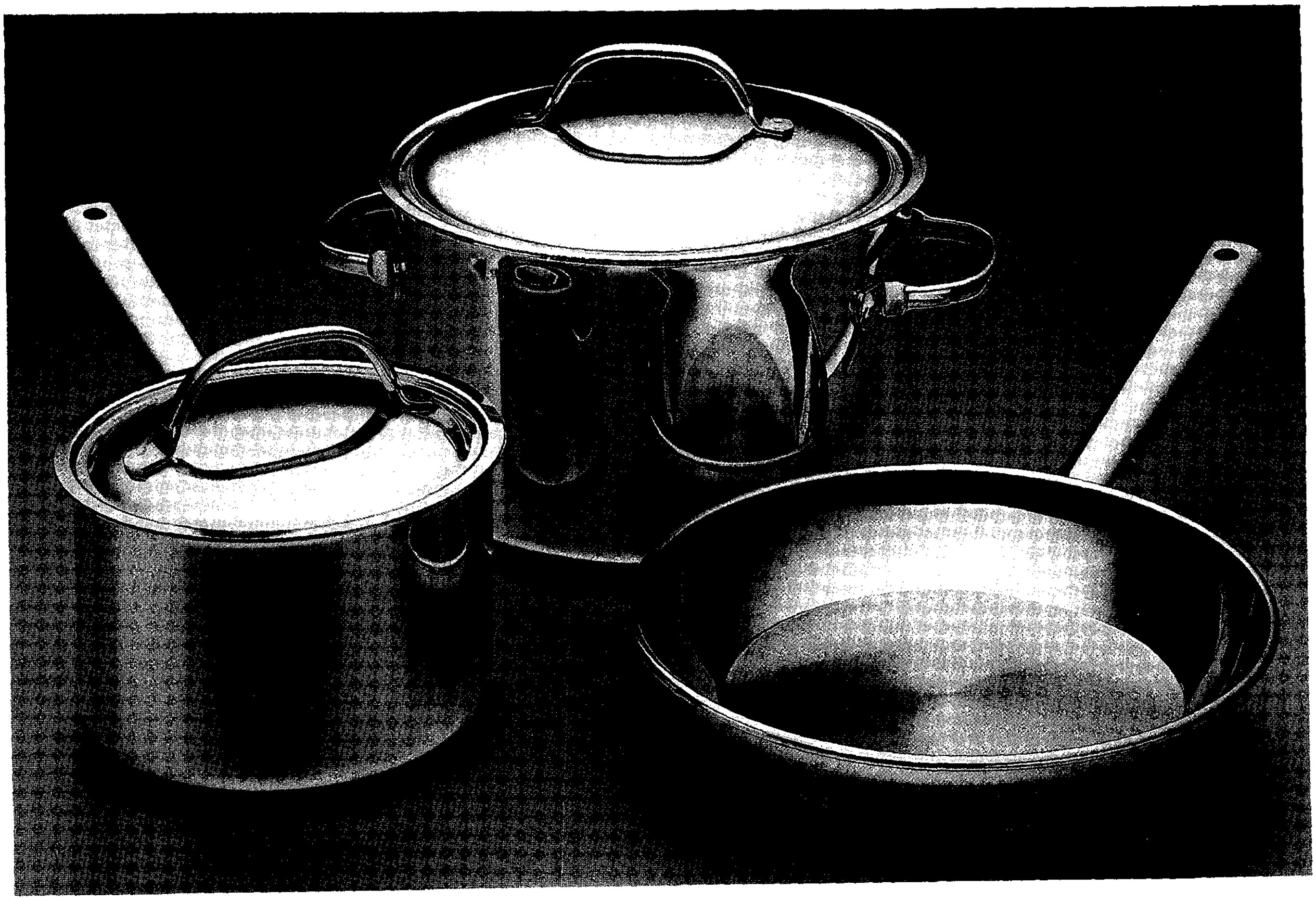
The versatile 5-piece set (shown below) includes, in addition to the Stockpot and cover, the 9½" Skillet and 2-quart Deep Saucepan with cover. There is also an 8-piece set. Both sets offer substantial savings over the individual pieces purchased separately. Both make very special gifts.

POT-AU-FEU
WITH TURKEY GNOCCHI
AND MORE
TURKEY ENCORES

We will be happy to send you our recipe for Turkey Pot-Au-Feu with Turkey Gnocchi, and more of our favorite recipes that make creative use of your holiday leftovers. We'll also send you more information on our food processors, our cookware, and our magazine, "The Pleasures of Cooking" (for those to whom cooking is a joy, a means of expression).

Just write: Cuisinarts, Inc., 411 (B) West Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Connecticut 06830.

Cuisinarts



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Nov. 25. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Open Mondays.)

Helen Frankenthaler—Large-scale paintings completed in the past year. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Brenda Goodman—Paintings, sculptures, and a collection of twenty drawings—from 1975 to the present, and all bordering on the surreal. Through Dec. 5. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Stephen Greene—Abstract drawings in mixed mediums. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Lee Hall—Abstract paintings in tempera and watercolor. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Jean Hélion—Paintings and drawings from 1939, when his work was abstract, to 1960, when it had become representational. Forty in all. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Ian Hornak—Recent realist landscapes. Through Dec. 2. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Bill Jensen—Recent small-scale abstract paintings. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Related drawings, from 1975 to the present. (Washburn, 113 Greene St.) Both shows through Dec. 5.

Frank Keller—Recent Constructivist compositions. Through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Harry Koursaros—Pictographic-style paintings and works on paper depicting figures, animals, and plants. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

Pat Lasch—Recent cut-paper constructions. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Recent sculptures of a variety of unrelated objects (eggs, skeletons, cakes). Through Wednesday, Nov. 25. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

André Masson—More than forty oils and works on paper from the early forties, when Masson was living in the United States. Through Dec. 12. (Del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Henri Matisse (1869-1954)—Thirty-four drawings in pen-and-ink, charcoal, and pencil. Through Dec. 12. (Wally Findlay, 17 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ann McCoy—This artist, whose huge colored-pencil drawings heretofore have concentrated on undersea life, has moved on to mythological creatures in fantastic surroundings. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Richard Merkin—Recent pastels and a few oils. Through Dec. 3. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jay Milder—Recent paintings and works on paper. Through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Thomas Nozkowski—Abstract oils on canvas board and on canvas. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Irene Rice Pereira (1907-71)—Abstract geometric paintings. Through Dec. 5. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Marjorie Portnow—Recent realist paintings, mostly of landscapes. Through Dec. 4. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Odilon Redon (1840-1916)—Fifty lithographs, including "La Mort: Mon Ironie . . . ," done in 1889. Through Dec. 12. (Fitch-Febvrel, 5 E. 57th St.)

Rembrandt—Fifty etchings—portraits, landscapes, Biblical and genre scenes—all but a handful printed by the artist himself. Through Dec. 31. (Donson, 38 E. 57th St.)

Bruce Robbins—New paintings and drawings. Through Dec. 5. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Herman Rose—Impressionist paintings and monotypes: still-lifes, cityscapes, landscapes, and portraits, done since 1974. Through Dec. 5. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

John Seery—New paintings. Through Dec. 12. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

David Shapiro—Abstract paintings, drawings, and graphics. Through Dec. 19. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

Kenneth Snelson—Aluminum-tube sculptures (models for larger works) and panoramic photographs of New York thoroughfares. Through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Alan Sonfist—Twenty sculptures, all composed of twigs and other vegetation picked up from the forest floor, plus a bronze "edition" cast from each. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Pat Steir—New paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Rufino Tamayo—Seventeen new oils. Through Dec. 2. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

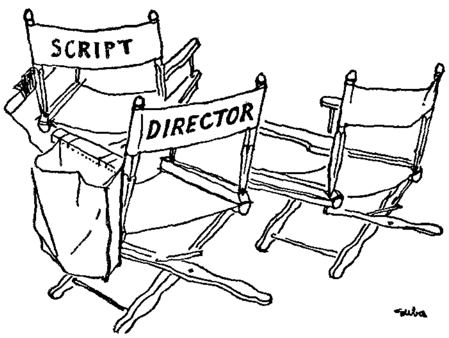
Sally Vagliano—Landscape paintings on panels. Through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Nancy Wissemann-Widrig / Forrest Moses—New oils: landscapes seen from windows in Maine and Long Island. / Monotypes. Through Dec. 2. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

The Zoning Game—An exhibit set up to unravel the tangle of New York's building regulations by matching various zoning laws with building models designed to comply with them. The models are constructed of dominoes, checkers, and similar lively devices. Sponsored by the Municipal Art Society. Through Friday, Nov. 27. (The Urban Center, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **brewster,** 41 W. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by Latin-American artists, including Fernando Botero, Leonora Carrington, Diego Rivera, and Francisco Zuñiga. Through Dec. 12. . . . **frumkin,** 50 W. 57th St.: Figure drawings by six realists (Jack Beal, William Beckman, Paul Georges, Alfred Leslie, Philip Pearlstein, and James Valerio), most of them studies for finished paintings. Through Dec. 10. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **galerie st. etienne,** 24 W. 57th St.: Seventy folk-art works, generally of three kinds—crafts-oriented religious art (Austrian and New Mexican), nineteenth-century American limner art, and twentieth-century naïve paintings (American, French, and Yugoslavian). Among the artists are Camille Bombois, Ammi Phillips, and Grandma Moses. Through Jan. 9. . . . **kennedy,** 40 W. 57th St.: Two portraits by John Singleton Copley, examples of the Hudson River school (Bierstadt, Heade), two bronzes by Leonard Baskin, and two of Joseph Hirsch's last paintings are among the sixty-three works. Through Jan. 15. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **kraushaar,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: The opening show at the gallery's new address has paintings and drawings by artists associated with them in the past (Glackens, Sloan, Zorach) and the present (John Heliker, Jane Wasey, James Lechay). Through Dec. 30. . . . **midtown,** 11 E. 57th St.: Small-scale paintings by the gallery artists, among them Ruth Cobb, Ethel Magafan, Jason Schoener, and William Thon. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. . . . **stefanotti,** 30 W. 57th St.: The First Energist Drawing Show: charcoal, pastel, and watercolor. Austé, Cynthia Gallagher, and Robin Tewes are among the artists. Through Saturday, Nov. 28.

Sculpture—Figurative works by Arp, Giacometti, Lipchitz, and others. Through Dec. 19. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)



GALLERIES—SoHo

Carl Andre—Big blocks of Douglas fir and cedar arranged in various configurations on the gallery floor. Through Dec. 5. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Richard Artschwager—Paintings and sculptures. Through Dec. 19. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Jared Bark—Silhouettes of flying soccer players crowd the gallery walls, some of them done in ink on paper and some of them painted on shaped wall pieces of modelling paste. Through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Ross Bleckner—Abstract paintings in black and white. Through Dec. 2. (Boone, 420 West Broadway, and across the street at 417.)

Tom Boutis—*Recent abstract paintings.* Through Dec. 9. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

Robert Delford Brown—Cartoonlike paintings and bits of sculpture by an antic artist. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Douglas Davis—Two related shows by Mr. Davis at the two Feldman galleries. A movie on three screens in homage to Abel Gance's "Napoleon" at 31-33 Mercer St. (through Saturday, Nov. 28), and drawings from 1978 to the present at 33 E. 74th St. (through Saturday, Nov. 21).

Jean-Claude Farhi—Nearly two dozen columns, some of them eight feet tall, made of methyl methacrylate (a plastic crystal) and irradiating surprising colors caused by their refraction of light. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Michael Gallagher—New work. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Fred Gutzeit / Susan R. Laufer—Paintings by an artist who applies random objects to canvas (asphalt siding, linoleum, yarn) and builds them up with layers of paint. / Abstract works. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Karl Hagedorn / Irving Kriesberg—Abstract paintings and drawings based on machine parts. / Works on paper that reflect the artist's study of art in India. Through Nov. 29. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Open Sundays.)

Tom Holland—*Painted abstract works,* three-dimensional and otherwise. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Aris Koutroulis / Marilynn Gelfman—Abstract works combining torn strips of cotton and linen applied to a wet acrylic backing. / Small-scale delicate abstract sculptures. Through Dec. 5. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Carlo Maria Mariani—Heroic renditions of classical subjects in which the artist, an Italian, substitutes portraits of his friends for the mythological figures. Through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Don Nice—New paintings. Through Dec. 9. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Edwin Schlossberg—Lithographs, drawings, and silk screens based on Mr. Schlossberg's poems, which are incorporated into some of the works. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Feldman, 31-33 Mercer St.)

David Thauberger—Paintings by a young Saskatchewan artist, mostly of architectural subjects—churches, dance halls, garages. There are also a couple of landscapes. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (49th Parallel, a recently opened gallery for contemporary Canadian art, at 420 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At **the drawing center,** 137 Greene St.: Thirteen contemporary artists. Through Jan. 2. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **thorp,** 419 West Broadway: Contemporary drawings by April Gornik, John Lees, Mira Schor, and others. Through Dec. 31.

OTHER GALLERIES

Lee Krasner and Jackson Pollock—More than thirty works by each artist, dating from the late nineteen-thirties to Pollock's death in

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

1956, plus memorabilia. Through Dec. 12. (*Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Wednesday, Nov. 18, from 10 to 8:30; Thursday, Nov. 19, from 10 to 6:30; Friday, Nov. 20, from 10 to 5; Saturday, Nov. 21, from 1 to 5; Tuesday, Nov. 24, from 10 to 6:30; Wednesday, Nov. 25, from 10 to 5; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28, from 1 to 5.*)

George Luks (1867-1933)—Drawings. Through Jan. 15. (Washington Irving, 117 E. 17th St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at 1.)

Michelangelo Pistoletto—Sculptures, paintings, and constructions. Through Dec. 31. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Eugène Atget (1857-1927)—Thirty photographs from the personal collection of Julien Levy, who died earlier this year. Several of the prints are on view for the first time. Through Friday, Nov. 27. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Another thirty can be seen—through Saturday, Nov. 21—at Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ The Museum of Modern Art is showing a hundred and twenty-five prints of the French countryside. This is the first of four Atget shows planned by the museum, which (thanks to Mr. Levy and Berenice Abbott) has more than five thousand of the photographer's prints and negatives. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

David Douglas Duncan—Two hundred and fifty shots of Picasso—at work and at play. *Through Saturday, Nov. 28.* (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Nancy Goldring—Works in which a photographic slide is superimposed on a pencil-and-gouache drawing; both are then photographed. Through Dec. 7. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Jan Groover / Boyd Webb—A series of palladium-platinum contact prints. / Photographs of unlikely tableaux, with Webb himself in some of them. Through Dec. 5. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Ruth Orkin / Mary Orkin—Photographs of people and places from the past five decades, beginning with a cross-country bicycle trip in 1939 and including such subjects as Leonard Bernstein at Tanglewood (from the forties), Montgomery Clift and Orson Welles (fifties), and Central Park (sixties and seventies). More than seventy-five prints in all. / Primitive paintings of Central Park by the photographer's mother. Through Dec. 12. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Arthur Rothstein / Jack Levine—Photographs of China before 1945 by a former U.S. Army photographer (scenes of famine in Hunan province; Jewish refugees in Shanghai). / Photographs recording the life of the inhabitants of the Red Star agricultural and industrial commune on the outskirts of Peking. Through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

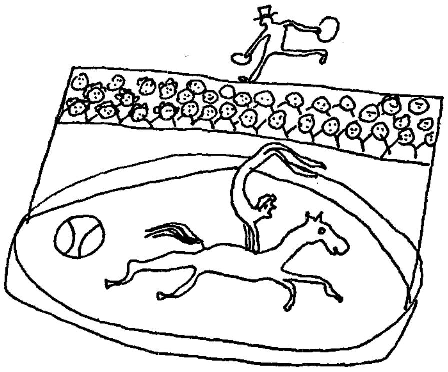
Aaron Siskind / Nicholas Nixon—Photographs. / Group portraits, chiefly of young teen-agers. Through Dec. 12. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Weegee (1899-1968)—Forty-eight scenes of New York from 1939 to 1946, recently printed by Sid Kaplan. Through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Photography at the Bauhaus—Fifty photographs. T. Lux Feininger, Joost Schmidt, Josef Albers, Hannes Meyer, and others. Through Dec. 12. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A survey of decorative objects from Islam's Mamluk empire, whose artisans provided illuminated Korans; textiles; works in stone, wood, and glass; as well as swords, axes, and armor. Organized by the Smithsonian. Starts Saturday, Nov. 21. . . . ¶ Old Master paintings from the collection of Baron Thyssen-Bornemisza, Lugano. A 1311 panel from Duccio's Maestà altarpiece and a pair of Goyas are among the fifty-nine works. Through Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Sixty twentieth-century French drawings and watercolors from the Robert Lehman Collection. Édouard Vuillard, Aristide Maillol, and Henri Matisse are here, and so is a large series of watercolors by Paul Signac. Through March 14. . . . ¶ The American Wing has opened three new galleries, one for painted Federal furniture and Windsor furniture, another for decorative folk art and furniture, and the last for an entire room from the Shaker community at New Lebanon, New York. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)



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Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the abstract works of the Swiss artist Sophie Taeuber-Arp. Through Nov. 29. . . . ¶ A show of prints and illustrated books (a copy of the almanac *Der Blaue Reiter* among them) which have been added to the museum's collections over the past five years. Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Five paintings and a number of drawings by the French artist Balthus; all the works, which date from the thirties, are from the museum's collection. Through Dec. 22. . . . PHOTOGRAPHY: "The Work of Atget: Old France." Through Jan. 3. Complementary shows are at the Marcuse Pfeifer Gallery, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (through Friday, Nov. 27) and (through Saturday, Nov. 21) at the Zabriskie Gallery, 29 W. 57th St. (The museum is open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving, until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of paintings, drawings, and graphics by the Italian still-life painter Giorgio Morandi (1890-1964). Starts Friday, Nov. 20. . . . ¶ An exhibit of two hundred and sixty-eight paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by forty artists (many unknown here) of the Russian avant-garde of the early twentieth century. These works were brought out of Russia in 1977 by their owner, George Costakis. Through Jan. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Just over a hundred paintings, sculptures, and drawings done by Roy Lichtenstein in the nineteen-seventies. Through Nov. 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.) . . . ¶ *A complementary show of prints is* at Federal Hall National Memorial, 26 Wall St., at Broad St. Through Wednesday, Nov. 25. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of Romare Bearden's collages from the past decade. Through Nov. 29. . . . ¶ Seventy-three artists are represented in the twenty-second National Print Exhibition. Through Jan. 3. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—More than three hundred and fifty objects of everyday use (a decorated canoe, carved chairs, metal spoons) made by the Suriname Maroons, who inhabit the rain forests of Suriname in northeastern South America, and who are said to "continue their way of life much as their ancestors did in Africa." Through Jan. 24. (Open daily except Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—About forty works by contemporary artists Wayne Thiebaud, Red Grooms, Athena Tacha, and others. Some of the works will be purchased by the academy with funds left by Childe Hassam and Eugene Speicher. Through Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Oils and other works by Childe Hassam (1859-1935), from the academy's collection. Through Jan. 31. (Open daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 4.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—The museum is using the occasion of its twenty-fifth anniversary to survey the nature of (and changes in) crafts since the Second World War, and to review (through slides) its shows of the past. The objects on view are in metal, wood, glass, fibre, and clay. Through Jan. 10. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Thirteen original examples of Chinese calligraphy (ink brushed on silk and on paper) from the Sung (960-1279) and Yüan (1279-1368) dynasties. Among the hand scrolls and album leaves are works entitled "Poem Written in a Boat on the Wu River" and "Biographies of Lien P'o and Lin Hsiang-ju." Through Jan. 31. (Open daily except Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 27. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, except Nov. 27, from 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A tribute to the written word, bounded at one end by a full-size replica of the inscription on Trajan's Column, and at the other by a word-processor. The evolution of writing implements is explored, as is the learning of one's ABCs. Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ A show that traces the development of the suburb and the suburban dwelling. Drawings and housing and street plans (some original) for communities spawned by the train (Forest Hills, 1913), the streetcar (Chatham Village, Illinois, 1931), and industry (Kohler, Wisconsin, 1913). Areas originally established as resorts (Coral Gables, Tuxedo Park) are also given their due. Through Jan. 24. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Twenty-eight strangely "modern" watercolors by William Blake (1757-1827) done late in his career as illustrations for John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and advancing in sequence from "John Bunyan Dreams a Dream" to "The Slough of Despond," and arriving at last at "The Gates of Heaven." Through Nov. 29. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—Book illustrations from eighteenth-century Venice. About a hundred and thirty-five volumes are on display, opened to pages showing original drawings by, among others, Tiepolo and Novelli (poetry) and Piazzetta (poetry and a treatise on surgery). Also twenty "presentation books"—commissioned volumes given by the nobility as commemorative gifts. Through Dec. 5. (Open daily except Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Thirty-five examples of inlaid metalwork (furniture, decorative household items, a half-ton brass door with inlaid silver) in the Mamluk style, made during the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries by Jewish craftsmen. A show timed to coincide with the one at the Metropolitan Museum. . . . ¶ A hundred and seventy photographs (ninety of them taken in the early nineteen-sixties) and written material, all highlighting the influence of Prague on Franz Kafka (1883-1924). Through Jan. 10. (Open daily except Thanksgiving Day, Fridays, and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, except Thanksgiving, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A pair of seventy-fifth anniversary shows, the first consisting of architectural drawings of the Morgan Library as prepared in 1906 by McKim, Mead & White; the other show deals with the architecture of landscaping as practiced by Europeans in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and is illustrated with drawings and books. Through Feb. 7. . . . ¶ A salute to P. G. Wodehouse on his centenary. Manuscripts, first editions, photographs, letters, and so on. Through Jan. 10. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"The Mayor's House: Gracie Mansion and Other Dwellings," an exhibit in which paintings, prints, photographs, maps, and furniture chronicle the history not only of Gracie Mansion (as a private home, restaurant, office, and, since 1942, home of the mayor) but also of the residences of earlier mayors. Starts Thursday, Nov. 19. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection's survey of satire begins with the classical poets, moves on to Chaucer, takes in Swift, Pope, and Johnson, and closes with Ogden Nash, James Thurber, E. B. White, and S. J. Perelman. Eighty-six authors, all told; manuscripts, first editions, drawings. Through Jan. 16. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—A sixth-anniversary show featuring more than a hundred and twenty paintings, sculptures, works on paper, and photographs. Dotty Attie, Jay Maisel, Liliana Porter, and Stuart Diamond are among the seventy artists. Through Dec. 5.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Christians from Outer Space (performance), Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Dadaist and Surrealist works in print (in Rumanian, English, and French) by writers and painters originally from Rumania. Through Dec. 12.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—R. A. Robboy and Ellen Fullman (performance with music), Friday and Saturday, Nov. 20-21, at 8:30; a video screening, Sunday, Nov. 22, at 8:30; Eiko & Koma (dance), Friday through Monday, Nov. 27-30, at 8:30. . . . ¶ An installation by Rob Wynne, incorporating photomurals, glass spheres, and video. Through Saturday, Nov. 28.

P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—The main show is called "Figuratively Sculpting" and consists, as you will have guessed, of sculptures of figures. About forty artists. Through Dec. 13.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Nov. 18: "Die Zauberflöte," with Kathleen Battle, Zdzislawa Donat, David Kuebler, Thomas Allen, Morley Meredith, and Martti Talvela; conducted by Lawrence Foster. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 19: "Il Trittico," consisting of three short operas—"Il Tabarro," with Renata Scotto, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Renata Scotto and Jocelyne Taillon; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Renata Scotto, Gabriel Bacquier, and Giuliano Ciannella. James Levine conducting throughout. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 20: "Rigoletto," with Mariella Devia, Isola Jones, Matteo Manuguerra, and Peter Dvorsky; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 21: "Die Zauberflöte," with Kathleen Battle, Zdzislawa Donat, David Kuebler, Thomas Allen, Allan Monk, and Martti Talvela; Lawrence Foster. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 21: "Tosca," with Carol Neblett, José Carreras, and Sherrill Milnes; Giuseppe Patanè. A nonsubscription performance. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 23: "Il Trittico"— "Il Tabarro," with Galina Savova, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Gilda Cruz-Romo and Bianca Berini; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Catherine Malfitano, Jocelyne Taillon, and Louis Quilico. James Levine conducting throughout. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 24: "Die Zauberflöte," with Gail Robinson, Zdzislawa Donat, David Kuebler, Stephen Dickson, Allan Monk, and Martti Talvela; Lawrence Foster. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 25: "Rigoletto," with Mariella Devia, Isola Jones, Matteo Manuguerra, and Peter Dvorsky; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 26: "Tosca," with Carol Neblett, José Carreras, and Sherrill Milnes; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 27: "Die Zauberflöte," with Gail Robinson, Zdzislawa Donat, David Kuebler, Thomas Allen, Allan Monk, and Martti Talvela; Lawrence Foster. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 28: "Il Trittico"—"Il Tabarro," with Galina Savova, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, and Bianca Berini; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Catherine Malfitano, Jocelyne Taillon, and Gabriel Bacquier. James Levine conducting throughout. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 28: "Rigoletto," with Mariella Devia, Isola Jones, Matteo Manuguerra, and Peter Dvorsky; Giuseppe Patanè. A nonsubscription performance. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Larry Newland conducting a Schuller-Beethoven-Tchaikovsky program on Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8; Friday, Nov. 20, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8; and Tuesday, Nov. 24, at 7:30 (all with Richard Goode, piano). . . . ¶ Raymond Leppard conducting an all-Britten program that includes the American première of "The Young Apollo for Piano and Strings," on Wednesday, Nov. 25, at 8; Friday, Nov. 27, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 28, at 8; and Tuesday, Dec. 1, at 7:30 (all with Christian Blackshaw, piano).

Pittsburgh Symphony—André Previn conducting three all-British programs. **Carnegie Hall.** Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 8: Works by William Walton, Vaughan Williams, and Michael Tippett (the New York première of his Triple Concerto). With Kyung Wha Chung, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8: Works by Oliver Knussen (the New York première of his Symphony No. 3), Vaughan Williams, and Benjamin Britten. With Susan Davenny Wyner, soprano. . . . **Avery Fisher Hall.** Friday, Nov. 20, at 8: Works by John McCabe, Edward Elgar, and William Walton. With Yo-Yo Ma, cello.

St. Paul Chamber Orchestra—Pinchas Zukerman conducting and acting as violin soloist in two all-Mozart programs. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 8, with Erie Mills, soprano. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 22, at 3.)

I Solisti di Zagreb—A Yugoslav chamber orchestra, with André Bernard, trumpet. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting an all-Mozart program, with Nina Beilina, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 20-21, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 22, at 3.)

Amor Artis Chamber Orchestra—Johannes Somary directing a performance of Britten's "St. Nicolas Psalms" and Bernstein's "Chichester Psalms." With Grayson Hirst, tenor, and the combined choruses of the Horace Mann School and the Rye Country Day School. (Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Madison Ave. at 73rd St. Friday, Nov. 20, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Columbia University Orchestra—Howard Shanet conducting, with Anahid Ajemian, violin; Mark Shuman, cello; William Purvis, horn; and Morris Newman, bassoon and recorder. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 22, at 3, a Beethoven-Mozart program. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 28, at 8, a baroque program that includes a concert performance of Telemann's chamber opera "Pimpinone," in English, with Michael Gallup, baritone; Jane Thorngren, soprano; and Paul Ingraham, horn.)

Tafelmusik Baroque Orchestra—A Canadian ensemble making its first appearance here. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

Maracaibo Symphony—Eduardo Rahn conducting an orchestra from Venezuela making its first appearance here. With Rosita del Castillo, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 23, at 8.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing a performance of Handel's oratorio "Jephtha," with Bernadette Fiorella, soprano; Kimball Wheeler, mezzo-soprano; Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor; Brian McGovern, tenor; Rob Toren, bass; Stoddard Lincoln, harpsichord; and an orchestra of authentic baroque instruments. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 7:30.)

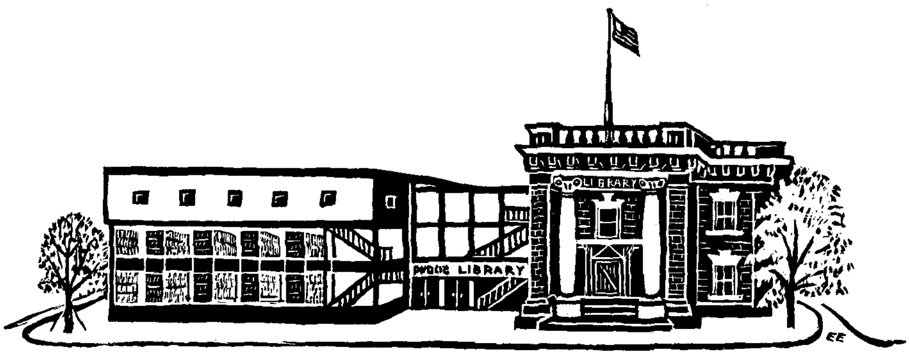
New Calliope Singers—Peter Schubert directing a program of choral chamber music, with Benjamin Verdery, classical guitarist. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesday, Nov. 24, at 8. For tickets, call 864-6765.)

RECITALS

Miriam Fried and Garrick Ohlsson—Violin and piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

Stephen Kates—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

Music Today—Gerard Schwarz conducting a chamber ensemble in a program of music by Roger Bourland, Barbara Kolb, Arnold



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Schoenberg, and Ronald Roseman. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 8.)

Ivan Nunez—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Erick Friedman, Marion Feldman, and Joseph Seiger—Violin, cello, and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The second in this season's series of seven programs of contemporary music, this one performed by Johana Arnold, soprano; Alan Feinberg and Kenneth Patterson, piano; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Panocha Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

Janus Ensemble—The first in a series of three concerts of baroque and contemporary music. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Walter Hilse and Constance Cooper—A program of four-hand piano music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—The first in a series of three concerts devoted to the music of Italy, this one centered on the late Middle Ages and the early Renaissance. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

Sylvan Wind Quintet—Chamber music from Eastern Europe. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, Nov. 20, at 8. For information about tickets, call 663-8339.)

Arthur Ozolins—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 3.)

Ensemble for Early Music—A program entitled "Baroque Bacchanal." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—A Ravel-Mozart-Brahms program, with Sheryl Henze, flute; William Blount, clarinet; and Nancy Allen, harp. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

Jeffrey Siegel—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Ursula Oppens, piano; James Buswell, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; Loren Glickman, bassoon; and others, presenting a program that will include the première of Lucia Dlugoszewski's "Wilderness Elegant Tilt." (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 22, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 23-24, at 7:30.)

Tashi—Richard Stoltzman, clarinet; Ida Kavafian, Theodore Arm, and Ik-Hwan Bae, all violin and viola; and Fred Sherry, cello. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Nov. 23, at 8.)

Musical Elements—Daniel Asia and Robert Beaser conducting a chamber ensemble in a program of new music, with George Lewis, trombone, and Judith Bettina, soprano. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Monday, Nov. 23, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Simca Heled and Daniel Blumenthal—Cello and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Nov. 24, at 2.)

Narciso Yepes—Classical guitarist. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 24, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—A Haydn-Grieg-Brahms program performed by Jaime Laredo, violin; Yefim Bronfman, piano; Kim Kashkashian, viola; and Sharon Robinson, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 24-25, at 8.)

Parnassus—A program of music of our time, with Judith Bettina, soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Nov. 24, at 8.)

Chamber Music—Masuko Ushioda, violin; Scott Nickrenz, viola; Laurence Lesser, cello; and Ronald Roseman, oboe. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28, at 8:30, and Sunday, Nov. 29, at 2.)

New York Renaissance Band—Presenting a music-drama loosely based on Rabelais' "Gargantua and Pantagruel." With Peter Johnson, narrator, and Eric Benson, tenor. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 28, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Wall-to-Wall Beethoven—A free twelve-hour *chamber-music marathon, with, among* others, Grant Johannesen, Claude Frank, and James Levine, all piano; Timothy Eddy, cello; Paul Sperry, tenor; James Buswell, violin; the Concord Quartet; and the Bronx Arts Ensemble. In addition, actors Howard Da Silva and Harris Yulin will read from the composer's letters and diaries. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-1414. Saturday, Nov. 21, from 11 to 11.)

Rájko Hungarian Gypsy Orchestra and Dancers—Csardas, hussars, zimbalists—just what you would expect. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Nov. 19, at 7:35: Knicks vs. Atlanta. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8:05: Knicks vs. Milwaukee. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 28, at 8:05: Knicks vs. Cleveland.

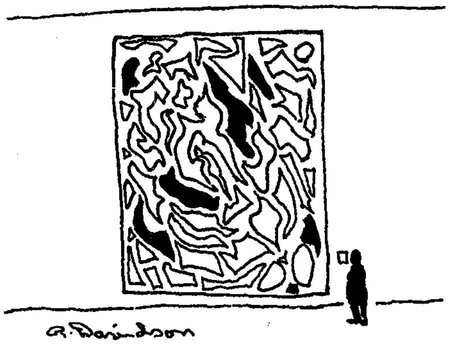
College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 21: Boston College vs. Rutgers, at Chestnut Hill, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Columbia, at Providence, at 1. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Dartmouth, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton, at 1. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Harvard, at New Haven, at 1. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 28: Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 3:50. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Boston College, at Worcester, at 1.

Professional Football—Sunday, Nov. 22: Jets vs. Miami Dolphins, at Shea Stadium, at 4. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Philadelphia.

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, Nov. 18. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Islanders, Sunday, Nov. 22. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Wednesday, Nov. 25. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Nov. 21. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Tuesday, Nov. 24. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. St. Louis Blues, Thursday, Nov. 26. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Thursday, Dec. 31. Post time will be 11 A.M. on Thanksgiving Day. The Nashua, Sunday, Nov. 22, and the Queens County Handicap, Thursday, Nov. 26. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, at 8, and Saturdays at 1:30 and 8; through Thursday, Dec. 31. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Thursday, Dec. 31.

Squash Racquets—Boodles Squash Open—Tournament matches, Friday, Nov. 20, starting at 3:30. . . . ¶ Women's quarterfinals, Saturday, Nov. 21, at 10 and noon. . . . ¶ Men's quarterfinals, Saturday, Nov. 21, at 2 and 4:30. . . . ¶ Women's semifinals, Sunday, Nov. 22, at 10 A.M. . . . ¶ Men's semifinals, Sunday, Nov. 22, at noon. . . . ¶ Women's finals, Sunday, Nov. 22, at 3. . . . ¶ Men's finals, Sunday, Nov. 22, at 6. (Uptown Racquet Club, 151 E. 86th St. For information about tickets, call 860-8630.)



Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Jan. 16.

ET ALIA

Poetry, Prose, and Drama Readings—Elizabeth Spires and Pamela Stewart reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Nov. 19, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Gilbert Sorrentino and William Bronk reading from their own poetry and prose. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. 737-1450. Friday, Nov. 20, at 7:30.) . . . ¶ Jules Feiffer reading from his own plays and novels. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Nov. 23, at 8.) . . . ¶ John Ashbery reading from his own poetry. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557. Tuesday, Nov. 24, at 8.)

Flower Show—The annual Chrysanthemum Show in the Conservatory of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, 1000 Washington Ave. Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4; through Sunday, Nov. 29.

National Postage Stamp Show—The thirty-third annual display will feature special showings by the United States Postal Service relating to the show's theme, "Famous Anniversaries in United States History," as well as exhibits by thirty-one foreign postal administrations. First-day issues from the People's Republic of China will go on sale on Friday, Nov. 20. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Thursday, Nov. 19, noon to 7; Friday, Nov. 20, from 11 to 8; Saturday, Nov. 21, from 10 to 6; and Sunday, Nov. 22, from 11 to 5.)

Auctions—At SOTHEBY'S, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 to 5.) Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 10:15 and 2: Art Deco and contemporary jewelry. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 19, at 2; Friday, Nov. 20, at 10:15 and 2; and Saturday, Nov. 21, at 10:15: Old Master and nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 19, at 7: Contemporary paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Admission by ticket only; for information, call 472-3628. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 25, at 2: Old Master paintings. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 20. . . . SOTHEBY'S, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, Nov. 19, at 10:15 and 2: American arts and crafts, including furniture designed by Frank Lloyd Wright. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Nov. 20-21, at 10:15 and 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco objects. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Nov. 20-21, at 2: English furniture, decorations, and clocks. . . . SOTHEBY'S, 171 E. 84th St. Tuesday, Nov. 24, at 10:15 and 2: Books and manuscripts. (Exhibition hours: Thursday and Friday, Nov. 19-20, from 9:30 to 5, and Monday, Nov. 23, from 9:30 to 3.) . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 7, and Thursday, Nov. 19, at 10: Contemporary art. Admission to the Wednesday sale by ticket only; for information, call 546-1128. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 19, at 2: Contemporary drawings, watercolors, and collages. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 20, at 10 and 2, and Saturday, Nov. 21, at 10: Books and manuscripts. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 20, at 7: European art glass. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 21, at 2, and Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 23-24, at 10 and 2: Old Master prints, modern and contemporary prints, and modern illustrated books and posters. Exhibition starts Thursday, Nov. 19, at 2. . . . PHILLIPS, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 1: Art Nouveau and Art Deco objects, as well as studio ceramics. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 25, at 11: Old Master paintings. Exhibition starts Sunday, Nov. 22.

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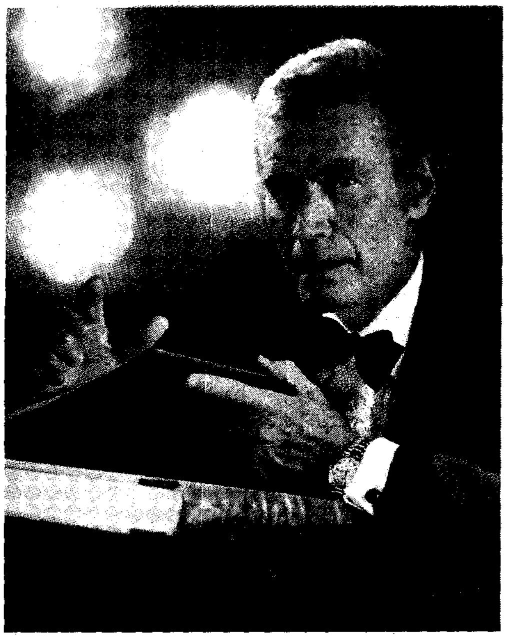

If some circumstance of fate had steered Charlton Heston from his chosen career, the adjective heroic would still dominate any description of the man. The six-foot-three frame barely contains the deep, resonant voice; the searing eyes exude command. He has brought to life presidents, saints, geniuses, leaders . . . men driven by an inner vision, in pursuit of soaring goals.

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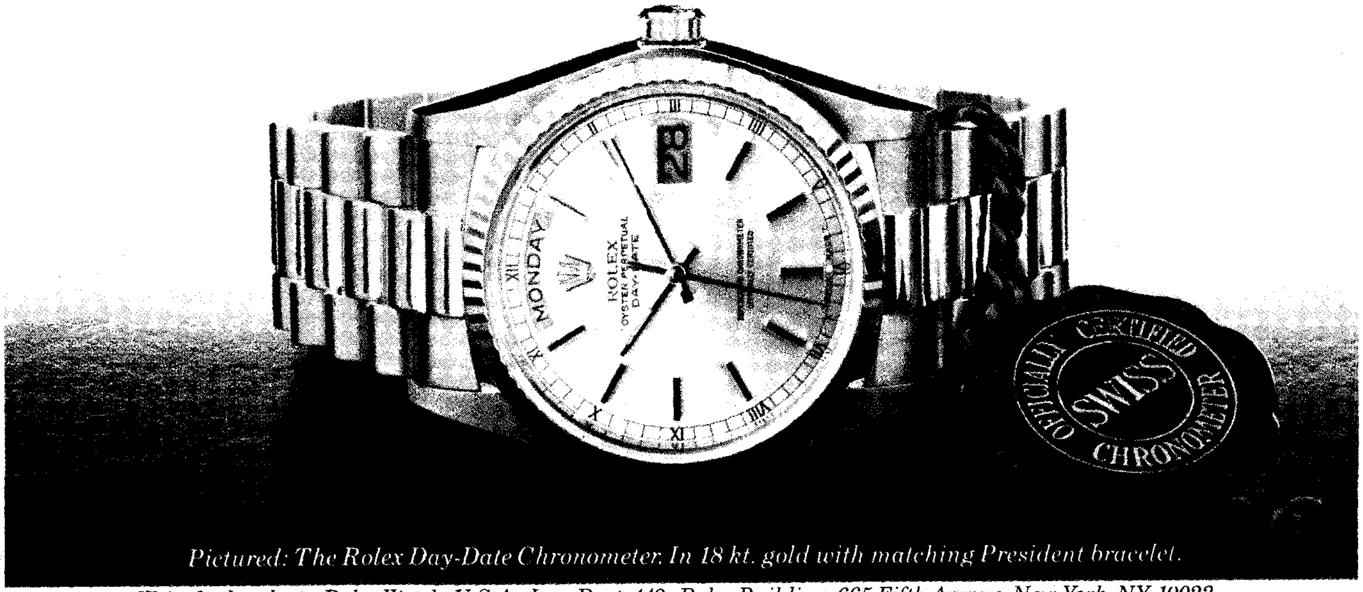

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 28.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays and Thanksgiving.)

A Nicholas Ray festival:

Nov. 18: At 6 and 10, "Johnny Guitar." (†) At 8, "Lightning Over Water" (directed by Wim Wenders and Ray).

Nov. 19-22: At 6 and 10, "Party Girl" (1958), with Robert Taylor, Cyd Charisse, and Lee J. Cobb. At 8, "Lightning Over Water."

Nov. 24: At 6 and 10, "On Dangerous Ground" (1952), with Ida Lupino, Robert Ryan, and Ward Bond. At 8, "Lightning Over Water."

Nov. 25: At 6 and 10, "They Live by Night." (†) At 8, "Lightning Over Water."

Nov. 27: At 6 and 10, "Knock on Any Door." (†) At 8, "Lightning Over Water."

From Nov. 28: At 6 and 10, "King of Kings" (1961), with Jeff Hunter, Siobhán McKenna, and Robert Ryan. At 8, "Lightning Over Water."

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Jane Austen in Manhattan" (James Ivory), with Anne Baxter and Robert Powell.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Nov. 19: "Mommie Dearest" (†); and "The Fan" (Edward Bianchi), with Lauren Bacall and James Garner.
From Nov. 20: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Nov. 19: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (†) and "Jabberwocky." (†)
From Nov. 20: "Quartet" (James Ivory), with Alan Bates and Maggie Smith.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The French Lieutenant's Woman." (†)

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Nov. 24: "The Pursuit of D. B. Cooper" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Robert Duvall and Treat Williams.
From Nov. 25: "Superman II."(†)

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 19: "Rich and Famous." (†) From Nov. 20: "Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol.
Theatre 2: "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery.
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 19: "Halloween II" (Rick Rosenthal), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Donald Pleasence From Nov. 20: "Body and Soul" (George Bowers), with Leon Isaac Kennedy and Jayne Kennedy.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"True Confessions." (†)

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Nov. 19: "Cutter's Way." (†)
From Nov. 20: "The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"True Confessions." (†)

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Southern Comfort." (†)

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Montenegro" (Dusan Makavejev), with Susan Anspach and Erland Josephson.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Arthur." (†)
Theatre 2: "Body Heat." (†)

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 19: Theatre closed. From Nov. 20: "Ragtime." (†)

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Devils Playground" (Fred Schepisi; an Australian film), with Arthur Dignam and Nick Tate.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Chariots of Fire." (†)
Theatre 2: "Ticket to Heaven." (†)

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 19: "The Pursuit of D. B. Cooper" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Robert Duvall and Treat Williams. From Nov. 20: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 19: "Chanel Solitaire" (George Kaczender), with Marie-France Pisier. From Nov. 20: To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Quartet" (James Ivory), with Alan Bates and Maggie Smith.

Loews New York I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 19: "Rich and Famous." (†) From Nov. 20: "Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol.
Theatre 2: "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through Nov. 26: "The Boat Is Full" (Markus Imhoof; in German), with Tina Engel and Curt Bois.
From Nov. 27: "Man of Iron" (Andrzej Wajda; in Polish).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Nov. 18: "Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol.
From Nov. 19: "Absence of Malice" (Sydney Pollack), with Paul Newman and Sally Field.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Nov. 19: "Mommie Dearest." (†)
Nov. 20-26 (tentative): "Rich and Famous." (†)
From Nov. 27: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Prince of the City." (†)

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 19: "Friday the 13th" (1980; Sean Cunningham), with Betsy Palmer, Adrienne King, and Harry Lillis Crosby III; and "Friday the 13th, Part 2" (Steve Miner). From Nov. 20: "Body and Soul" (George Bowers), with Leon Isaac Kennedy and Jayne Kennedy.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St. I and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 19: "The Pursuit of D. B. Cooper" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Robert Duvall and Treat Williams. From Nov. 20: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 19: "Halloween II" (Rick Rosenthal), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Donald Pleasence. From Nov. 20: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 24: "Garlic Is as Good as 10 Mothers" (directed by Les Blank), "Werner Herzog Eats His Shoe" (Les Blank), and "Stoney Knows How" (Alan Govenar and Bruce Lane). From Nov. 25: "Strong Medicine" (1979; Richard Foreman), with Kate Manheim.
Theatre 2: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God." (†)

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Ashram" (Wolfgang Dobrowolny).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 19: "Body Heat." (†) From Nov. 20: To be announced.

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Stevie" (1978; Robert Enders), with Glenda Jackson, Mona Washbourne, and Trevor Howard.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 19: "Rich and Famous." (†) From Nov. 20 (tentative): "Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Prince of the City." (†)
Theatre 2: "Cutter's Way." (†)
Theatre 3: "Priest of Love" (Christopher Miles), with Ian McKellen and Janet Suzman.
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 19: "Gal Young Un" (Victor Nunez), with David Peck. From Nov. 20: "Pixote." (†)

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"High Street" (1976; André Ernotte; in French), with Annie Cordy and Mort Shuman.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"The French Lieutenant's Woman." (†)

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Shooting Party" (1977; Emil Loteanu; in Russian).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The French Lieutenant's Woman." (†)

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Woman Next Door" (François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Blood Wedding" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "My Dinner with Andre" (Louis Malle), with Wallace Shawn and Andre Gregory.
Theatre 2: "The Thin Line" (Michal Bat-Adam; an Israeli film, in Hebrew), with Gila Almagor.
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 19: "Breaker Morant" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward. From Nov. 20: "They All Laughed" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Audrey Hepburn and Ben Gazzara.

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 19: "Taxi Zum Klo" (Frank Ripploh; in German). From Nov. 20: "They All Laughed" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Audrey Hepburn and Ben Gazzara.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 19: "Pixote." (†) From Nov. 20: "Taxi Zum Klo."

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 19: "Priest of Love" (Christopher Miles), with Ian McKellen and Janet Suzman. From Nov. 20: "Beau Père" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Patrick Dewaere and Ariel Besse.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 19: "XXII Olympiad: Moscow 1980" (Yuri Ozerov), a documentary. From Nov. 20: "The Hungarians" (Zoltan Fabri; in Hungarian).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 19: "Prince of the City." (†) From Nov. 20: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 19: "Mommie Dearest." (†) From Nov. 20: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 19: "Halloween II" (Rick Rosenthal), with Jamie Lee Curtis

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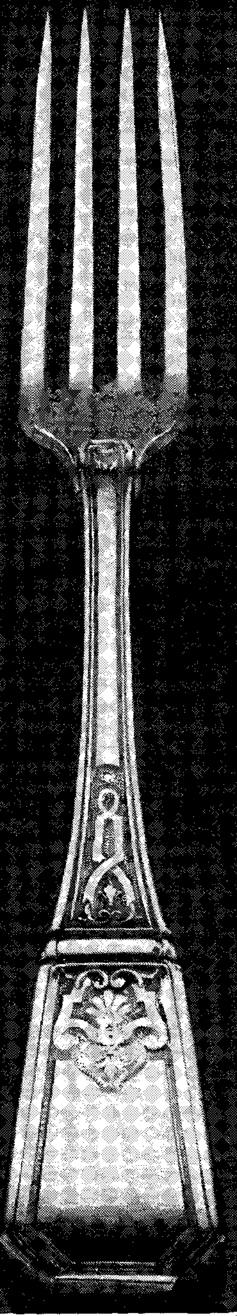

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Westbury, L.I.; Paramus, N.J.

and Donald Pleasence. From Nov. 20: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 19: "True Confessions." (†) From Nov. 20: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 19: "Body Heat." (†) From Nov. 20: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 19: "The Pursuit of D. B. Cooper" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Robert Duvall and Treat Williams. From Nov. 20: To be announced.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 19: "Mommie Dearest." (†) From Nov. 20: "Rich and Famous." (†)
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 19: ". . . All the Marbles" (Robert Aldrich), with Peter Falk and Burt Young. From Nov. 20: "Prince of the City." (†)
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 19: Richard Pryor in a filmed concert. From Nov. 20: "Quartet" (James Ivory), with Alan Bates and Maggie Smith.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 24: "Prince of the City." (†) From Nov. 25: "The Prowler."
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 19: "Southern Comfort." (†) From Nov. 20: "The Looney Looney Looney Bugs Bunny Movie" (directed by Friz Freleng), an animated film.
Theatre 3: "An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter.
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 19: ". . . All the Marbles" (Robert Aldrich), with Peter Falk and Burt Young. From Nov. 20: "The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.
Theatre 5: "Body Heat." (†)
Theatre 6: "True Confessions." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Nov. 19: "Mommie Dearest." (†)
From Nov. 20: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Nightmare" (Romano Scavolini), with Sharon Smith.
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 19: "Paternity" (David Steinberg), with Burt Reynolds and Beverly D'Angelo. From Nov. 20: "Mommie Dearest." (†)
Theatre 4: Richard Pryor in a filmed concert.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through Nov. 19: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)
From Nov. 20: "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 19: "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery. From Nov. 20: "Ragtime." (†)
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 19: "Friday the 13th" (1980; Sean Cunningham), with Betsy Palmer, Adrienne King, and Harry Lillis Crosby III; and "Friday the 13th, Part 2" (Steve Miner). From Nov. 20: "Body and Soul" (George Bowers), with Leon Isaac Kennedy and Jayne Kennedy.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Arthur." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through Nov. 19: "Crocodile."
From Nov. 20: "Demoniod, Messenger of Death."

R.K.O. Cinerama 1 and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 19: "The Pursuit of D. B. Cooper" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Robert Duvall and Treat Williams. From Nov. 20: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 19: "Halloween II" (Rick Rosenthal), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Donald Pleasence. From Nov. 20: To be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Nov. 18: "Fencing Master" (1962; in Japanese), with Ganjiro Nakamura; and "The Return of Zatoichi" (1962; directed by Kazuo Mori; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu.
Nov. 19: "Johnny Minotaur" (1971; Charles Henri Ford); and "Sebastiane" (1978; Derek Jarman and Paul Humfress; in Latin).
Nov. 20-21: "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard; and "The Last Wave" (1978; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nanjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett.
Nov. 22-23: "The Tin Drum" (1980; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent; and "The Lost Honor of Katharina Blum" (1975; Volker Schlöndorff and Margarethe von Trotta; in German).
Nov. 24: "The Samurai Trilogy, Parts I and II" (1954-56; Hiroshi Inagaki; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
Nov. 25: "Blume in Love" (†); and "Petulia" (1968; Richard Lester), with Julie Christie and George C. Scott.
Nov. 26: "Mädchen in Uniform" (1932; Leontine Sagan; in German), with Herthe Thiele and Dorothea Wieck; and "The Children's Hour" (1962; William Wyler), with Audrey Hepburn, Shirley MacLaine, and James Garner.
Nov. 27-28: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; Federico Fellini; in Italian); and "Fellini's Roma." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Nov. 18: "The Searchers" (1956; John Ford), with John Wayne, Natalie Wood, Jeffrey Hunter, Vera Miles, and Ward Bond; "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971; John Schlesinger), with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head; and "Fit to Be UnTied" (1975; Silvano Agosti, Marco Bellocchio, Sandro Petraglia, and Stefano Rulli; in Italian), a documentary.
Nov. 19: "Sunday Bloody Sunday;" "Fit to Be UnTied;" and "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda.
Nov. 20: "Fit to Be UnTied;" "The Conformist;" "Horse Feathers" (1932; Norman McLeod), with the Marx Brothers; and "Monkey Business" (1931; Norman McLeod), with the Marx Brothers.
Nov. 21: "The Conformist;" "Horse Feathers;" "Monkey Business;" and "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968; Stanley Kubrick), with Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood.
Nov. 22: "Monkey Business;" "Horse Feathers;" "The Prince and the Showgirl" (1957; Laurence Olivier), with Marilyn Monroe, Olivier, and Sybil Thorndike; and "2001: A Space Odyssey."
Nov. 23: "The Prince and the Showgirl;" "2001: A Space Odyssey;" and "Vincent, François, Paul, and the Others" (1974; Claude Sautet; in French), with Yves Montand, Michel Piccoli, Serge Reggiani, an Gérard Depardieu.
Nov. 24: "The Devils" (1971; Ken Russell) with Vanessa Redgrave and Oliver Reed "Vincent, François, Paul, and the Others;" and "Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio an Nora Gregor.
Nov. 25: "Rules of the Game;" and "Th Devils."
Nov. 26: "Rules of the Game;" "The Devils;" and "A Thousand Clowns" (1965; Fre Coe), with Jason Robards, Barbara Harris Martin Balsam, and Gene Saks.
Nov. 27-28: "A Thousand Clowns;" "The Circus" (1928; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film with Chaplin and Merna Kennedy; an "Steppenwolf" (1974; Fred Haines), wit Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Nov. 19: "The Discreet Charm the Bourgeoisie" (1972; Luis Buñuel; French), with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Au dran, and Delphine Seyrig; and "The Diar of a Chambermaid" (1964; Luis Buñuel; French), with Jeanne Moreau.
Nov. 20-21: "Flesh Gordon" (1974; Howar Ziehm and Michael Benveniste), with J son Williams; and "Flash Gordon" (198 Mike Hodges), with Sam J. Jones, Topo and Melody Anderson.
Nov. 22-24: "The Canterbury Tales" (197 Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Hug Griffith, Alan Webb, and Jenny Runacr and "The Arabian Nights" (1973; Pier Pao Pasolini; in Italian). Both X-rated films.
Nov. 25-26: "Alice's Restaurant" (196 Arthur Penn), with Arlo Guthrie; ar

"Hair" (1979; Miloš Forman), with John Savage, Treat Williams, and Beverly D'Angelo.
Nov: 27-28: "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "Straw Dogs." (†)

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Nov. 19: "Intimate Lighting" (1965; Ivan Passer; in Czech); and "Competition" (1963; Miloš Forman).
Nov. 20-21: "La Guerre Est Finie" (1966; Alain Resnais; in French), with Yves Montand, Ingrid Thulin, and Geneviève Bujold; and "To Die in Madrid" (1965; Frédéric Rossif), a French documentary, with an English narration.
Nov. 22-23: "The Hawks and the Sparrows" (†) and "The Gospel According to St. Matthew." (†)
Nov. 24: "Zero for Conduct" (†), "L'Atalante" (†), and "The Red Balloon." (†)
Nov. 25: "Les Anges du Péche" (1943; Robert Bresson; in French), with Renée Faure; and "The Nun." (†)
Nov. 26: "Assassination" (1964) and "Samurai Spy" (1965), both films in Japanese, directed by Masahiro Shinoda.
From Nov. 27: "Spetters" (1981; Paul Verhoeven; in Dutch).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Nov. 21: "Woman of the Year" (1942; George Stevens), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Fay Bainter, Reginald Owen, and William Bendix; and "Alice Adams" (1935; George Stevens), with Katharine Hepburn, Fred MacMurray, Ann Shoemaker, Fred Stone, and Frank Albertson.
Nov. 22-24: "The Letter" (1940; William Wyler), with Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, James Stephenson, Frieda Inescort, and Gale Sondergaard; and another feature, to be announced.
Nov. 25-28: "An American in Paris" (1951; Vincente Minnelli), with Gene Kelly, Leslie Caron, Oscar Levant, and Nina Foch; and "Les Girls." (†)

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Nov. 21: "Auntie Mame" (1958; Morton da Costa), with Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker, and Coral Browne.
Nov. 22-24: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (†) and "Butterfield 8." (†)
Nov. 25-28: To be announced.

Olympia Quad I, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Nov. 19: "America America" (1963; Elia Kazan), with Stathis Giallelis; and "A Face in the Crowd" (1957; Elia Kazan), with Andy Griffith, Patricia Neal, Walter Matthau, and Anthony Franciosa.
Nov. 20-21: "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau; and "The Thin Man" (1934; W. S. Van Dyke), with Myrna Loy and William Powell.
Nov. 22-24: "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, Nils Poppe, and Bengt Ekerot; and "Wild Strawberries." (†)
Nov. 25-26: "The Deer Hunter" (1978; Michael Cimino), with Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Savage, and John Cazale.
Nov. 27-28: "Freaks" (1932; Tod Browning), with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford; and "Brewster McCloud" (1971; Robert Altman), with Bud Cort and Sally Kellerman.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Nov. 18: "The Public Enemy" (1931; William Wellman), with James Cagney, Jean Harlow, Joan Blondell, and Mae Clarke; and "Angels with Dirty Faces" (1938; Michael Curtiz), with James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Humphrey Bogart, and Ann Sheridan.
Nov. 19-21: "The Misfits" (1961; John Huston), with Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, and Montgomery Clift; and "Mogambo" (1953; John Ford), with Clark Gable, Ava Gardner, and Grace Kelly.
Nov. 22-23: "Idiot's Delight" (†) and "Wife Versus Secretary." (†)
Nov. 24-25: "The Oklahoma Kid" (1939; Lloyd Bacon), with James Cagney, Humphrey Bogart, Rosemary Lane, and Donald Crisp; "The Call of the Wild" (1935; William Wellman), with Clark Gable and Loretta Young; and "The St. Louis Kid" (1934; Ray Enright), with James Cagney.
Nov. 26-28: "Mutiny on the Bounty" (†) and "China Seas." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Nov. 18: "Dead End" (1937; William Wyler), with Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, and Humphrey Bogart; and "Come and Get It" (1936; Howard Hawks and William Wyler), with Edward Arnold and Joel McCrea.
Nov. 19: "Song of Summer" (1968; Ken Russell), with Max Adrian and Christopher Gable; and "Dante's Inferno" (1967; Ken Russell), with Oliver Reed.
Nov. 20-21: "Pardon Mon Affaire" (1977; Yves Robert; in French), with Jean Rochefort, Victor Lanoux, and Claude Brasseur; and "Pardon Mon Affaire, Too" (1978; Yves Robert; in French), with Jean Rochefort.
Nov. 22: "Sayonara" (1957; Joshua Logan), with Marlon Brando, Red Buttons, Miiko Taka, and Miyoshi Umeki; and "The Nightcomers." (†)
Nov. 23: "Man with a Movie Camera" (1928) and "Enthusiasm" (1931), both films in Russian, directed by Dziga Vertov.
Nov. 24: "She Done Him Wrong" (1933; Lowell Sherman) and "I'm No Angel" (1933; Wesley Ruggles), both films with Mae West and Cary Grant.
Nov. 25: "The Battle of Algiers" (†); and "Pépé le Moko" (1937; Julien Duvivier; in French), with Jean Gabin, Mireille Balin, and Marcel Dalio.
Nov. 26: "Sylvia Scarlett" (†) and "Christopher Strong." (†)
Nov. 27-28: "Devil's Canyon" (1953; Alfred Werker), with Virginia Mayo, Dale Robertson, and Stephen McNally; and "Dynasty" (1977; Mei Chung Chang), with Bobby Ming. Both films in 3-D.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Nov. 18: "The Sea Hawk" (1940; Michael Curtiz), with Errol Flynn, Flora Robson, and Brenda Marshall; and "Captain Blood" (1935; Michael Curtiz), with Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, and Basil Rathbone.
Nov. 19: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971; John Schlesinger), with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head; and "Midnight Cowboy" (1969; John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight.
Nov. 20-21: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1935; Alfred Hitchcock), with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre; and "Secret Agent" (1936; Alfred Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, John Gielgud, Robert Young, and Peter Lorre.
Nov. 22: "Thoroughly Modern Millie" (†) and "The Boy Friend." (†)
Nov. 23: "Carnival in Flanders" (1936; Jacques Feyder; in French), with Louis Jouvet and Françoise Rosay; and "Toni" (1935; Jean Renoir; in French).
Nov. 24: "To Have and Have Not" (1944; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan; and "Confidential Agent" (1945; Herman Shumlin), with Charles Boyer, Lauren Bacall, Peter Lorre, and Katina Paxinou.
Nov. 25: "Charlie Chan in London" (1934; Eugene Forde) and "Charlie Chan in Egypt" (1935; Louis King), both with Warner Oland as the detective.
Nov. 26: "The Pink Panther" (†); and "A Shot in the Dark" (1964; Blake Edwards), with Peter Sellers and Elke Sommer.
Nov. 27-28: "The Great Gatsby" (1949; El-

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liott Nugent), with Alan Ladd, Betty Field, Macdonald Carey, and Barry Sullivan; and "The Glass Key" (1942; Stuart Heisler), with Brian Donlevy, Veronica Lake, and Alan Ladd.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—A series of French films, 1930-60, all with English subtitles: Nov. 19 at 2:30: "Angèle" (1934; directed by Marcel Pagnol), with Orane Demazis and Fernandel. . . . Nov. 19 at 6: "Pattes Blanches" (1948; Jean Grémillon), with Suzy Delair, Paul Bernard, and Fernand Ledoux. . . . Nov. 19 at 8:30: "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne" (1945; Robert Bresson), with Maria Casarès and Paul Bernard. . . . Nov. 20 at 2:30: "Les Perles de la Couronne" (1937; Sacha Guitry and Christian-Jaque), with Sacha Guitry, Jacqueline Delubac, Arletty, and Jean-Louis Barrault. . . . Nov. 20 at 6: "Bob le Flambeur" (1956; Jean-Pierre Melville), with Roger Duchesne and Isabelle Corey. . . . Nov. 21 at 2:30: "Trois Valses" (1938; Ludwig Berger), with Yvonne Printemps and Pierre Fresnay. . . . Nov. 21 at 5: "Pension Mimosas" (1934; Jacques Feyder), with Françoise Rosay, Paul Bernard, and Arletty. . . . Nov. 22 at 2:30: "Paradis Perdu" (1939; Abel Gance), with Fernand Gravey, Micheline Presle, and Elvire Popesco. . . . Nov. 22 at 5: "Salonique, Nid d'Espions" (1936; G. W. Pabst), with Dita Parlo, Louis Jouvet, Pierre Fresnay, and Pierre Blanchar. . . . Nov. 23 at 2:30: "Juliette ou la Clef des Songes" (1951; Marcel Carné), with Gérard Philipe. . . . Nov. 24 at 2:30: "Entrée des Artistes" (1938; Marc Allégret), with Claude Dauphin, Odette Joyeux, and Louis Jouvet. . . . Nov. 26 at 2:30: "La Fin du Jour" (1939; Julien Duvivier), with Louis Jouvet, Victor Francen, and Michel Simon. . . . Nov. 27 at 2:30: "Pattes Blanches" (1948; Jean Grémillon), with Suzy Delair, Paul Bernard, and Fernand Ledoux. . . . Nov. 27 at 6: "Les Parents Terribles" (1948; Jean Cocteau), with Jean Marais, Josette Day, and Yvonne de Bray. . . . Nov. 28 at 2:30: "Le Père Tranquille" (1946; René Clément), with Noël-Noël. . . . Nov. 28 at 5: "Les Misérables" (1934; Raymond Bernard), with Harry Baur, Charles Vanel, Marguerite Moreno, and Florelle. . . . ¶ Other, non-French, films scheduled during this period: Nov. 21-22 at noon: "The Quiet One" (1949; Sidney Meyers), a documentary. . . . Nov. 23-24 at noon: "The Private Life of a Cat" (1947; Alexander Hammid), "Rat Life and Diet in North America" (1968; Joyce Wieland), "Necrology" (1969; Standish Lawder), and "Fuji" (1974; Robert Breer). . . . Nov. 23 at 6: A program of films by Anne Rees-Mogg, who will be present. . . . Nov. 24 at 6: "Annie Mae—Brave Hearted Woman" (1980; Lan Brookes Ritz), a documentary. . . . Nov. 27-28 at noon and 1: "Banjo the Woodpile Cat" (1979; Don Bluth), an animated film. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—"Denman's Col (Geometry)" (1979-81; Mary Lucier), a video installation. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesdays until 8). Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Nov. 18 at 8: "Un Chien Andalou" (1928) and "L'Age d'Or" (1930), both films in French, no English subtitles, directed by Luis Buñuel. . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at 8: "Entr'acte" (1924; René Clair; in French, no English subtitles) and "The Gold Rush" (1925; Charlie Chaplin; a silent film). . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 8: A program by, and about, Herman G. Weinberg, who will be present. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 2: A video program by John Sturgeon, who will be present. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 8: "Une Femme Douce" (1969; Robert Bresson; in French, no English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 8: "Le Sang d'un Poète" (1930; in French, with English subtitles) and "La Belle et la Bête" (1946; in French, no English subtitles), both directed by Jean Cocteau. . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 8: "Orphée" (1950) and "Le Testament d'Orphée" (1960), both films in French, no English subtitles, directed by Jean Cocteau. . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 8: "Land Without Bread" (1932) and "Los Olvidados" (1950), both films in Spanish, no English subtitles, directed by Luis Buñuel. . . . ¶ Nov. 26 at 8: A program of films by Douglass Crockwell, Bruce Conner, and Tony Conrad. . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 8: A program of ten films by Joseph Cornell. . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 2: A video program by seven Providence, Rhode Island, artists, who will be present. . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 8: "Reverberation" (1969), "Serene Velocity" (1970), and "Still" (1971), all films directed by Ernie Gehr.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Aguirre, the Wrath of God (1972)—Werner Herzog's fine film about a sixteenth-century quest for a Peruvian El Dorado. Poisoned arrows from Indians are made invisible by the beautiful heavy trees overhanging the Amazon; a raft is caught in a whirlpool; the conquistadors, in cumbrous armor ill-fitted to their trek, start to think of themselves as living a life of fancy. Their leader is Aguirre, blazing-eyed and severe, with demagogic delusions. In German. (Film Forum.)

Arthur—As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit. But Liza Minnelli, as the poor-girl heroine, doesn't have her share of the good lines, and she's electrifying when she needs only to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/27/81.) (Manhattan, and Movieland.)

L'Atalante (1934)—Jean Vigo's sensuous, poetic love story about a young barge captain on the Seine who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. Jean Dasté and Dita Parlo are the lovers. Michel Simon is a tattooed barge hand. A wonderfully spontaneous, unarranged-looking film, photographed by Boris Kaufman, and with a lovely score by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; Nov. 24.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An extraordinary re-creation of the Algerian fight for independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed this controversial modern classic, which stirs emotions in theatres all over the world. In French and Arabic. (Thalia; Nov. 25.)

Blume in Love (1973)—Susan Anspach, looking frail and beautiful, as the divorced wife of a lawyer (George Segal), in a clodhopping story of unkillable love. The film is set mostly in Los Angeles, with tourist-dream sorties to Venice, where a cure-everything baby is had, apparently in the Doges' Palace. Paul Mazursky directed. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 25.)

Body Heat—Lawrence Kasdan wrote and directed this forties pastiche that verges on camp but takes *itself* straight. He has devised a style that is a catalogue of *noir* clichés—deco titles, flames and a heat wave, ceiling fans, tinkling wind chimes, old tunes, chicanery in muted voices, a weak man (William Hurt) and a femme fatale in white (Kathleen Turner), and insinuating, hotted-up dialogue that it would be fun to hoot at if only the hushed, sleepwalking manner of the film didn't make you cringe or yawn. Kasdan has modern characters talking jive talk as if they'd been boning up on Chandler novels, and he doesn't seem to know if he wants laughs or not. It's like listening to Mae West deliver her bawdy innuendos in a sincere tone. He poses Turner as a hot number, and she proceeds to lure Hurt, who's a chump, to murder her rich husband (Richard Crenna) as if she were following the marks on the floor made by the actresses who preceded her. As Teddy, a professional arsonist, Mickey Rourke almost makes you feel that you're at a real movie. With Ted Danson, and J. A. Preston. Cinematography by Richard H. Kline. (11/9/81) (Manhattan, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Waverly, and New Yorker; through Nov. 19.)

The Boy Friend (1971)—Ken Russell turned the Sandy Wilson show into an anti-musical and destroyed most of any pleasure the audience might have had. The glittering, joyless numbers keep coming at you; you never get any relief. Twiggy sings adequately (though not well enough for the load of singing she's asked to carry), and she dances rather better, but Russell doesn't develop her possibilities, and she remains an appealing blank. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 22.)

Butterfield 8 (1960)—The John O'Hara novel that seemed perfect for the movies, plus the role that seemed perfect for Elizabeth Taylor—and this is the garish mess it became. Daniel Mann's direction is maybe even worse than the Charles Schnee-John Michael Hayes script. With Laurence Harvey; Dina Merrill, doing a noble wife to end all noble wives; and a vacuum on the screen that is said to be Eddie Fisher. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Nov. 22-24.)

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof (1958)—The Tennessee Williams play about the girl (Elizabeth Taylor) whose husband (Paul Newman) doesn't want to have sex with her. Much hocus-pocus about the reasons; when the "true" reason is revealed it sounds the hokiest. But Taylor looks very desirable indeed, and the cast is full of actors whooping it up with Southern accents (Burl Ives, Judith Anderson, Madeleine Sherwood). Directed by Richard Brooks. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Nov. 22-24.)

Chariots of Fire—The story of the courage and the triumph of two young runners who represented Britain in the 1924 Olympics, held in Paris. The runners—Harold Abrahams (Ben Cross), a wealthy Jewish boy who is a student at Cambridge, and Eric Liddell (Ian Charleson), a Scottish divinity student—win because they have something to run for. The unbelievably self-possessed Abrahams runs against anti-Semitic snobbery and prejudices, and the devout Liddell runs in an ecstatic state, because "when I run, I can feel His pleasure." The picture is a piece of technological lyricism held together by the glue of simpleminded heroic sentiment; basically, its appeal is in watching a couple of guys win their races. Produced by David Puttnam, directed by Hugh Hudson (it's his début film), from Colin Welland's script. Cinematography by David Watkin; music by Vangelis Papathanassiou. With Lindsay Anderson, John Gielgud, Alice Krige, Ian Holm, Cheryl Campbell, Dennis Christopher, Brad Davis, Nigel Havers, Nicholas Farrell, Nigel Davenport, Patrick Magee, and David Yelland as the Prince of Wales. (10/26/81) (Cinema I.)

China Seas (1935)—Classy-lady Rosalind Russell and Jean Harlow, as tough, hard-drinking China Doll, compete for the affections of ship's officer Clark Gable. Russell can't compete, of course, 'cause that common girl is *funny*. Sleazy but likable M-G-M shipboard melodrama based on the formula that had proved a big hit in 1932 in "Red Dust." With Wallace Beery, in his likable-villain period, and Lewis Stone, in his noble-sufferer period, Robert Benchley as a drunk, and Dudley Digges, C. Aubrey Smith, Akim Tamiroff, Donald Meek, and Edward Brophy. Directed by Tay Garnett, from a wisecracking, sexy screenplay by Jules Furthman and James K. McGuinness, based on a novel by Crosbie Garstin. (Regency; Nov. 26-28.)

Christopher Strong (1933)—An arch, high-strung, sickeningly noble Katharine Hepburn movie, but one of the rare movies told from a woman's sexual point of view. Directed by Dorothy Arzner from a screenplay by Zoë Akins, it's the story of a record-breaking English aviatrix who falls in love with a dis-

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tinguished political figure (Colin Clive). As soon as they go to bed together, he insists—late on the very first night—that she not fly in the contest she is entered in. It's the intelligent woman's primal post-coital scene. In movies up to the seventies, this primal scene has never been played out satisfactorily; the woman always gives in, either in the paste-up screwball style that provided the fake resolutions of the forties, or, as in this picture, fatally. (The heroine commits suicide.) The directing seems enervated and the film was a flop, but it's not one that independent-minded women can easily forget. Hepburn is exquisitely gaunt and boyish in her sleek, high-fashion gowns, including one that she says makes her look like a moth. It does; the film is a moth-and-flame story. With Billie Burke, Ralph Forbes, Helen Chandler, and Jack La Rue. From a novel by Gilbert Frankau; music by Max Steiner. (Thalia; Nov. 26.)

Cutter's Way—In this moody fantasia on post-Vietnam bitterness, set in Santa Barbara and other parts of Southern California, John Heard is Cutter, a mutilated veteran whose conversation is a series of twisted, rasped-out gibes, and Jeff Bridges is lover-boy Bone, an Ivy League beach bum who lives on his suntanned amiability. When these two friends become involved in trying to expose and/or shake down an oil tycoon who they believe is also a sexual psychopath, the film suggests a counterculture version of the anti-fascist thrillers of the forties. Directed by Ivan Passer, from a much too literary script by Jeffrey Alan Fiskin. As Cutter's burned-out wife, Mo, Lisa Eichhorn carries a load of existential sorrow and honesty. With Stephen Elliott as J. J. Cord, and Ann Dusenberry, Arthur Rosenberg, and Nina Van Pallandt. The cinematography is by Jordan Cronenweth; the music by Jack Nitzsche. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through Nov. 19.)

Fellini's Roma (1972)—It's an imperial gesture at documentary: a sketchbook about the city of Fellini's imagination, that love-hate dream-nightmare city which is more familiar to us by now than Rome itself. This autobiographical fantasy includes extras painted up as voracious citizens, a high-camp ecclesiastical fashion show, and a mock excavation in a subway which uncovers a Roman villa. Designed by Danilo Donati, who is a magician, and shot by the great Giuseppe Rotunno, the film is like a funeral ode to an imaginary city under purplish, poisoned skies. Some of the images are magisterial and marvellous, like a series of stormy Turners, but whenever there's dialogue or *thought*, the movie is fatuous. Fellini is at the center of the film, played as a young man fresh from the provinces by a toothsome, lusciously handsome actor (dimply Peter Gonzales, from Texas), and then by himself, speaking in English—most of it dubbed—in this version. He interacts with no one; he is the only star, our guide, and like many another guide he often miscalculates our reactions, especially to his arch, mirthless anticlerical jokes. The ambience is least oppressive when he stages a forties vaudeville show—a return to the world of his early movies. The picture reaches its nadir when he goes celebrity-chasing and interviews Gore Vidal, who informs us that Rome is as good a place as any to wait for the end of the world. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 27-28.)

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The French Lieutenant's Woman—Meryl Streep gives an immaculate, technically accomplished performance as Sarah Woodruff, the romantic mystery woman of John Fowles' novel, but she's so distanced from us that all we can do is observe how meticulous Streep—and everything else about the movie—is. Harold Pinter, the famed compressor who did the adaptation, has emptied out the story, and the director, Karel Reisz, has scrupulously filled in the space with "art;" every vocal inflection is exact, the 1867 settings seem flawless, and the cinematographer Freddie Francis's camera movements and muted colors are superbly elegant. The result is overblown spareness. With Jeremy Irons, Lynsey Baxter, Hilton McRae, Leo McKern, Patience Collier, Penelope Wilton, and David Warner. (10/12/81) (Bay Cinema, Festival, and Little Carnegie.)

Les Girls (1957)—George Cukor directed this backstage-story musical (it's about a lawsuit over a former showgirl's memoirs), and the color consultant, George Hoyningen-Huené, gave it a classy look, but, with one exception, nobody connected with it was really at his best—not Gene Kelly, who was the star, or the scenarist, John Patrick, and certainly not the choreographer, Jack Cole. (He hit rock bottom, with horrible quasi-cultured numbers.) Even the Cole Porter score is weak, and the whole show is overproduced. The exception is the tall, blithe, and beautiful comedienne Kay Kendall, who does a funny, drunk "La Habanera" and has a number with Kelly in which she seems to be outdancing him and having an easy, amused time of it. Her role isn't large enough, though. The cast includes Henry Daniell, Taina Elg, Jacques Bergerac, Patrick MacNee, and that bane of fifties movie musicals—the movie executives' idea of "adorable"—Mitzi Gaynor. From a story by Vera Caspary. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Nov. 25-28.)

The Gospel According to St. Matthew (1966)—Pasolini's interpretation features the rocky settings of southern Italy, an eclectic score, and a rigid Jesus who demands obedience. Some find the slow rhythm of the film fascinating, others think it punishing. (There's a funny description of the film in the opening pages of Iris Owens' novel "After Claude.") In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse; Nov. 22-23.)

The Hawks and the Sparrows (1967)—Ninetto Davoli and the great Totò as a self-abasing father and his son on a sort of St. Francis nature walk, accompanied by a talking crow. A humorless film by Pier Paolo Pasolini about large topics of poverty, simplicity, fathers and sons, and mankind. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse; Nov. 22-23.)

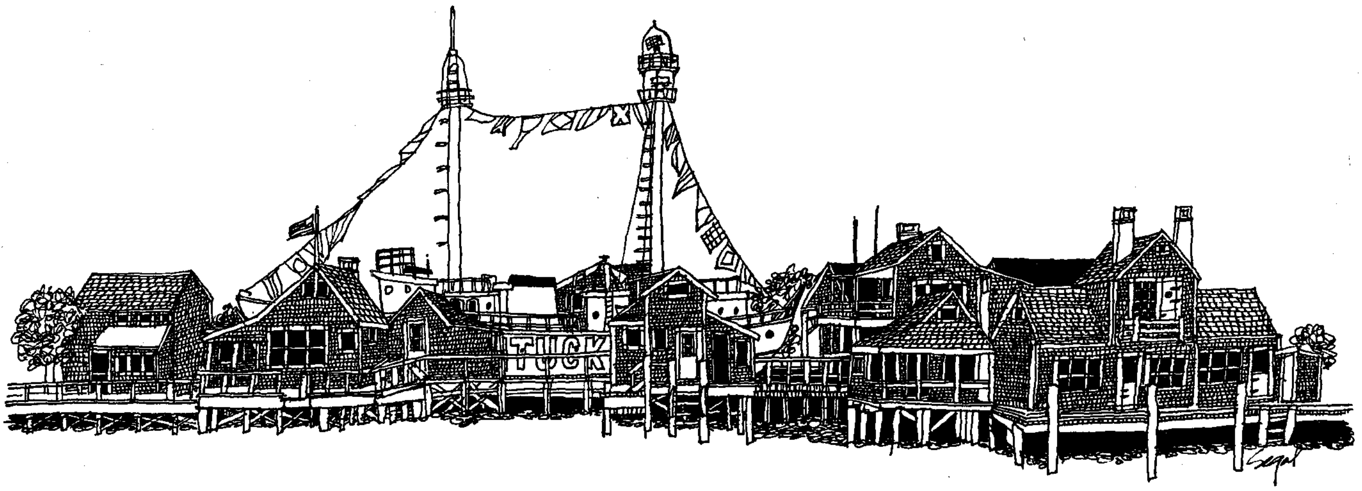
Idiot's Delight (1939)—Robert Sherwood's high reputation as a dramatist was always a little mystifying, and never more so than when his windy intellectuality was recorded on film. This allegorical comedy from M-G-M has Clark Gable as a hoofer and Norma Shearer as a fake Russian countess (the roles made famous on Broadway by Lunt and Fontanne). It's set in an Alpine winter-sports hotel high above a world about to be engulfed in war. The characters include a leftist, a pair of honeymooners, and so forth, and there's got to be an antiwar message in it somewhere. Gable isn't bad (and he gets a chance to do a deliberately clunky, bedraggled dance to "Puttin' on the Ritz"), but oh, that Shearer! With Burgess Meredith, Edward Arnold, Charles Coburn, Joseph Schildkraut, Skeets Gallagher, Laura Hope Crews, Pat Paterson, Virginia Grey, Joan Marsh, Bernadene Hayes, and Fritz Feld. Directed by Clarence Brown, who hopelessly struggles to give this stagy material some style and impudence. Sherwood did the adaptation himself, providing early scenes to establish that the hoofer and the "countess" had had an affair years before, when they were both in vaudeville, and adding a new upbeat ending. (Regency; Nov. 22-23.)

Jabberwocky (1977)—Blithely announced as "at last, a film for the squeamish," this is an agreeably deranged English comedy, directed by Monty Python's Terry Gilliam, with Python's Michael Palin playing a dim-looking youth called Dennis Cooper. It is set, vaguely, in the Middle Ages, which is to say in the middle of demolition, muddle, and mayhem. The villain is the Jabberwocky, who looks batlike, in a cobwebby way, below, but has a fishy face. (Gramercy; through Nov. 19.)

Johnny Guitar (1954)—A very rum Western with cockeyed feminist attitudes expressed by Joan Crawford as a gambling-house owner. Directed by Nicholas Ray at his most delirious, which at least makes his work more of a fling than usual, if not distinguished. With Ernest Borgnine and John Carradine. Enjoyable. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Nov. 18.)

Knock on Any Door (1949)—John Derek as a young delinquent on trial for killing a policeman, and Humphrey Bogart as the lawyer defending him. As the lawyer talks, we see the boy's grim past in flashback: his father died in prison, he was sent to reform school, his child wife committed suicide. Making this solemn sociological case for him, Bogart is so wearing that you wish he'd stop orating and get out his own heater again. Nicholas Ray directed. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Nov. 27.)

Mommie Dearest—The best that can be said for this jumbled scrapbook of Joan Crawford's life from her middle years to the end is that it doesn't seem to get in the way of its star,



Faye Dunaway, who gives a startling, ferocious performance. She invests the role with so much power and suffering that the camp horror scenes—the nocturnal rampages—transcend camp. With Mara Hobel, Diana Scarwid, Steve Forrest, Howard Da Silva, Rutanya Alda, and Jocelyn Brando. Produced by Frank Yablans; directed by Frank Perry; the screenplay is credited to Yablans, Perry, Tracy Hotchner, and Robert Getchell. (10/12/81) (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, Loews 83rd Quad, Olympia Quad, and Embassy 1; through Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Nov. 20.)

Monty Python and the Holy Grail (1975)—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team. (Gramercy; through Nov. 19.)

Mutiny on the Bounty (1935)—A stirring eighteenth-century sea adventure in the big M-G-M manner, freely adapted from the Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall books. The story of H.M.S. Bounty, its brutal Captain Bligh, and the mutineers who fled to Pitcairn Island has narrative push and a popular theme—the revolt against a tyrant. The movie doesn't fall into the usual trap of setting strong heroes against weak, cowardly villains. As Charles Laughton plays him, the corrupt, sadistic Bligh is the strongest person on the screen; it is not merely that Bligh is a great sailor, capable of remarkable feats of navigation, and a man who is defiant even when defiance takes courage—it's that Laughton has a genuinely horrible mad power. He's a great villain—twisted and self-righteous—and you can't laugh him off. He transcends campiness. Clark Gable (looking a little tubby in white pants) is well cast as Fletcher Christian, leader of the mutineers; Gable's Americanness works to his advantage—makes him seem more of a plain, rough-hewn man. Franchot Tone plays the pivotal character—the high-born officer who is taken back to England to stand trial; Tone is perhaps a shade too engaging and decent, and when he delivers his courtroom speech, he seems carried away by his own eloquence. The director, Frank Lloyd, goes after "human interest" details in a broad, conventional manner, and some of the bits of business of the minor characters are tediously simpleminded. But for the kind of big-budget, studio-controlled romantic adventure that this is, it's very well done; it took the Academy Award as Best Picture of the Year. With Herbert Mundin and Eddie Quillan (there could be less of both), and Douglas Walton, Donald Crisp, Dudley Digges, Ian Wolfe, Movita, Mamo, Henry Stephenson, Spring Byington, and Francis Lister. Script by Talbot Jennings, Jules Furthman, and Carey Wilson; cinematography by Arthur Edeson; music by Herbert Stothart. (Remade in 1962, with Trevor Howard as Bligh and Marlon Brando as Fletcher Christian.) (Regency; Nov. 26-28.)

The Nightcomers (1971)—Ingenious but literal-minded prelude to Henry James' "The Turn of the Screw," showing how Peter Quint (Marlon Brando) and Miss Jessel (Stephanie Beacham) corrupted the children. Quite well done—Brando is shockingly sadistic as the working-class lout and Beacham is very fine—yet pointless, since it is effective neither as a horror story nor as a psychological study. It leaves the viewer cold—perhaps even repelled. How could anyone think this movie would be entertaining? Michael Winner directed this English production from a script by Michael Hastings. With Thora Hird and Harry Andrews. (Thalia; Nov. 22.)

The Nun ("La Religieuse;" 1965)—Anna Karina plays Diderot's mid-eighteenth-century nun, boxed into a convent to save her parents the cost of her marriage dowry and the embarrassment of her illegitimacy. Directed by Jacques Rivette. Slow, stately, suffocating stuff, full of images to inspire high-bred dread in atheists and claustrophobics, and entirely missing the point that Diderot's novel is funny. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; Nov. 25.)

The Pink Panther (1964)—There are some first-rate slapstick sequences in Blake Edwards' derivative but entertaining comedy, with Peter Sellers, David Niven, and Capucine. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 26.)

Pixote—A shockingly lyrical Brazilian film about the life of abandoned children who learn to pick pockets and grab purses and hustle—it's their only way of surviving. Thrown into a reformatory, the ten-year-old Pixote watches as several of the larger boys gang-rape a kid not much older than he is, and his truculent baby face is indifferent, but he's a little camera taking it all in. A group of boys, including Pixote, break out, and he and three others snatch enough purses and wallets to make their way to Rio de Janeiro and begin dealing in cocaine. Outsmarted by the adult criminals, the kids buy an aging, drunken prostitute from a pimp and go into business with her: she brings men home, and they rob them at gunpoint. As the director, Hector Babenco (who appears in a prologue), sees it, Pixote is a snub-nosed infant asserting his wants, and when they're denied he changes into a baby gangster—a runt Scarface, who kills innocently, in the sense that he doesn't understand the enormity of the crime. The thesis is too pat, but two of the characters—Lilica (Jorge Julião), a flamingly nelly seventeen-year-old transvestite homosexual, and the whore Sueli, the whoriest whore imaginable (Marília Pera)—transcend it. Dusky and aquiline-faced, Marília Pera has an Anna Magnani-like presence—horrifying and great. Her display of passion wipes the little non-actor kids off the screen. She's the whore spawned out of men's darkest imaginings, and in her scenes the movie achieves a raw garish splendor. In Portuguese. (11/9/81) (Cinema Studio; through Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Nov. 20.)

Prince of the City—Treat Williams as a New York police officer who agrees to be wired and to obtain evidence about corruption in his unit goes through so much teary, spiritual agony that you want to throw something at him. He acts all over the place, yet the movie—two hours and forty-seven minutes of pseudo-documentary seriousness—is so poorly structured that you keep wondering what's going on and why he has agreed to inform on his friends. There's one remarkable performance, mostly in the last section: Jerry Orbach, as the tough-minded cop Gus Levy. Directed by Sidney Lumet and based on the book by Robert Daley about the New York City police officer Bob Leuci. With Lindsay Crouse, Bob Balaban, and Ron Maccone, as Nick. The cinematography is by Andrzej Bartkowiak; the music by Paul Chihara. (U. A. East, and Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; through Nov. 24. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Nov. 20.)

Ragtime—With James Cagney, directed by Miloš Forman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Coronet, and Loews State; starting Nov. 20.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. With Karen Allen as Marion, John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, and Ronald Lacey as Toht. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by George Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Loews Astor Plaza; through Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; starting Nov. 20.)

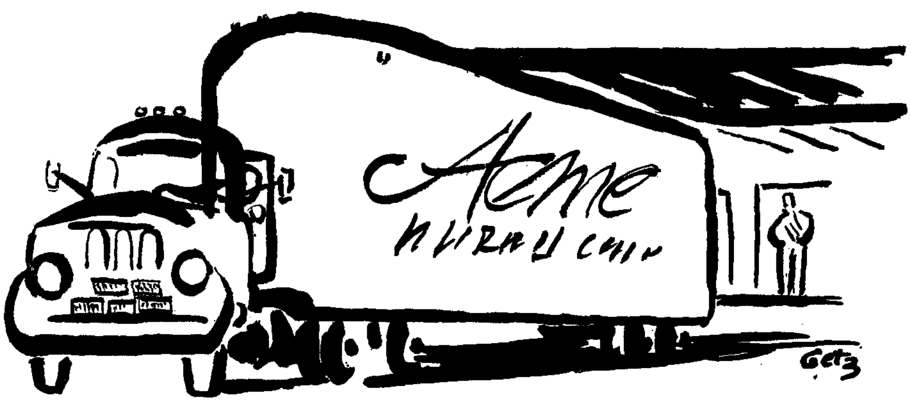
The Red Balloon (1956)—Albert Lamorisse's celebrated thirty-four-minute film without dialogue, about a small boy (his son, Pascal) who wanders all over Paris trailed by a balloon. It is an allegory on innocence and evil, set in a child's dream world. Elegantly photographed and with a durable appeal to children, though it lacks the passionate beauty of the director's fable on the same theme, "White Mane." Lamorisse wrote and directed. Also with Sabine Lamorisse. (8th St. Playhouse; Nov. 24.)

Rich and Famous—Twenty years in the lives of two women writers, pals from their college days. Jacqueline Bisset is the tense "modern" artist—perpetually dissatisfied, self-conscious, hard-drinking. Candice Bergen is the gusher—as a housewife and mother, she writes a roman à clef about her Malibu Colony neighbors, and then she just keeps pouring out her fantasies and getting richer and richer. This remake of the 1943 film "Old Acquaintance" (which was based on John Van Druten's 1940 play) isn't camp, exactly; it's more like a homosexual fantasy. Bisset's affairs, with their masochistic overtones, are creepy, because they don't seem like what a woman would get into. And Bergen is used almost as if she were a big, goosey female impersonator. Directed by George Cukor, this movie has an unflagging pace, but it's full of scenes that don't play, and often you can't even tell what tone was hoped for. It's a tawdry self-parody. With David Selby, Hart Bochner, Steven Hill, Matt Lattanzi, Fay Kanin, and Michael Brandon. Among the guests in the party scenes are Christopher Isherwood, Don Bachardy, Roger Vadim, Paul Morrissey, Ray Bradbury, Nina Foch, and Gavin Lambert. (10/26/81) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York, and Greenwich Playhouse; through Nov. 19. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Nov. 20. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; Nov. 20-26, tentative.)

Southern Comfort—With Keith Carradine and Powers Boothe, directed by Walter Hill. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Gotham Cinema. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; through Nov. 19.)

Straw Dogs (1971)—Dustin Hoffman plays a weakling mathematician who finds his manhood when he learns to kill to protect his home, and Susan George is his snarling, pouty wife—a little beast who wants to be made submissive. Machismo, sold under the (then) fashionable guise of the territorial imperative, and directed by Sam Peckinpah in a way that apparently affects many men at a very deep, fantasy level. Violence is erotic in this movie because a man's prowess is in fighting and loving—the one earns him the right to the other. Probably one of the key films of the seventies. With David Warner. Screenplay by David Zelag Goodman and Peckinpah, adapted from the novel "The Siege of Trencher's Farm" by Gordon M. Williams. Cinematography by John Coquillon; editing by Paul Davies, Roger Spottiswoode, and Tony Lawson. Filmed in England. (Cinema Village; Nov. 27-28.)

Superman II—It has charm and a lot of entertaining kinkiness, too. Richard Lester, who directed this sequel to "Superman," brings it one light touch after another, and pretty soon the movie has a real spirit—what you wished the first had had. Christopher Reeve, who brings emotional depth to Superman, pulls a switch on the material: Kryptonian that he is, Superman is the only human being in the



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movie. By the end, he's no longer a square; he has suffered humiliation and grown up—you come out of the picture thinking about Superman's feelings. And Reeve has become a smoothie: his transitions from Clark Kent to Superman and back are now polished comedy routines. Gene Hackman gives a juicy performance as the bald, shyster clown Lex Luthor, who tries to make a deal with the three arch-fiend Kryptonians in their black high-punk jumpsuits—Terence Stamp as General Zod, Jack O'Halloran as Non, and Sarah Douglas as the sadistic tease Ursa. This Ursa has the kind of face cameras worship, and she does her dirty deeds with blasé nonchalance and the merest flick of a malicious smile. The picture grows faster and quirkier as it moves along. With Margot Kidder as Lois Lane. (7/13/81) (Murray Hill; starting Nov. 25.)

Sylvia Scarlett (1936)—This Katherine Hepburn film, directed by George Cukor, was not a success—and, fascinating as it is, you'll know why. Taken from a Compton MacKenzie novel, and set in Cornwall but actually shot on the California coast, it features an oddly erotic transvestite performance—Miss Hepburn is dressed as a boy throughout most of the film—and a peculiarly upsetting love affair between Edmund Gwenn, as her conman father, and an uncouth young tease (Dennie Moore). The movie seems to go wrong in a million directions, but it has unusually affecting qualities. Cary Grant and a fearfully smirky Brian Aherne are the male leads, and the beautiful Natalie Paley is the bitch-villainesss. The extraordinarily free cinematography is by Joseph August; no other Cukor film of the thirties ever looked like this one. But this is a one-of-a-kind movie in any case; when the con artists weary of a life of petty crime, they become strolling players, and at one lovely point, Hepburn, Grant, Gwenn, and Miss Moore sing a music-hall version of a ballad about the sea. (Thalia; Nov. 26.)

They Live by Night (1948)—Nicholas Ray made his début as a director with this near-hallucinatory, hard-boiled, expressionist version of Edward Anderson's too little known 1937 novel "Thieves Like Us." The film—designed as a social tragedy—was ready for release in 1948 (under the title "The Twisted Road"), but R.K.O. apparently thought it lacking in entertainment values and shelved it; released in England, it became a critical and box-office success, which caused the studio to relent and open it here. A variation of such earlier Bonnie-and-Clyde, on-the-road movies as "You Only Live Once," it presents the girl, Keechie (Cathy O'Donnell), and her young escaped-convict lover, Bowie (Farley Granger), as doomed innocents, trying to evade the forces pursuing them, looking for a refuge where their baby can be born. Ray's tense choreographic staging and tightly framed compositions give the film a sensuous, nervous feeling of imminent betrayal. Yet this *film-noir* stylization, elegant in design terms and emotionally powerful, is also very simplistic; the movie suffers from metaphysical liberalism—social injustice treated as cosmic fatalism. With Jay C. Flippen and Howard Da Silva, as Bowie's bank-robber friends, Helen Craig, Ian Wolfe, and Marie Bryant. Script by Charles Schnee; produced by John Houseman, under the aegis of Dore Schary. (Robert Altman made another version of "Thieves Like Us," released in 1974.) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Nov. 25.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie (1967)—Produced by Ross Hunter, this lavish, oversized musical spoof set in the twenties was directed in a desperately with-it style by George Roy Hill, and the players work so hard that one begins to suffer for them and, finally, to feel numb. The picture sank Mary Tyler Moore's screen career for a decade, and it certainly didn't help Julie Andrews (though she looks her best in the twenties clothes), James Fox, John Gavin, or a rather weary Beatrice Lillie. As for Carol Channing, who get shot out of a cannon and, as usual, grins like an albino Louis Armstrong, she projects too big for even this elephantine movie. Screenplay by Richard Morris; cinematography by Russell Metty. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 22.)

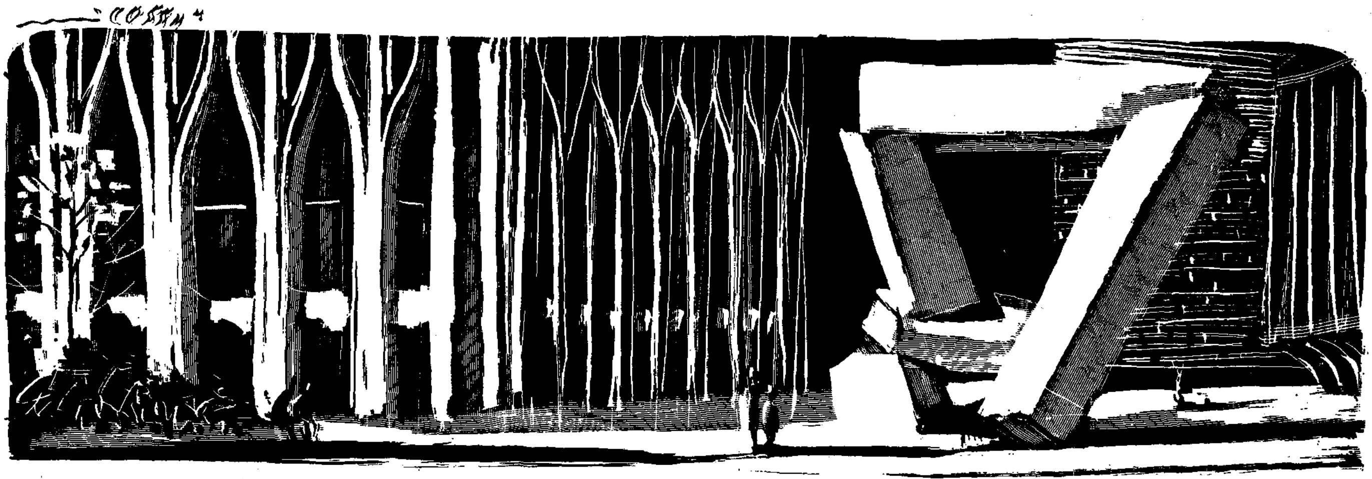
Ticket to Heaven—With Nick Mancuso, directed by Ralph Thomas. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema 2.)

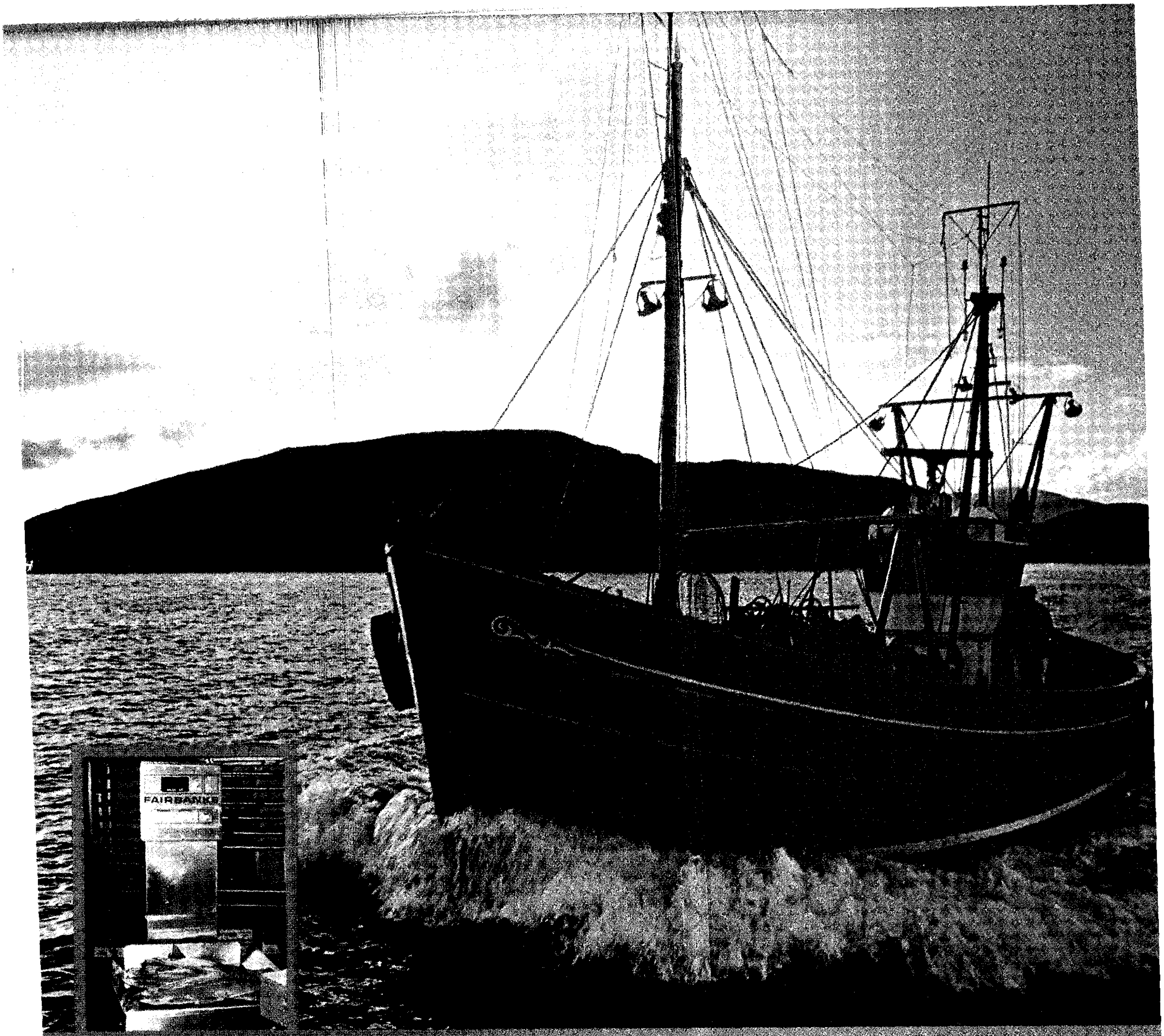
True Confessions—Robert Duvall plays an L.A. police detective who finds evidence linking his brother (Robert De Niro), a monsignor who is chancellor of the Los Angeles archdiocese, to corrupt business deals and, indirectly, to the murder of a hooker. Repelled by the hypocrisy, the detective brings his brother down. But the movie is in a stupor; everything is internalized. Duvall is locked in, and De Niro is in his chameleon trance—he seems flaccid, preoccupied. The director, Ulu Grosbard, dulls out the material, and the writers—John Gregory Dunne, who wrote the 1977 novel that the film is based on, and his wife, Joan Didion, who collaborated with him on the script—carry their hard-boiled detective fiction to a virtually abstract level. With Kenneth McMillan, who gives the only performance with any juice in it, and Charles Durning, Ed Flanders, Burgess Meredith, Cyril Cusack, Rose Gregorio, Jeanette Nolan, and Louisa Moritz. (10/26/81) (34th St. East, Sutton, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Nov. 19.)

Wife Versus Secretary (1936)—Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, James Stewart, and Myrna Loy in the kind of hit picture that M-G-M was famous for. It's taken from one of the love-triangle magazine stories that Faith Baldwin ground out, and though Norman Krasna, John Lee Mahin, and Alice Duer Miller all worked on it, it's just glossy, contrived, and moralistic. There's no wisecracking here; it's a melodrama, a cautionary tale about temptation. What makes it so fundamentally dull is that Jean Harlow, who's the central character, is cast as a nice hardworking girl. Harlow talks nasal baby talk, her voice rises to a high rasp when she means to show stress, and she walks with a sexual swagger, but she's supposed to be the hyper-efficient executive secretary to Gable, a millionaire publisher. He's in love with his adoring wife, Myrna Loy, who is misled into thinking that he's having an affair with the secretary. Gable overacts rather fatuously and makes the publisher seem very stupid; Loy's role gives her no chance to do anything but fret graciously; and James Stewart, who plays the secretary's poor-boy fiancé, is a high-minded type, who wants her to quit her glamorous job when they get married. Whatever interest the movie has is in the secretary's role, because although innocent of any adulterous wrongdoing, she is half in love with her boss, and she's not happy about her prospects with the virtuous Stewart. Harlow has some moments, but likably brassy as she is, Jean Harlow is nobody's secretary, and when she tries to seem natural and sincere, she is a truly terrible actress. The hairdresser who did her up in rigid little platinum curls didn't help. Clarence Brown directed. With May Robson, Gilbert Emery, George Barbier, Hobart Cavanaugh, John Qualen, Marjorie Gateson, Tom Dugan, and, in a bit, Jack Mulhall. (Regency; Nov. 22-23.)

Wild Strawberries (1957)—Ingmar Bergman's first big popular success in this country. It's a very uneven film; an eminent physician (Victor Sjöström) looks back over his life, which is tricked up with gothic effects and contrasts (there are resemblances to passages in "Dead of Night" and Dreyer's "Vampyr") and with peculiarly unconvincing flashbacks and over-explicit dialogue. It's a very lumpy odyssey, yet who can ever forget Sjöström's face, or the vicious, bickering couple who rasp at each other in the back seat of a car, or the large-scale mask of the beautiful Ingrid Thulin as the physician's unhappy daughter-in-law? Few movies give us such memorable, emotion-charged images. One can try to forget the irritations: the incredibly callow representatives of youth, the "cold" rigid son (Gunnar Björnstrand), the disappointingly vacuous parts assigned Bibi Andersson as the two Saras, the expendable role of Naima Wifstrand as the ancient mother. With Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom, and other Bergman regulars. Cinematography by Gunnar Fischer. In Swedish. (Olympia Quad 1; Nov. 22-24.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—School as seen through the eyes of children. Jean Vigo's forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy about a schoolchildren's revolt is one of the most poetic films ever made and one of the most influential, both in theme (as in Truffaut's "The 400 Blows" and Lindsay Anderson's "If . . .") and in its leaping continuity (as in Godard's "Breathless"). Vigo himself was clearly influenced by Abel Gance's pillow-fight sequence in "Napoléon." In French. (8th St. Playhouse; Nov. 24.)





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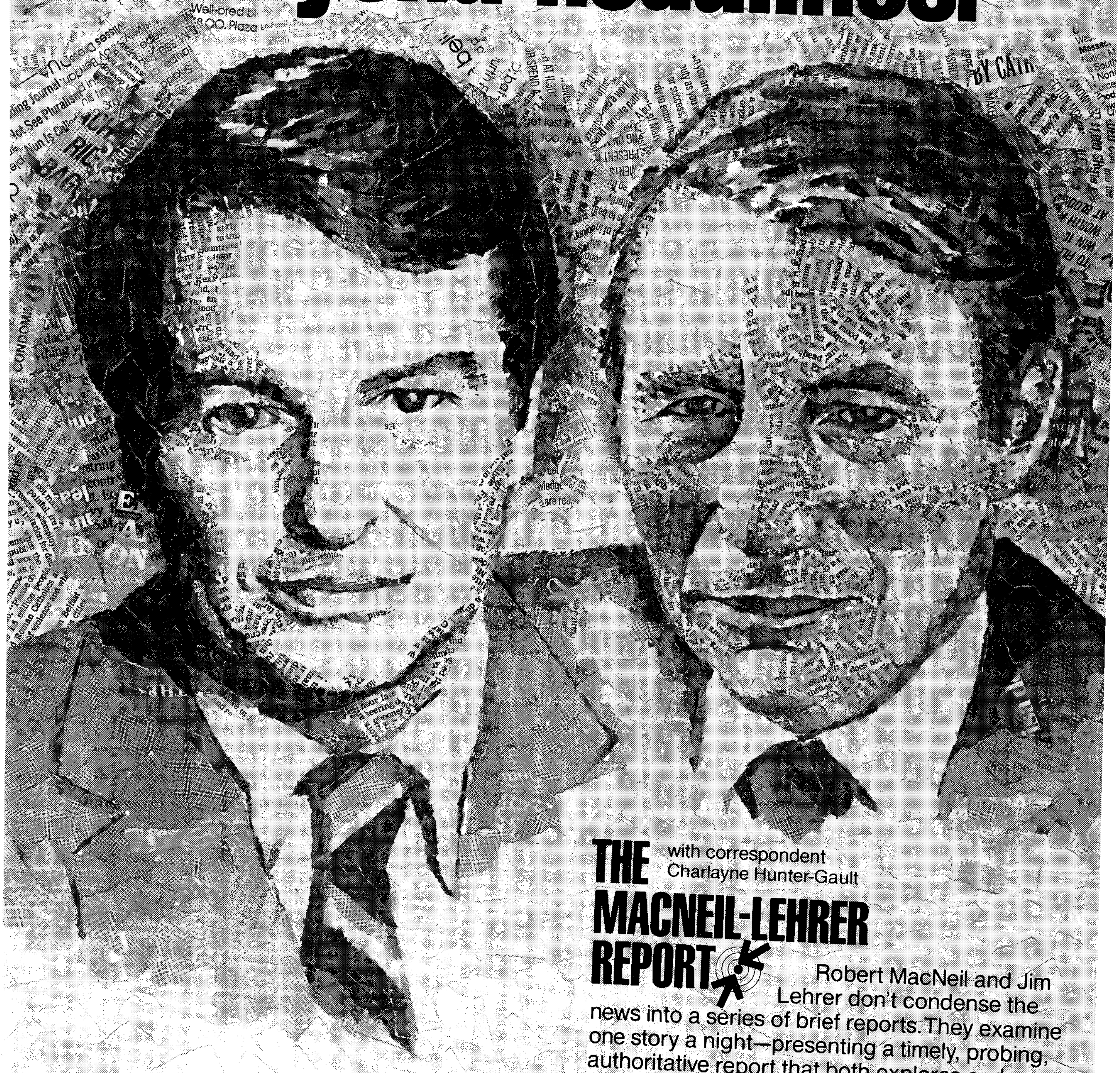

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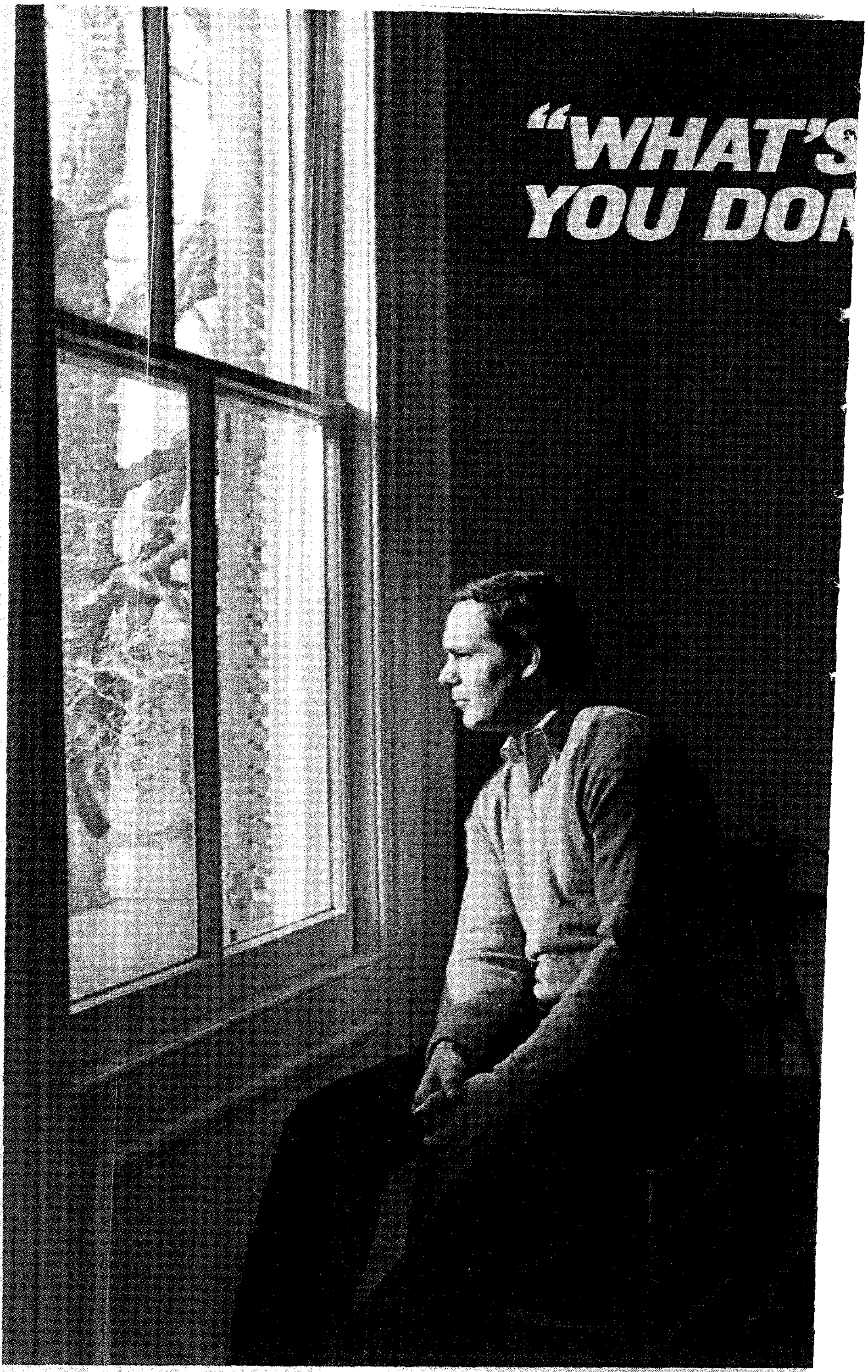

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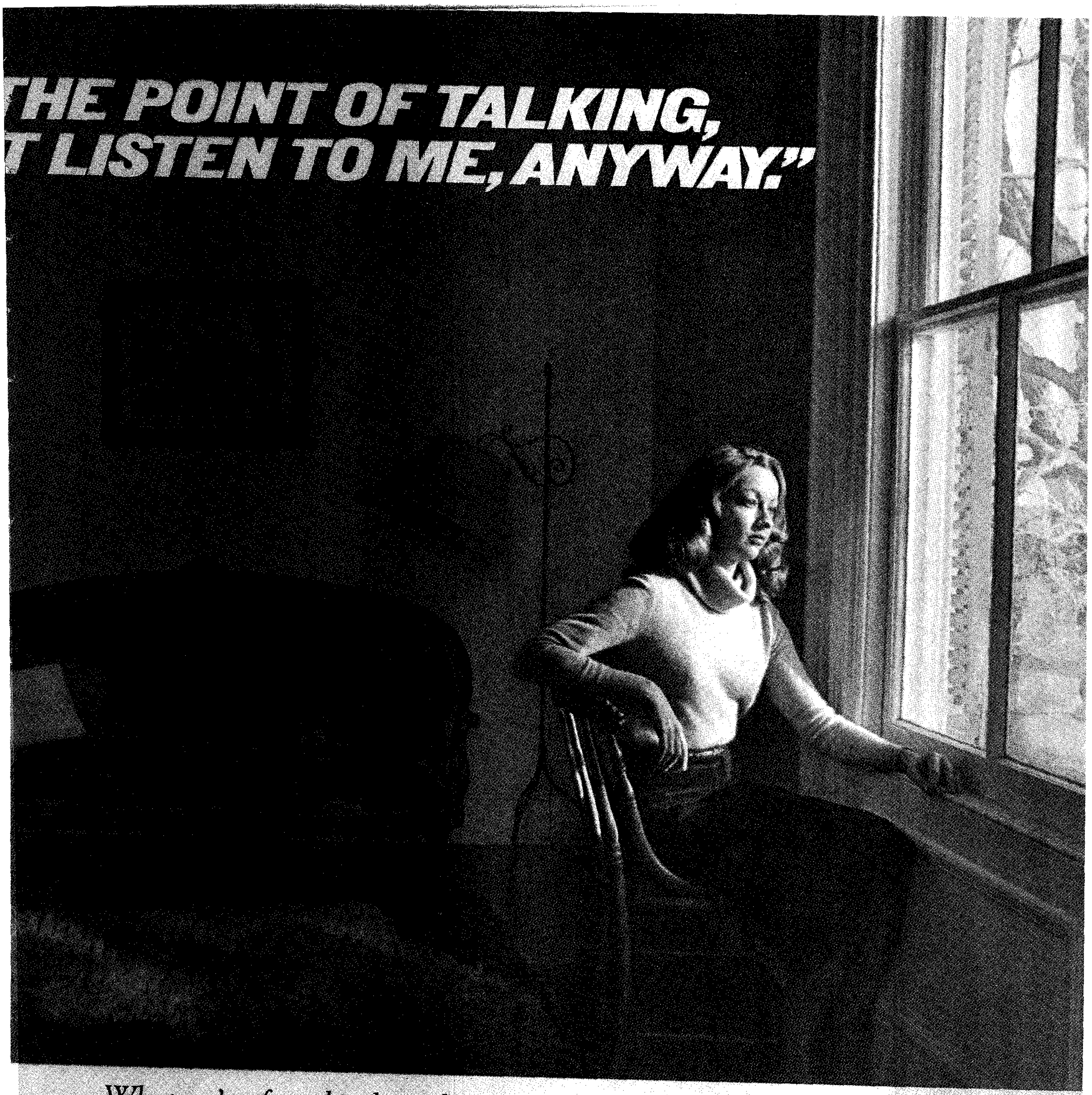

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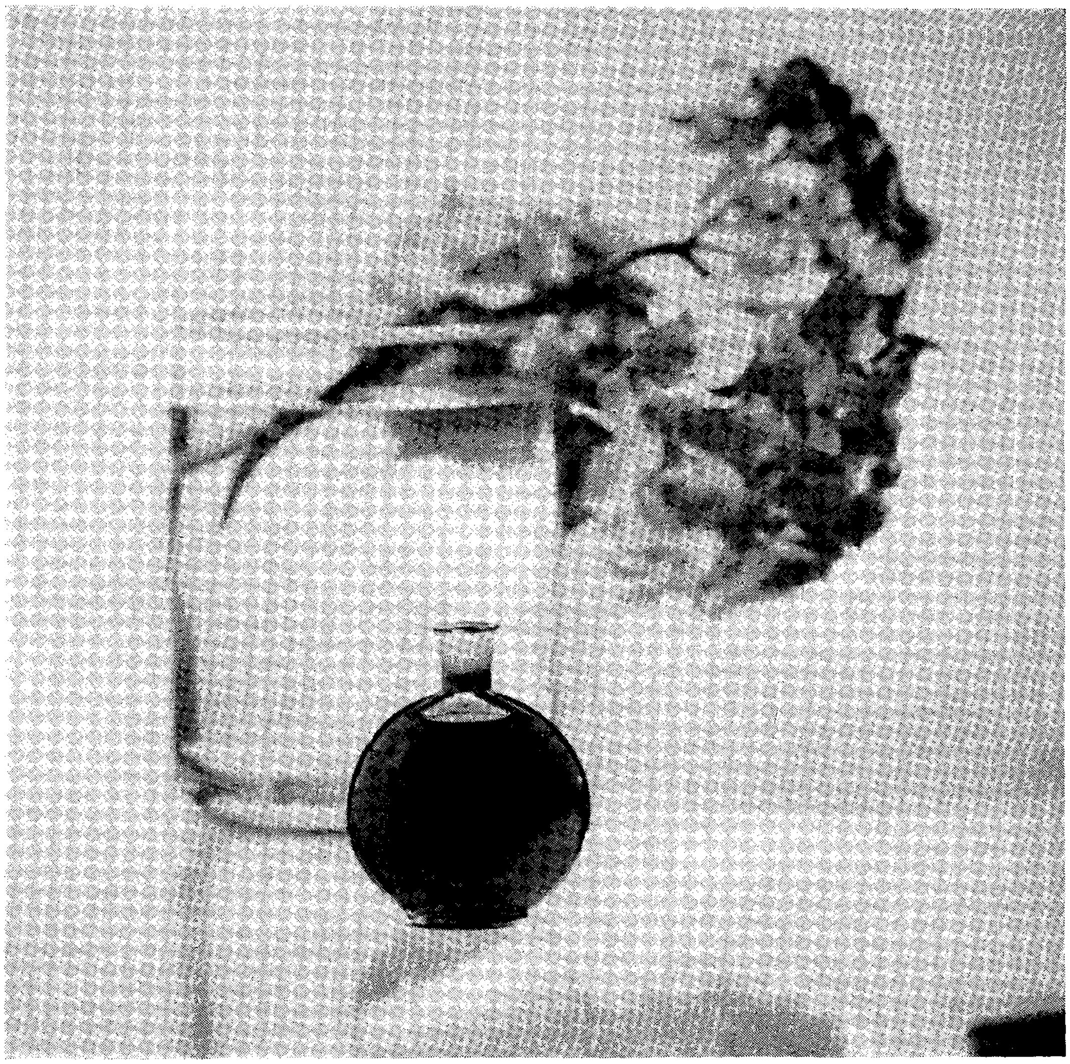

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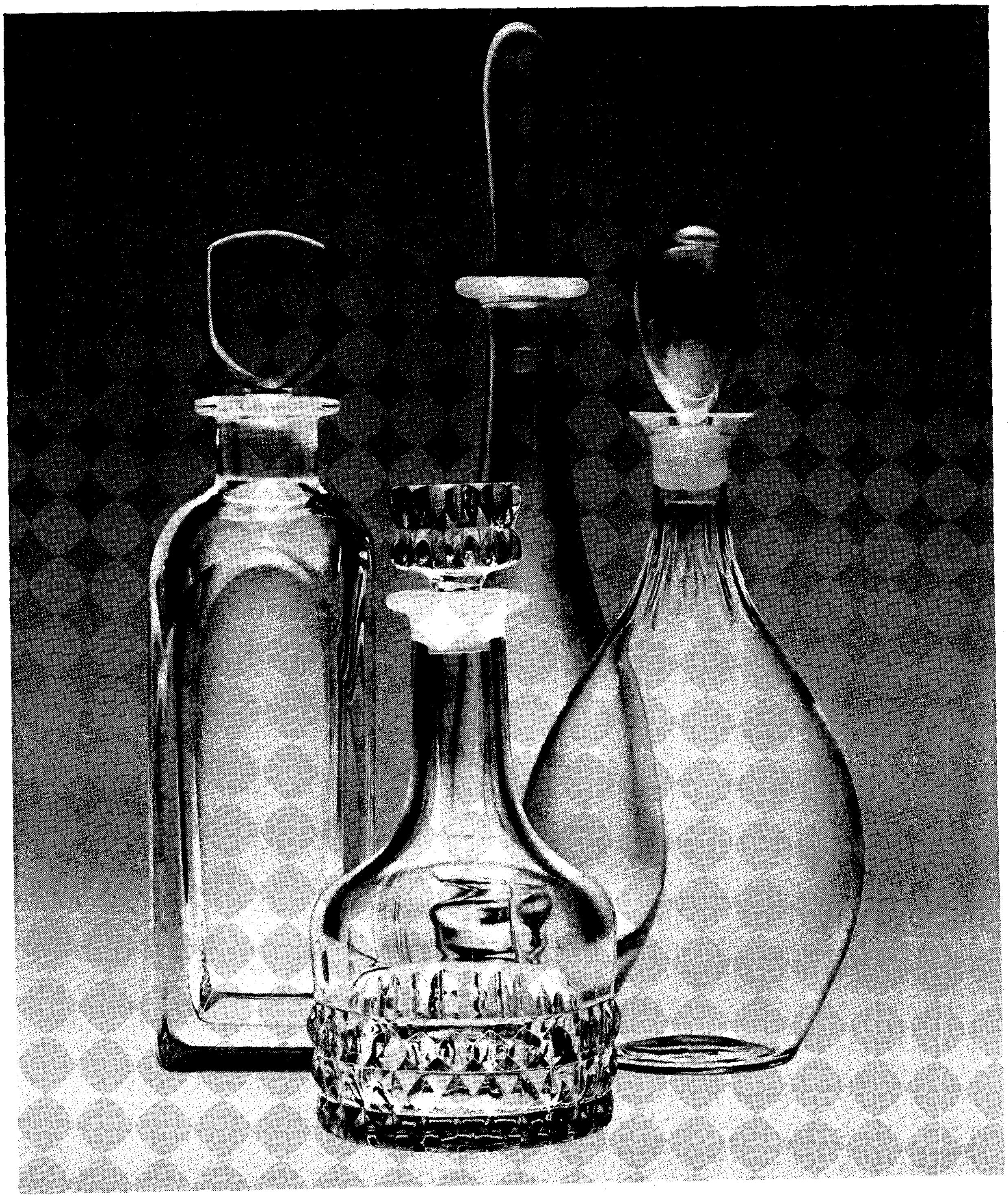

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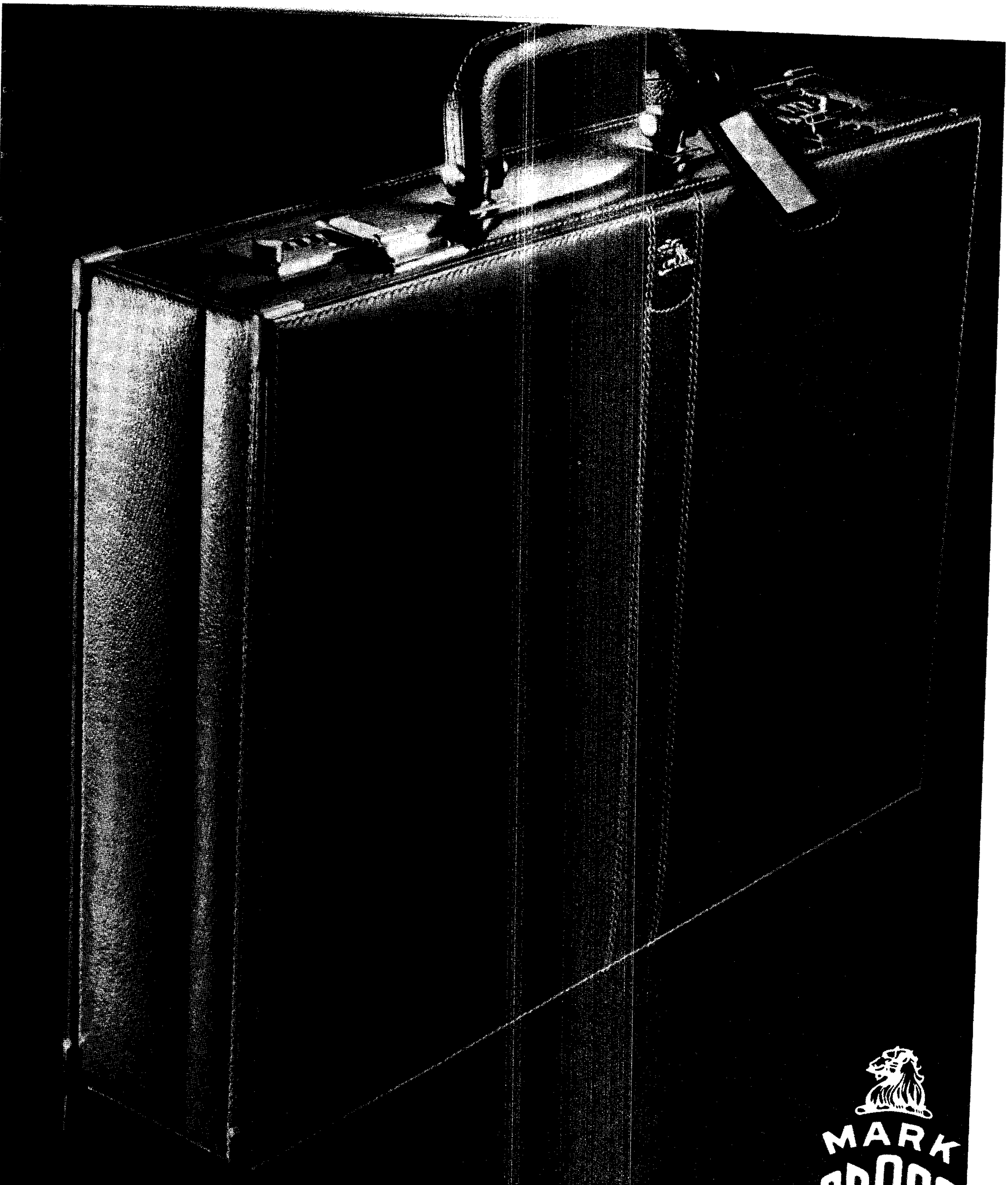

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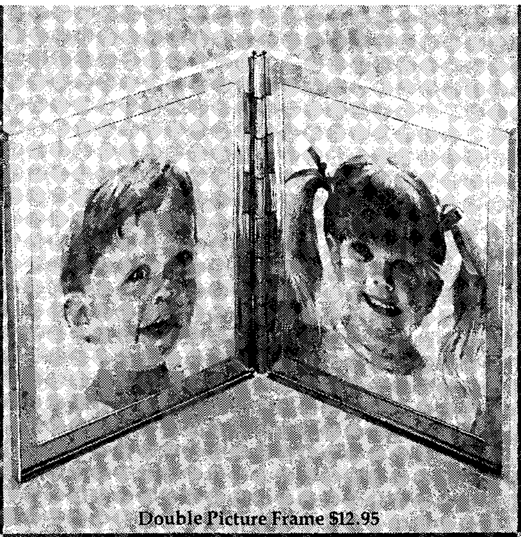
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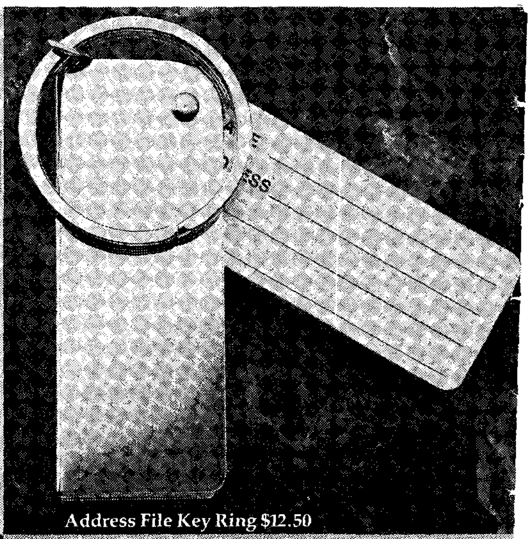
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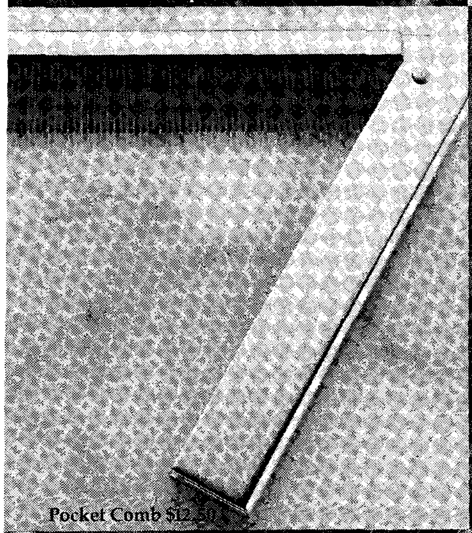
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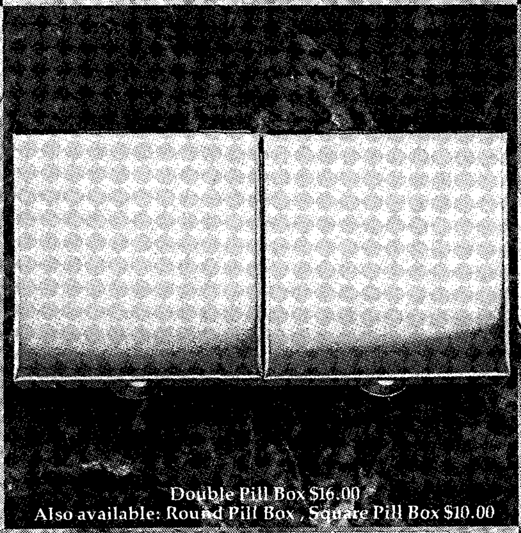
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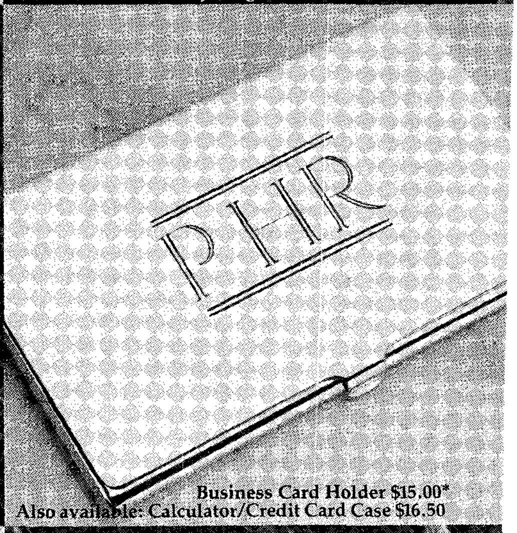

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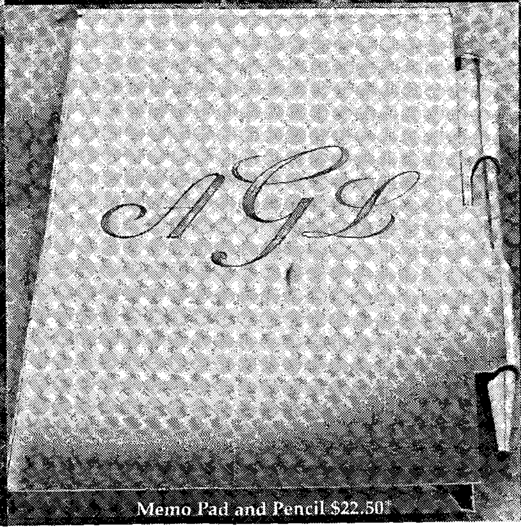

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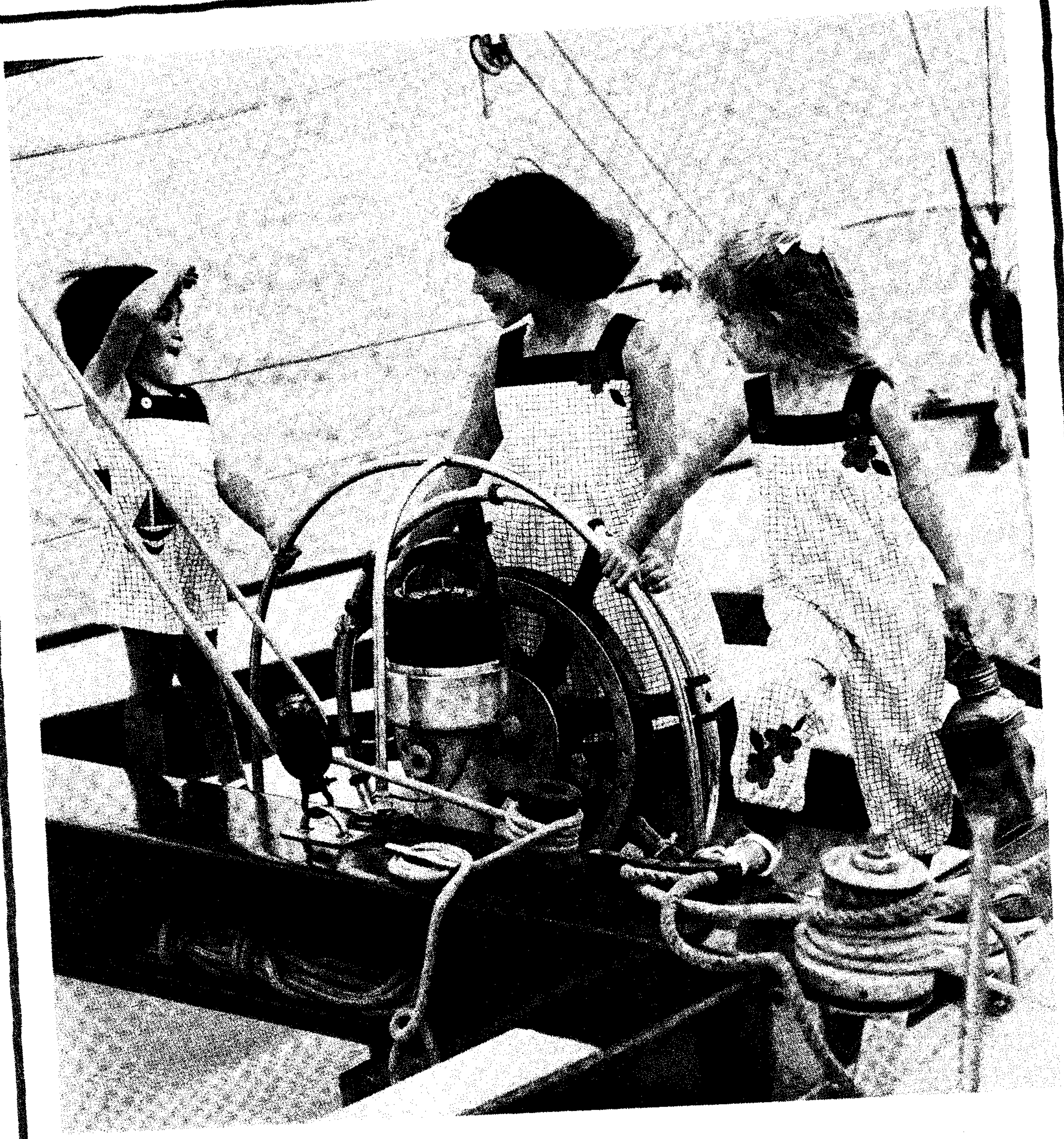

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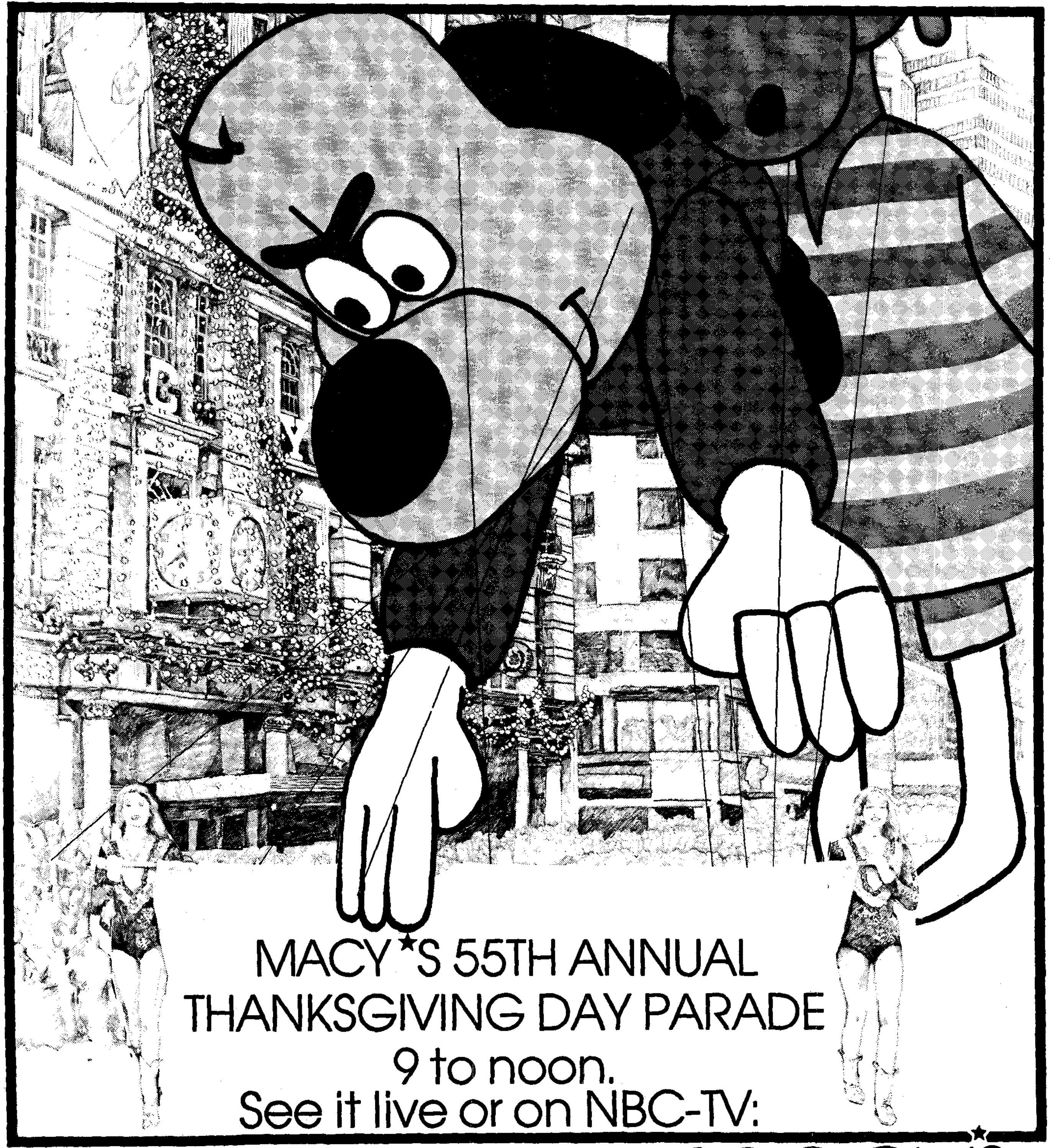
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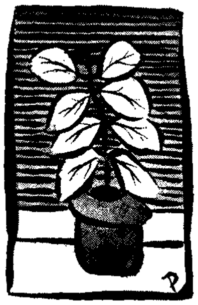
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A CRUSTY old friend of ours writes from the country:

For some years now, I've been feeling rueful about poetry, which I used to read with avidity. Perhaps I haven't got it right—the connection between poets and poems—but I used to feel that certain poets were my friends, even my heroes. I needed to know about them, so as to flesh out their poems. Now I come across some dazzling creations in the form of poems, but I don't know anything about who wrote them, and it bothers me. There seem to be so many poets, deft, clever, no question, yet I can't remember their names. Well, about two years ago my son sent me a book of poems by Czeslaw Milosz, translated from the Polish. I'd never heard of him then, but, from the very first reading, his poems got right under my skin, mesmerized me, so I got hold of everything of his I could find. We were born in the same year—1911—and that gave me, I felt, a private connection to him; yet his life, compared with mine, read like a history of the times. He seemed to have been born right in the middle of everything, right at the crossroads of history and the present. He'd suffered through the Nazi occupation of Poland, he'd been a diplomat for the new Polish government, in Paris and Washington, until he broke with it and chose exile—exile from his language, which must be the hardest kind of all for a poet—and here he was, teaching in Berkeley and writing poems in this clear, calm voice, poems that stood up straight. I felt I wanted to call him up and tell him how grateful I was for his work, and then, to my great pleasure, he won the Nobel Prize in Literature. I felt that justice had been done, that now everyone would read him.

Well, I saw in the *Times* a while ago that he was coming briefly to New York, so, although you know how I avoid the city now, I decided to come in for a couple of days, just to clap eyes on him. I got a ticket to a reading he was giving at the Poetry Center, on Ninety-second Street—just as well, for the place was packed to the rafters—and there he was. The strange thing was that he was just about as I had imagined him: medium height, straight-backed, careful and deliberate in his movements. His voice brought everything together for me, for he used English with such scrupulous care, turning over the words of his poems like stones. When he spoke the word "poetry," he enunciated each letter separately, as though he were holding up a precious object. I have read his poems so many times now that I could feel, even when he read in Polish, the spine of the poem, and I could feel a kind of awe spreading through that crowded place. The poet and the poems had come together, and I felt so pleased, afterward, out in the night, that I looked on Lexington Avenue with a kinder, more forgiving eye. But it was the next day, when Mr. Milosz appeared at New York University, much less formally, talking about writing and politics, that I was able to take him in, for I got a seat quite close to the front. He has remarkable eyes—wide, pale eyes, which seem to gaze both out and in at the same time—under great upward-curling eyebrows, like barbed-wire entanglements. The new president of New York University, whose name I can't even remember now, read out a Presidential Citation, in real award language, with all those terms, like "ethical passion" and "dignity," that naturally accrue around such a noble figure. But when it was time to reply Mr. Milosz, made uncomfortable by those weighty garlands, disavowed them. His eyes visibly twinkling, he claimed instead a prankish, humorous disposition, a side of himself that he made eminently visible in his answers to weighty questions. Even so, he said many memorable things—but then his great renown comes from his having said memorable things most of his life. What delighted me most was a remark of his to the effect that if it were not for the accident of history, which caught him up in cataclysmic events, he would have probably been, back in Poland, a town councillor in a rural district—much as I am. His "rustic dream," he called it. He once wrote, "Nothing could stifle my inner certainty that a shining point exists where all lines intersect," and I guess I wanted to be reassured about that expression of faith. Well, I was—not by any single thing he said but by the warmth of him, the quiet grace, the absence of despair. After the affair was over, I joined a small group—students, other exiles, other writers, I think—eager to greet him. When he turned toward me, I couldn't think of anything to say to him except that I was the same age he was. He lighted up at once, and congratulated me. They were like blessings—that warm handshake, that slow voice, those far-seeing eyes. I wouldn't have missed him for anything, and I wish him long life.



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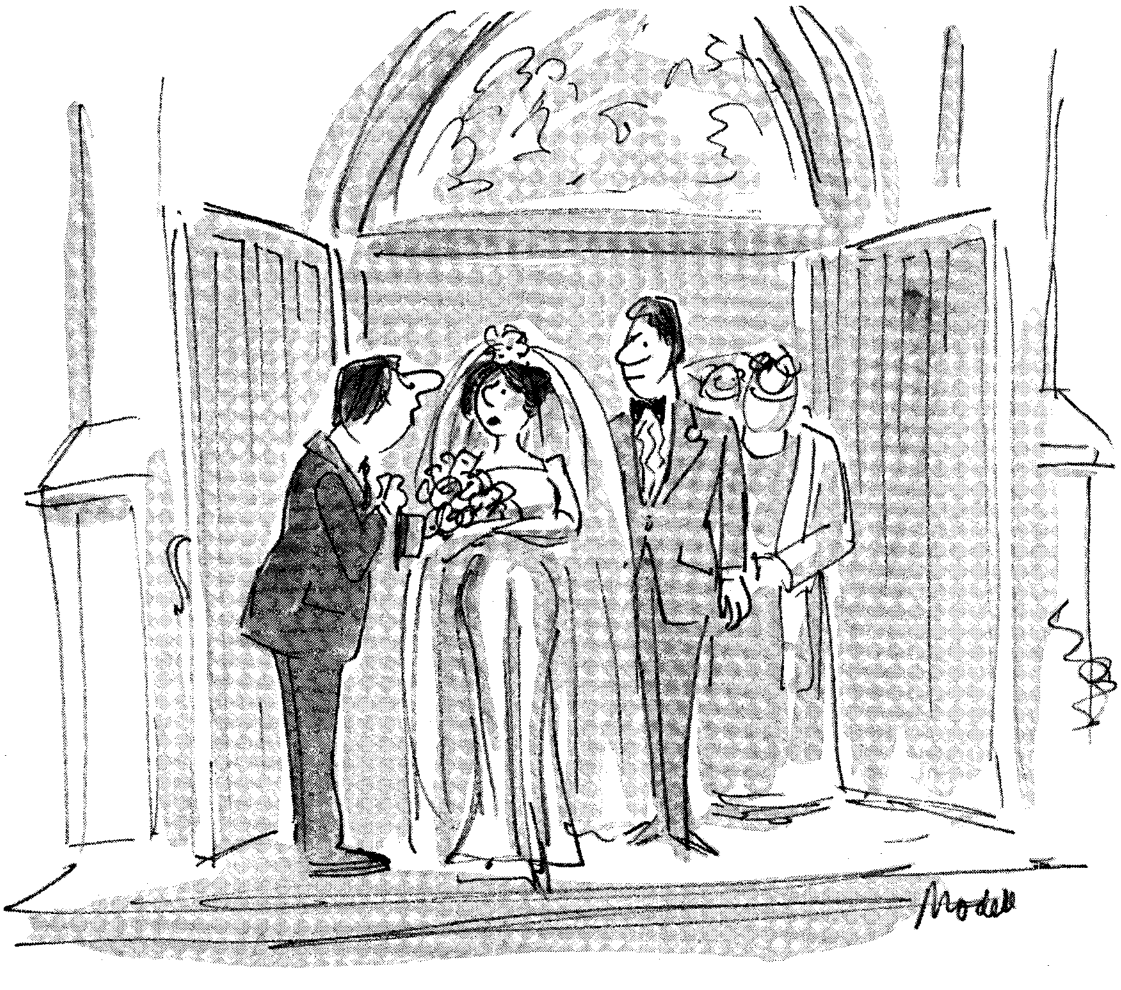
Mamluks

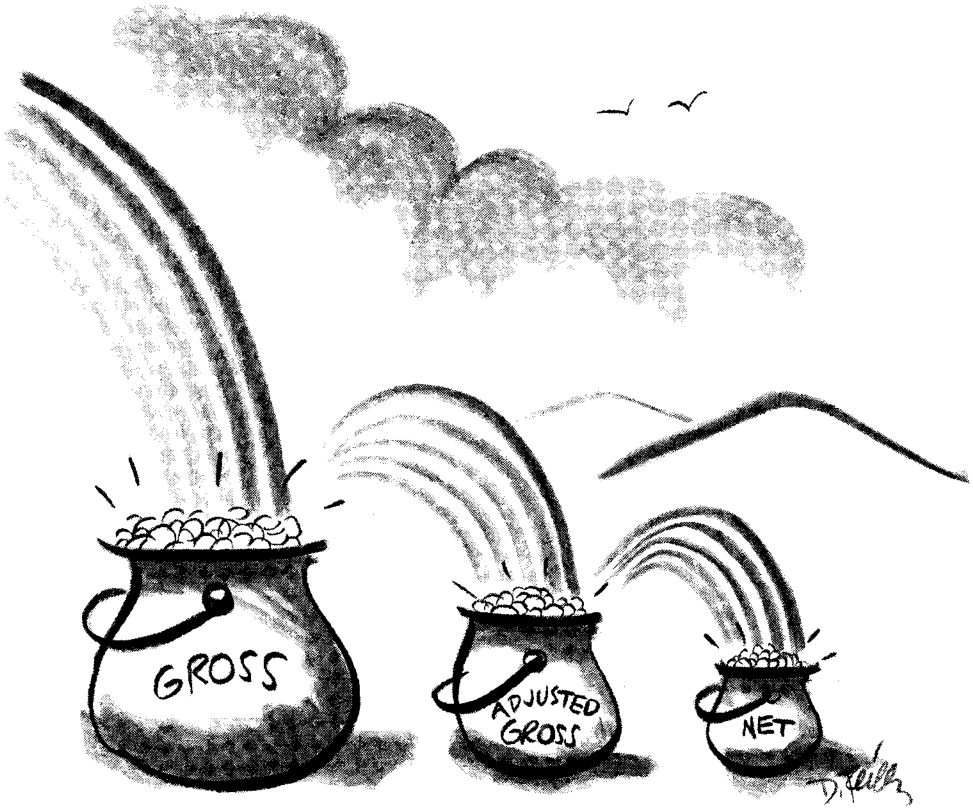
WE'VE been up at the Metropolitan Museum learning about the Mamluks, a remarkable military aristocracy of slaves and former slaves who ruled an enormous chunk of the

Middle East in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. The Mamluk Empire consisted of Syria, Palestine, Egypt, and the Hejaz (a strip of land along the western coast of the Arabian peninsula). Its two main cities, Cairo and Damascus, grew rich as entrepôts for the silk and spice trade that linked Europe with India and China. Its sultans used this accumulated wealth to underwrite an Islamic Renaissance in arts, crafts, and architecture, and it is surviving objects of this culture—glass, ceramics, metalwork, textiles, rugs, illustrated and illuminated manuscripts, carvings in wood, ivory, and stone—that make up a splendid new exhibit of Mamluk art opening at the Metropolitan this week. The Mamluks themselves were non-Arab slave children who were bought or captured in Central and Western Asia and put in a special school in Cairo, where they were trained to be warriors. Upon graduation, they joined the sultan's army, which was led by freed Mamluks, or emirs. The strength of the Mamluk structure lay in the fact that an exceptional slave could look forward to becoming an emir and owning Mamluks himself. Mamluk sultans were elected by a council of emirs, and Mamluk children, even if they were freeborn, to emir parents, were generally barred from the military aristocracy. Christians, Jews, and non-Mamluk Muslims served as clerks, teachers, and administrators in the empire, leaving the Mamluks free to concentrate on warfare, which is what they were good at. The major flaw in the system occurred at the top. Sultans were stabbed, strangled, poisoned, or just deposed during intrigues surrounding the choice of a new leader. Some sultans managed to pass the job on to a son, but more often than not the son, if he was a minor, was killed or deposed in the course of factional strife. Baybars, the warrior-sultan who founded the empire, died in 1277 from drinking a cup of poisoned fermented mare's milk. Nasir al-Din Muhammad, a celebrated patron of the arts and a diplomat who exchanged embassies with the Pope, the khans of the Golden Horde, and the kings of Aragon, France, and Byzantium, was deposed twice before settling firmly on the throne in 1310.

We absorbed these facts from a handsomely illustrated catalogue and walked upstairs to the exhibit, which began with an enormous fourteenth-century Koran—illuminated with geometrical designs in gold, blue, and white—and, immediately behind it, a small, simple iridescent glass lamp that had been made a century earlier. In the first two rooms, which contained the oldest Mamluk objects, we also admired a carved stone plaque of a lion, which was the blazon, or trademark, of the Sultan Baybars; two delicate glass beakers painted with Arabic inscriptions and pictures of haloed saints in long robes (our catalogue suggested that they had been made in Aleppo for a Christian patron who was playing both sides of the street); an exquisite pierced brass-and-silver globe that had probably been used as a hanging incense burner; and a brass-and-silver astrolabe, dated 1291, which was used to observe the positions of celestial bodies for navigational purposes. In the third room, we saw a wicked-looking axe that had belonged to a member of the Tabardariya corps, which was a special troop of mounted axe-bearers; a curved sword with Islamic inscriptions along the blade; and a magnificent basin of brass inlaid with silver and gold, which had been made around 1300 for the emir Salar, the Mamluk viceroy of Egypt. The basin was covered with scenes of mounted Mamluks hunting, fighting, and playing polo, and was also decorated, surprisingly, with the French royal crest. Our catalogue explained that it had been brought to Europe sometime before



"Bless you, Carol, and just promise you'll call me right away if it doesn't work out."



the eighteenth century and had been used by several generations of French kings as a baptismal font for their children. The fourth room contained fourteenth-century ceramics (bowls and plates glazed in white, blue, turquoise, and black), glass (large painted mosque lamps), and six illustrations from a 1315 copy of the Automata, a kooky engineering treatise, whose first version was written in 1206, and which offered impossible-looking plans for various hydraulic mechanisms. We were particularly taken with an elephant water clock, which consisted of a mechanical elephant, a mahout, and a howdah containing a falcon, a coiled serpent, and, at the top, a mechanical bird that whistled every half hour. When the bird whistled, the mahout struck the elephant with a prod, the falcon released a pellet into the serpent's mouth, and the pellet fell through the serpent's body into a vase. Time, said the caption, could be calculated by counting the number of pellets that had collected in the vase. The final room, a large open gallery next to the Temple of Dendur, was dominated by a mounted armored Mamluk warrior, a series of intricately carved wooden screens, and a magnificent red-green-and-blue carpet that is believed to have been made in Cairo around 1470.

We fell into conversation with Marilyn Jenkins, the associate curator in charge of the exhibit at the Metropolitan, and she told us that the show consisted of a hundred and twenty-three objects collected by the Smithsonian Institution, together with eighty-nine objects from the Metropolitan and from private and other public collections, here and in the Middle East. "The result is the most extensive survey of Mamluk art ever seen in the West," she said. "To the objects from the Smithsonian, we've added such things as the carpet, the armor, the astrolabe, the Automata manuscript, lots of ceramics and glass, and a marvellous geometric marble mosaic from the fifteenth century, which is being used as the poster for the show."

"What do all these objects tell us about the Mamluks?" we asked.

"They were rich, strong, and successful for two hundred and fifty years," replied Dr. Jenkins. "Cairo, their capital, was the center of the Islamic world at the time, and the crossroads of a major trade route that ran around the Arabian peninsula to India. The Mamluk system of a nonhereditary military aristocracy provided a reasonably stable and efficient government; communications were good, and trade prospered. One of the earliest sultans organized a four-day mail service between Cairo and Damascus, and when that wasn't fast enough he used carrier pigeons. Mamluk art is vigorous, masculine, and powerful, reflecting the militaristic society that produced it; you can contrast the large, strong central medallions of our carpet, for example, with Persian rugs of the same period, which had motifs that were more delicate and feminine. In addition, the trade routes that passed through Cairo produced a sophisticated attitude toward art, so that the Mamluks' art reflected their contact with distant lands." To illustrate her point, Dr. Jenkins showed us a blue-and-white ceramic dish decorated with a phoenix—a design that had been adopted from the Chinese repertoire. ("Chinese porcelains were known and copied in Egypt from the ninth century on.") Nearby was a fan-shaped fragment of fourteenth-century silk that reflected Mamluk contact with the West. The silk, which had an intricate floral design of gold and white on a dark-blue background, had been used as a mantle for a statue of the Virgin Mary in a church near Valencia, Spain. "Mamluk silks were prized in the West, and a great many of them were sewn into church vestments," Dr. Jenkins said. "In some of Giotto's paintings, the Madonna is shown in a long blue robe that has an Arab inscription around the bottom, so we know that the cloth must have come from the Middle East."

"Why did the Mamluk Empire collapse?" we asked.

"When the Portuguese reached India, in 1498, the Mamluk trade monopoly was broken," Dr. Jenkins said. "Then, as commercial activity declined, there was a period of famine and inflation which weakened the empire. The Mamluk army—which by that time was being recruited from older and less tractable slaves—began to fall apart, and the conflicts over the choice of a sultan became more violent. In 1509, the Mamluk navy was defeated by the Portuguese near Bombay. A few years later, the Ottoman Turks came down from the north and defeated the Mamluks in two battles—one near Aleppo in 1516 and one near Cairo the following year. The Mamluks were superb fighting men to the end, but, for some reason, their leaders hadn't grasped the importance of gunpowder. The Ottomans, on the other hand, had both organization *and* artillery, and that's why they won."

Recycling

A FRIEND of ours was cleaning her office recently and came across a pair of large, heavy black-and-yellow plastic gauntlets, which had been given to her last summer by somebody who got them free at a screening of a motorcycle movie called "Knightriders." Figuring that the gloves would be good for fall and winter chores in the country, like picking the last Brussels sprouts, she sent them up to two friends of hers named Joan and Roy, who live in Mill River, Massachusetts, with their dogs, Molly and Pie, and their cats, Eloise and Snope. In return, she received from Joan the following glove schedule:

7:30 A.M. Roy pats Pie with right glove
Molly chews on left glove
8:45 A.M. Pie pats Roy with left paw
Joan goes to bank with right glove—makes deposit
9:53 A.M. Roy takes out compost
Both gloves sit on window ledge while Pie snaps at imaginary bugs
10:30 A.M. Molly wears right glove with elastic strap as party hat
Joan comes back from bank with two free lollipops
11:12 A.M. Left glove holds down financial section of newspaper
12:58 P.M. Roy opens can of chili beans, wearing both gloves
Roy swings from can opener on wall when heavy breeze rips through house
1:00 P.M. Both gloves lend a hand with lunch
2:24 P.M. Right glove watches "As the World Turns"
Left glove pouts, sighs
3:24 P.M. Pie eats two lollipop sticks, leaving spittled lime candy plastered to newspaper near wood stove
Gloves flex in front of logs
4:35 P.M. Right glove leaves
Roy throws foreign cat out bathroom window
5:55 P.M. Eloise rubs up against left glove
6:42 P.M. Water finally freezes in ice-cube tray
Right glove phones, needs a ride home
7:28 P.M. Roy picks up right glove and Asian Florida-bound hitchhiker, who ties up glove with rope after stuffing it with seaweed, tuna, and rice
8:00 P.M. It is 2 A.M. in Paris
Joan rubs Roy's back, wearing gloves
9:04 P.M. Pie swallows imaginary moose
Snope wears left glove with elastic strap as party hat
10:44 P.M. Gloves take off their gloves, relax
Roy sings his "Song to Gloves"
11:53 P.M. Methane bubbles bloop up in a nearby bog as everyone hits the sack.
Pie dreams of gloves
3:04 A.M. Gloves wave

Snatched from the Jaws

YOU can get an adjustable trammel, with eccentric points, from the Wood Carvers Supply Company, of Minneapolis. The company will also sell you, through the mail, roto rasps, a shaper-scraper, Crystolon round-edge slips, skip-a-line cutters, a T-handle reamer, an India taper triangle, bear oil, and a hundred-and-sixty-six-page book entitled "How to Build and Furnish a Log Cabin." If you want some reed spline, you can order it from Albert Constantine & Son, Inc., of the Bronx. In addition, Constantine & Son will provide you with an adjustable purfling cutter, a Sloyd knife, Murphy oil soap, Oz cream polish, Watco satin oil, Chair-Loc, Blanchit decolorizing wood bleach, and Swivlo plate casters. If your taste runs to high-arch moon dials, tung oil, dial pans, and bezels, you might try Mason & Sullivan, of Osterville, Massachusetts. That company will be happy to send its thirty-two-page catalogue, free of charge, to your friends.

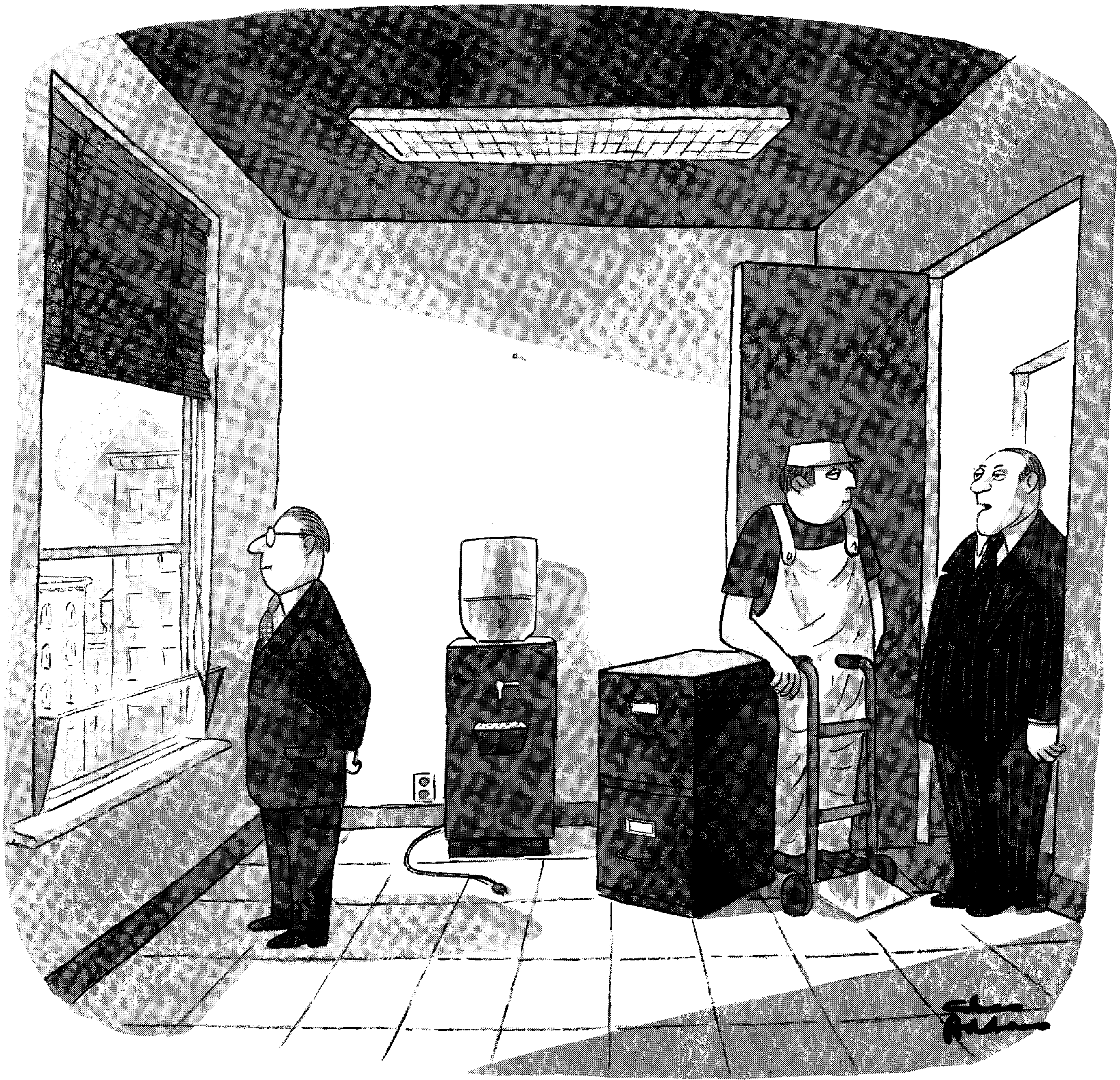
We learned these things at a show called Excellence in Woodworking, which was held not long ago at Madison Square Garden. In the rotunda were about a hundred booths displaying objects and literature having to do with furniture-making, carving, turning, and related arts. "Our first show was held in Chicago about a year ago," Marvin C. Park, the show's producer, told us. "This is the first one in New York, and we're very excited about it. A lot of people who do fine woodworking have few ways of seeing tools and other products, since most of the specialized supplies are sold only by mail."

Picking up a magazine called *Fine Woodworking*, we read, in a letters-to-the-editor column, "Tell Larry Green (Letters, July, '81) not to feel so bad about the waste involved in woodworking. In no way can you affect cosmic entropy. Sooner or later all wood will become dust or even less. The 85% that we waste was doomed to rot anyway. The 15% that we preserve has been snatched from the jaws of forest bugs."

Vernon Miller, of Port Murray, New Jersey, has built a bed in the shape of a truck for his three-year-old son, Lance. The bed is about ten feet long and forty inches wide, and has a glassless windshield fifty-one inches high. "The wheels on this one don't turn, but they *could* be made to, if you don't mind your child rolling around the house," said Miller, who teaches cabinetmaking at Warren County Technical School in Washington, New Jersey. "By the way, you'll notice that the radiator is really a chest of drawers."

Clem Ceccarelli, of Brooklyn, has built a portable needlepoint table, with a top about a yard square, which has no nails in it. When a person attaches his or her needlepoint to it, its rollers—they are adjusted by means of ratchets—will hold and stretch the material. "I spent about two years designing the table, and it took me about a hundred and seventy-five hours to build it," said Ceccarelli, who is working on a doctorate in design education at Columbia University. "I've also built a tall corner cabinet whose doors incorporate two convex glass panels that I took out of a 1973 Ford station wagon."

Frank M. Knox, of Manhattan, has one of the few Holtzapffel ornamental turning lathes still in existence. "Ornamental turning lathes haven't been built since the nineteenth century," said Knox, who is a past president of the International Wood Collectors Society. "Mine was made in 1853, in the



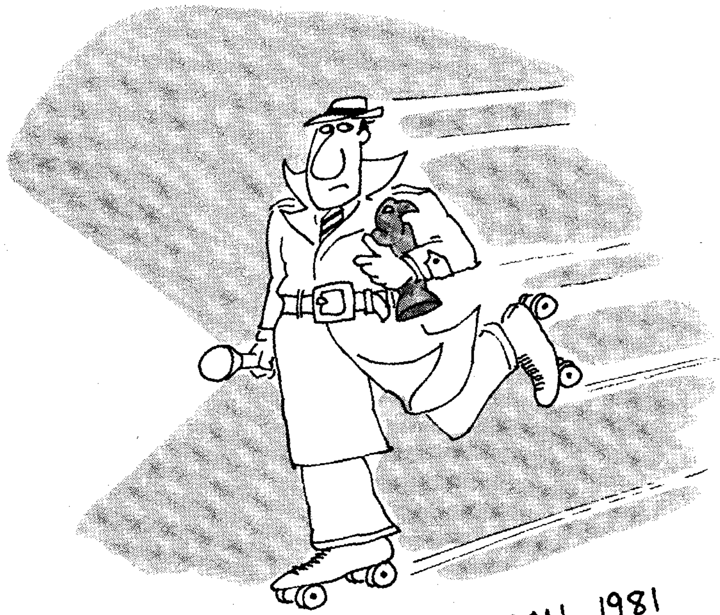
"The file goes to the secretarial pool, the cooler goes to accounting, and Mr. Hadlock goes to the office next to mine."

• •

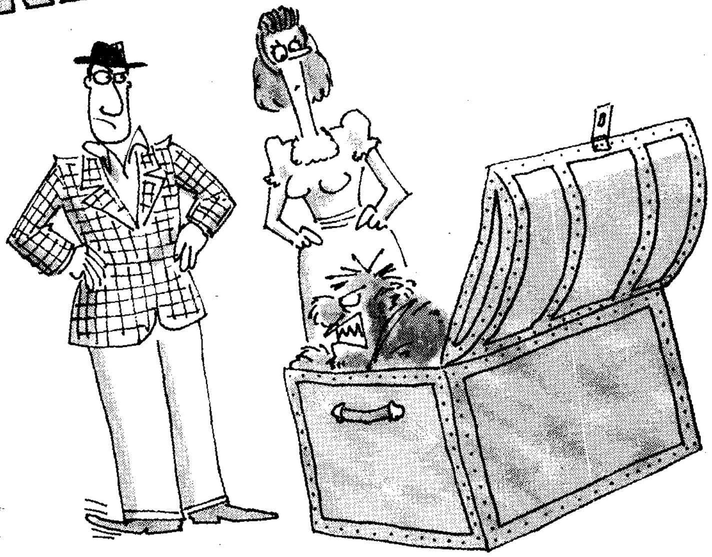
workshop of John Jacob and Charles Holtzapffel, in London. I acquired it in a roundabout way in 1963, and I spent the next couple of years reading up on it, so that I could use it. Ornamental turning—the hand production of finely detailed work in wood, metal, or ivory on this sort of lathe—is an old art that has almost died out. Peter the Great was an ornamental turner, and so were Louis XVI and Cosimo III de' Medici. Until about the First World War, British Army officers used to take their ornamental turning lathes with them when they were sent to the far reaches of the Empire. An ornamental turning lathe can give you precise, highly ornate patterns that you almost can't *get* any other way. For instance, although I've never tried, it's possible to use it to create the so-called Chinese spheres—lacelike spheres one within another within another. My lathe—it's in my hobby shop, in Tudor City, where I live—came equipped with six hundred and thirty-one cutting tools, and so far I've tried only about a hundred of them. I work at my lathe six hours a day, six days a week, and over the past fifteen years or so I've turned out all sorts of candlesticks, urns, lamps, plates, boxes, and so forth. They are almost all made from rare hardwoods, like African blackwood, lignum vitae, bocote, coco bola, padauk, caviuna, and bubinga."

Stewart-MacDonald, of Athens, Ohio, will sell you a blueprint from which you can build your own banjo.

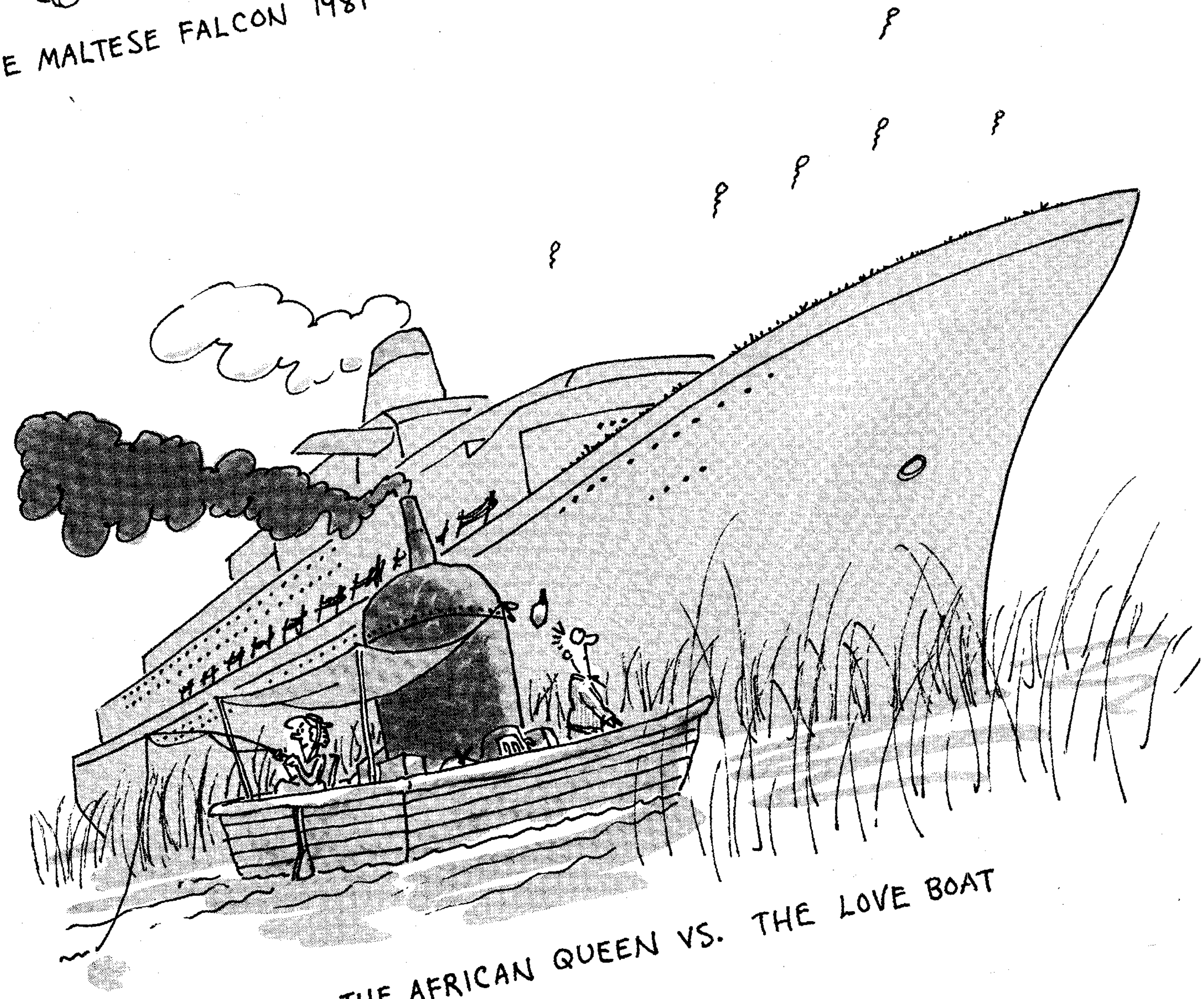
NEW FALL RELEASES



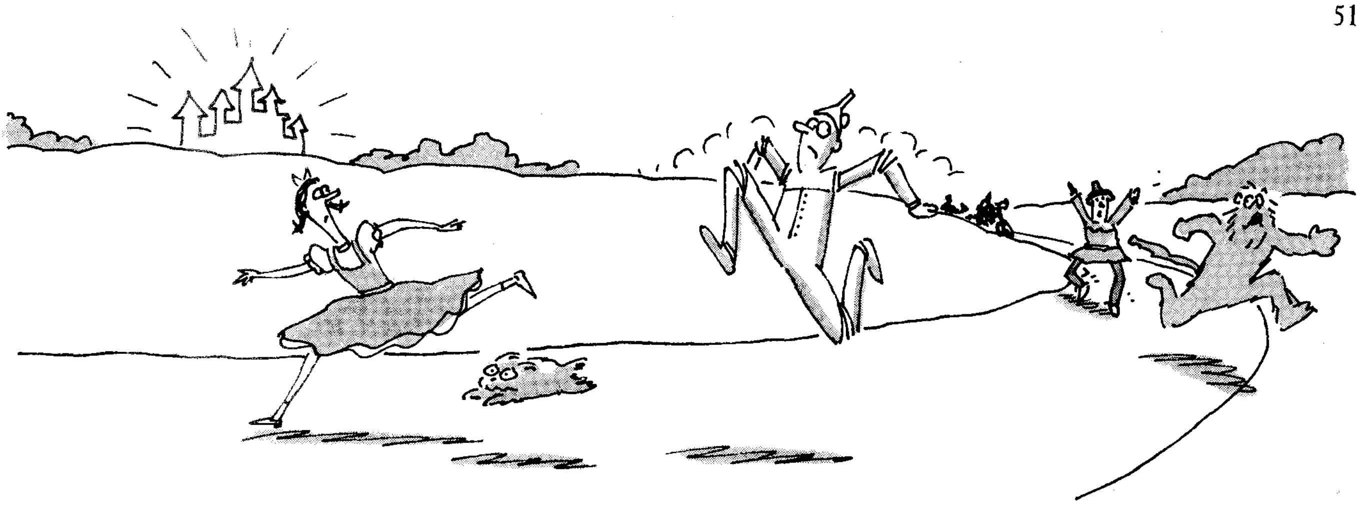
THE MALTESE FALCON 1981



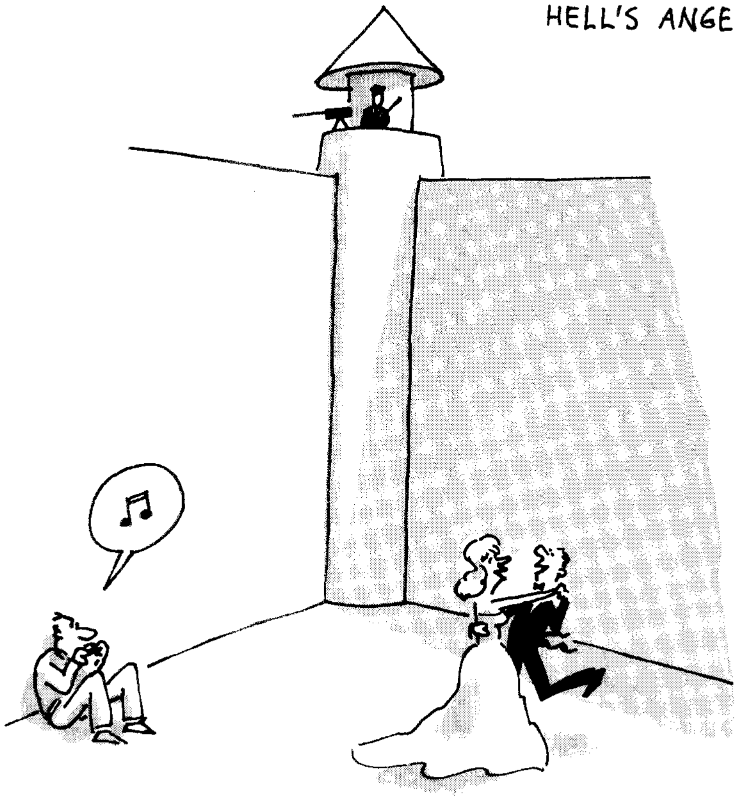
THE BACHELOR AND THE BOBBY-SOXER AND THE WEREWOLF



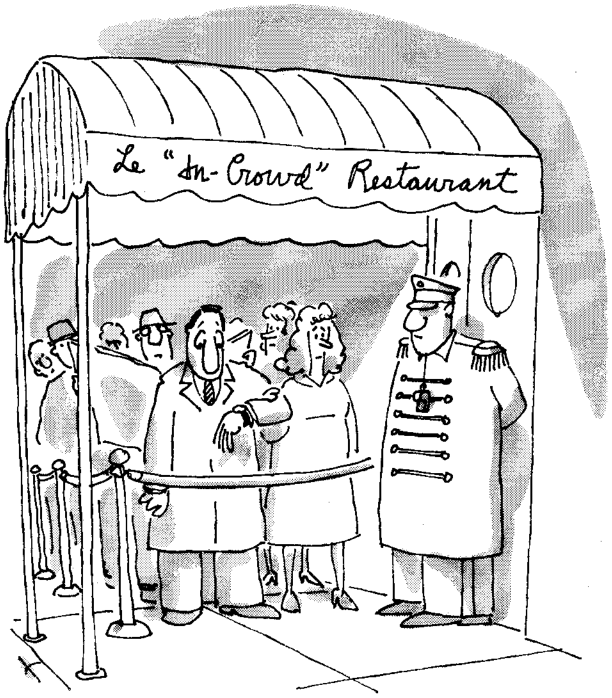
THE AFRICAN QUEEN VS. THE LOVE BOAT



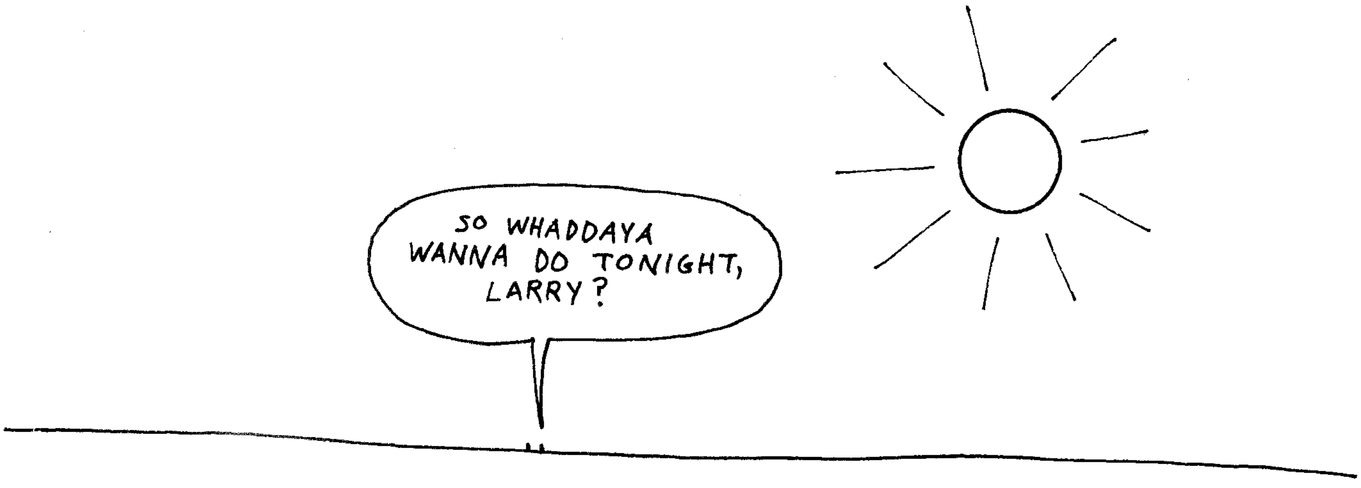
HELL'S ANGELS OF OZ



THE BARKLEYS OF BROADWAY GO TO PRISON


Le "In-Crowd" Restaurant

DINNER AT EIGHTISH


SO WHADDAYA WANNA DO TONIGHT, LARRY?

LAWRENCE AND MARTY OF ARABIA

ZIEGLER

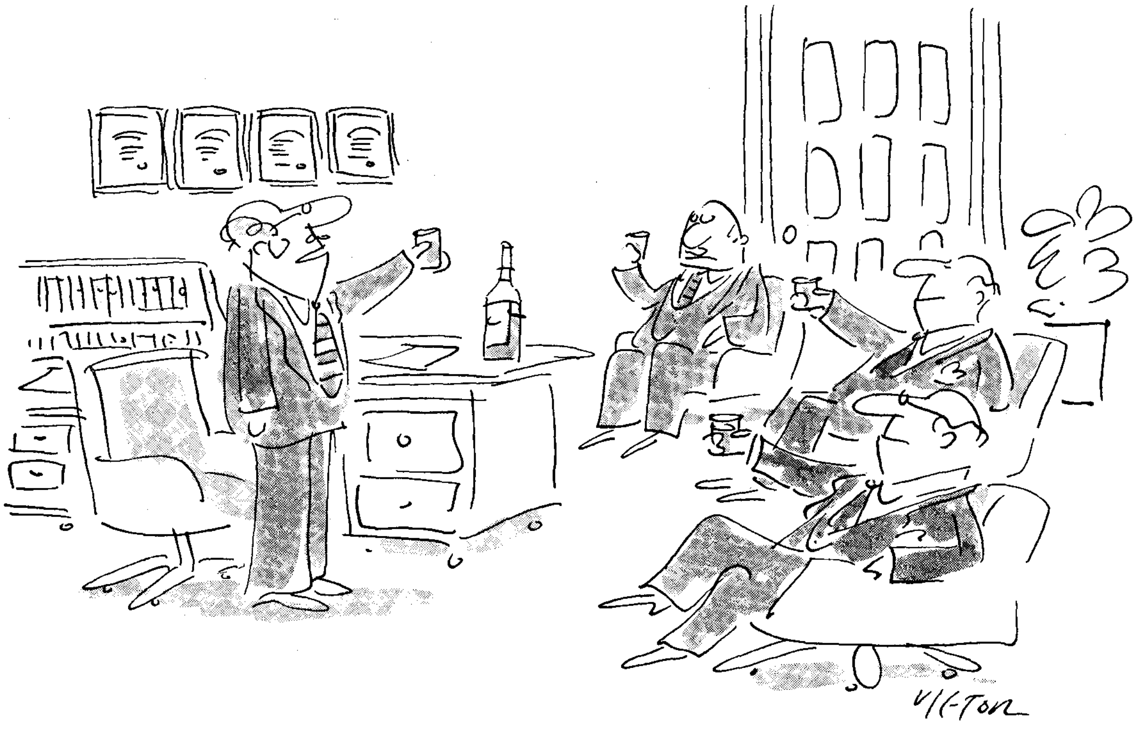
THE DEPARTED TENANT

IT was a distance from her place, but he often walked home. The hours were insane to be leaving her. What did he think he was doing? Along the glowing, blank streets, where the cab at 3 A.M. or some face, above a windbreaker, of a man going on early shift at five had less than nothing to do with him, he imagined he was married and bound home to his wife. He could imagine this because he had been married. Yet when he had been married, he hadn't been unfaithful in this way. Unfaithful? But he wasn't married now.

Sometimes he stayed overnight, but sometimes he didn't. But he liked staying overnight with her, so that when he didn't stay, it lingered, like a bad time. It wasn't a bad time, but you might call it a bit dumb. But it was his life.

She didn't much question these departures in the middle of the night, except to complain a little and maybe make a joke. Like did he have a paper route? Was he moonlighting as a milkman? There *are* no milkmen anymore, he told her. Did he have another girlfriend, a daytime girlfriend he went home for? You're my daytime girlfriend, he said. But that's the point, she said—you're not spending the night tonight. Oh, but I do, he said. Oh well, she said. Because it wasn't worth arguing about.

She might switch on the little globe-shaped light beside the bed and get up and pull on her bathrobe and hug it around her while he put on his clothes, which had been lying on the floor, or on a chair, or once—his socks—on the keys of the upright piano she kept in the bedroom. The bedroom was bigger than the living room; she thought she wanted to move. Sometimes she stayed in bed while he dressed, and told him sleepily that she had had a good time with him. Then the darkness and slight strain of what he was doing, going home when they could have been sleeping, seemed to make her say less than she wanted to say, as if, in the dark, she mustn't even ask his name or he would vanish; and so there were words in the air between them, and perhaps it wasn't clear who was thinking them. What on earth did he think he was up to? What *was* this? Who did he think he was, doing this to himself? Really to her was the equally unspoken reply; to her, if anyone. (*Forget it, pal, she'll survive* was surely in both their minds.) One time she laughed and said, Well, did he have a wife he hadn't told her about?



"*Here's to Winthrop, Sawyer, Peters & Rice.*
For we're a jolly good law firm!"

No, not one he hadn't told her about.

He said, "I only have two bodies. How's that for fidelity? Mine and yours."

"Well, I should think so," she said quickly, without feeling. But generally she was easy on him when she was with him. She was smart; in fact, she was artistic. She had a happy influence on him.

When he got dressed in the dark, he might find himself back on the bed for a moment or two, the covers and his coat between them, his mouth on her cheek, her eyelid; her mouth, thank God, smiling in the shadows while he told her the same things he had told her before, but now he was dressed.

They went on like this all through the fall, and while he wondered, listening to her play the piano, he knew that eventually she would act if he did not. They were shadowed by a sense of humor which sometimes seemed a longer shadow of events.

She knew what he had done, or what he meant when he said it, which he did at length. She had heard all about it, and she listened with such attention that she might have been taking him literally. He said quite seriously—so she had to smile—that he had killed his wife. All right, not killed—merely destroyed. Yet not her but her life. Or their life. That is, by not leaving her. (She had left him.) He said all this as if he would recall, and recall in order to amend. But this long crime against womanhood, this murder, had it not required an accomplice, he was asked—asked more than once, and once in her dark, lovely bedroom.

An accomplice? She meant his wife, of course.

Well, nobody had caught him, nobody had put him in jail for it. So forget, forget, forget.

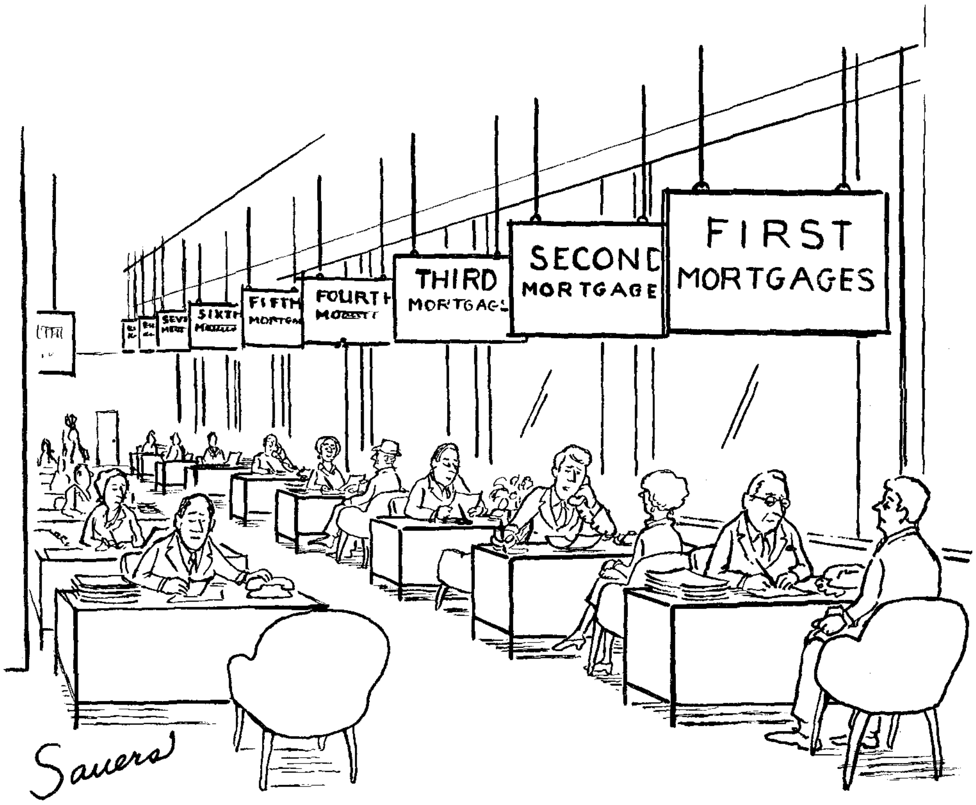
And, naturally, his girlfriend was right, but he shook his head, staring at the ceiling in the dark room. Her hand found his face and covered it firmly. "You see, they changed the law. We're on the honor system now. You punish yourself."

"Don't want to be on the honor system," he muttered, but she didn't change the subject.

"John, you're still half married."

He looked through her fingers into the darkness and made a satisfied sound; the hand upon his face was delicious. He kissed the hollow of her palm and turned to look her in the eye.

She asked if he minded her calling him half married. He touched her mouth and he remembered that she had said he hadn't really thought about that old marriage of his. Think about it, forget it, think about it, forget it, she seemed to be saying. They listened to a neighbor's stereo drumming deeply, distantly. She gave his forehead a long, soft kiss, which was like when she whispered in his ear, whispered until the finest-spun words became breath.



ONCE, on the way home, from street lamp to street lamp, past gentle, lurid light, past probes of flashing cabs winging downtown over potholes and heaves of the avenue, he thought that he had not really been married after all. Across the street, the blond prostitute who was always there, zipped tight into the bright colors of her costume, stood dark-eyed and pale at the entrance to an alley, so that she looked like she had the key to its high iron gate. His hands were cold, and he stopped for coffee in a place he had passed many times—a little hole-in-the-wall newsstand café. Why had he wanted to stop there? Nothing much—it was at the intersection where he turned.

He would come along in the middle of the night before dawn, and then, across the street, through the sidewalk service window, he would see a woman pouring coffee from a glass pot that seemed to hang from her knuckles. Three or four men leaned on their elbows at the cramped counter inside. A nurse in white stockings and a dark coat would come along—or, once, an off-duty cop with his satchel—and stop at the window and pick up a paper if the early papers were out, fold it, and hand the money through. The woman, who looked Puerto Rican, was framed in the service window and gave change or passed out a pack of cigarettes, and she might pause and look out across the avenue. At this intersection he would turn and walk the rest of the way home crosstown. But this one night he went in and took the remaining stool at the counter. There wasn't much room inside. Someone must have been right behind him in the street, because the woman went to the window with a brown paper bag. She must have had it ready. She handed it out to a man who wore a knitted face mask. The man laughed at something she said, and she came back to the counter and poured John a cup of coffee, assuming with a smile that that was what he wanted.

A cup of coffee was a cup of coffee. Yet staying overnight with his girl wasn't staying overnight unless he had breakfast with her. So didn't he like her, that he had left her and come here for coffee on the way home? The coffee was almost strong; it was rich and had a faint, natural sweetness to it.

His girlfriend slept easily. Once, he had phoned her on the way home and she was already asleep and brought the phone slowly to her ear while he imagined her dark bedroom and the dark living room beyond it. He had left her there in the middle of the night. But he loved her and he loved having breakfast with her. She talked of moving. He thought of a better life. She had said at the very beginning that he was her other body. Well, she was his. They had met at a fund-raising party given by her radio station. Her name was Linda.

He kept her to himself. He did tell his friend Harry how he had danced in a deserted subway station with her and had spent the night in a tent on a small mountain in New Jersey in order to prove to her that New Jersey did have mountains. And one Sunday at the pier he had slowly—keeping an eye on her—drawn a pencil out of his jacket pocket and surprised himself by doing a picture of her. He never drew—he couldn't draw at all. "You see?" she had said.

"Linda sounds pretty and she sounds nice," Harry said. "When am I going to meet her?"

Harry lived forty minutes upriver by train. John and Harry met at the gym, where they put on the gloves but seldom boxed. Light gloves for the punching bags. He and Harry had reached a point of skill at which they could talk while working the speed bag, one resting, the other working, snapping the small black Everlast bag up against the circular platform it hung from. It sounded like tap dancing when the timing peaked, the hands went faster and faster, the bag twice as fast.

Harry was much heavier and had a

full English mustache. He told jokes while he worked out. Sometimes it was an awful joke you wouldn't repeat except to someone you were very sure of. All the time, he went on striking the bag in front of him, single-punching, side-slapping, or double-punching fast after the bag hit up against the far side and before it hit the near side again.

Harry invited him to come up with Linda for the weekend. He asked Harry for a rain check. Sure; it rained all the time up at their place, Harry said. John laughed, and Harry said it was all very well for John, who wasn't always tied down to his office, but a weekend for *him* was a weekend. Harry was not a friend to tell you what you should do; but " 'John and Linda'—that sounds pretty good," he said, and just at that moment the member of this mythical couple who was present was overtaken by a yawn so true and deep, opening across the eyes and the spine, across the shoulders and cheekbones, that he flubbed his timing and sent the speed bag glancing off, and stepped back to complete his yawn, which then seemed to find further depths in him, while Harry stopped the bag and took over. He got going at once. "She cutting into your sleep?" he said, going about his work, and grinned at some still point in the midst of his target's blur until he suddenly finished off his sequence with a smash that practically blew the bag off its swivel.

Harry wouldn't volunteer advice, but he cared about John, and he listened. "I've known you a long time; if she says you're still married, she's probably right."

"Then I'm a bigamist," John said and laughed. Harry was a lawyer.

"The worst kind. They can't do nuthin to ya."

"That's what you think," said John.

John told Linda what Harry had said, and knew he shouldn't have.

"Harry and his wife knew her," she said, and, in a catch of her breath, she was about to go on, but she thought a moment, distracted in the dark when John moved. "I wonder where she is," she finally said.

"Don't," said John, wondering if she thought he knew.

"She's better off where she is," came the voice in front of him in his arms.

"You make it sound like Heaven," he said.

CONVERSATION PIECE

It occurs to me, perversely, perhaps, but unmistakably,
That it would be so nice to be seized like that
And taken away.
Why?
I'm not sure why, but it occurs to me
That it would be so nice to have a change of problems,
And such a relief to be in the right for once
In the face of the interrogators, who are everywhere, anyway.

Solitary confinement sounds nice, too.
I like that word used in the reports, "incommunicado."
Why?
Well, why are you asking? I'm only just saying it occurs to me
That one might be able to make a spiritual
Retreat out of it, such as I've never managed
To achieve in the atmosphere of monasteries and convents.
Unworldliness is such a distraction, you see.

Of course, the idea of being seized is
A prehistoric female urge, probably, rising
Up from the Cave, which must have been exciting.
And perhaps one would hope for a charming interrogator.

Yes, I do agree, I wouldn't like it really.
It's only just an idea. Yes, I know you don't follow.
Because, in fact, I'm not leading anywhere. Only talking,
That's all. I think I'd put up a fight, actually,
If taken away off the street. And it occurs to me that maybe
I would like a fight, but not really.
Neither would they, perhaps.

Why?
I don't know. Why are you asking questions
Like this and trying to put me in the wrong?
I've exhausted the idea, anyhow, with all this talking.

—Muriel Spark

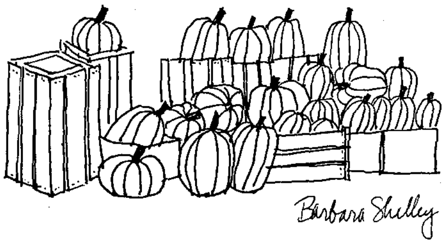
• •

But then she unbent a leg and stretched it, his thigh against hers. She snuggled back against him. "We can't all be in Heaven," she said, yawning.

"Then there's the real bigamist you read about in the paper, who really and truly has a double life; and that is a lot of life," he said, as she listened in the darkness of her bedroom.

"I don't believe it," she said.

Linda found another apartment. It gave him pause. She couldn't wait to get out. The new apartment was a dozen or so blocks uptown and would be better in every way except the rent was more. John was going to help her move. Then, a week before the end of the month, she got a call from the departing tenant at the crack of dawn to say, with humor, that he had already departed. She phoned her new super and decided at once to take the day off and clear out. She called John and told him not to change his plans, she had phoned some friends of hers—a couple with a van.



They came over, and the job got done in three trips; the move was all finished by midafternoon. Just as they were sitting down to have a beer the phone rang; it was the former tenant, asking if everything was cool. Thanks again, he was told.

For the time being, only the large kitchen needed a paint job. And that was where Linda was standing all by herself, thinking, when, at six-thirty, John found the front door unlocked, pushed it open, and politely touched the buzzer. He had seen the place once already but not in its present mess. She came out to greet him. He gave her a kiss on one tired cheek. Her stomach made a hungry sound. They gave each other a lot of little kisses, and she was so friendly holding him that he could feel words forming in her mouth. Her arm lay along his shoulders; she thanked him for sending over the plant, which he saw out of the corner of his eye near the piano—a heroic plant, large-scale and formidable, with a very simple Latin name he had forgotten.

She was happy with the bare brick wall across from the piano. Did she need another table in the living room? Well, he said, what about one of those swing seats that hung from a chain bolted to the ceiling? She laughed at that. Keep the furniture off the floor as much as possible, he said. They contemplated the loft bed in the corner of the living room by a window. The former tenant had built it, but he hadn't tried to get any money for it or for some beautifully made bookshelves with sliding panels. He said he had to give up the place because the landlord wouldn't let him sublet. Linda had acquired an official, though obsolete, street sign marking an intersection near her old apartment. The steel-framed, blue-background style signalled a neighborhood of fire escapes and steeples and great quantities of flowers passing on a horse-drawn wagon, all of which John recalled as clearly as he had heard the man on the wagon calling up to the windows, a man in a cap—though that horse-drawn wagon creaking down a city block without a lot of parked cars was much less his to remember than his parents', who didn't live in the city now. Linda's street sign was a collector's item: where had she found it? Oh, her friend with the van had given it to her.

How did the piano sound in its new home?

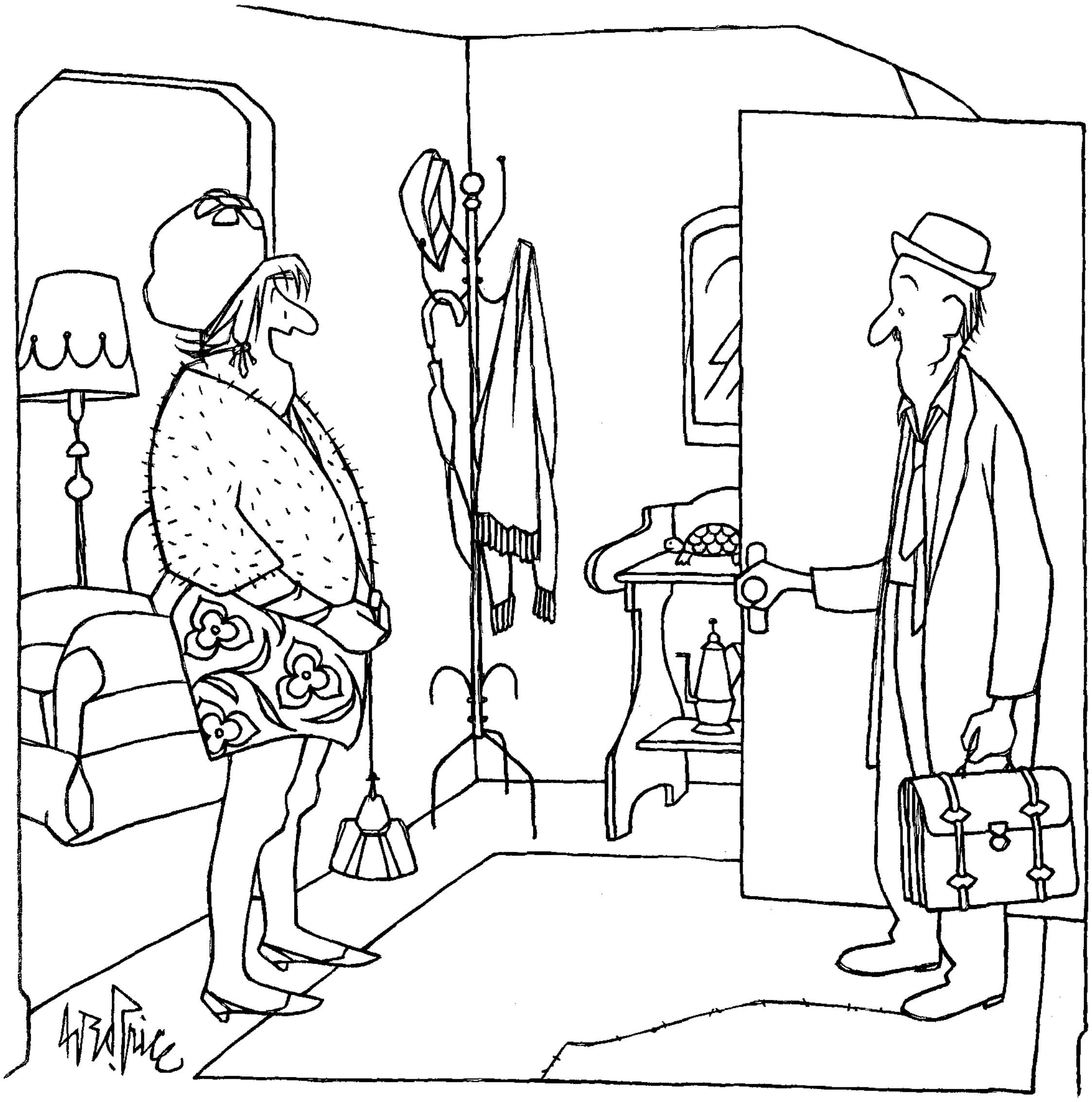
She told him to listen for himself, and she played a hymn standing up; without the pedal it had the briskness of a march.

He stayed that night and the next night. She had the lock changed and gave John a key to the apartment and one to the street door.

He said he would keep them for an emergency. He wouldn't use them. He wondered what emergencies he meant.

Walking home from her former apartment, he had felt that that was her part of the city—her city, though she had come to it not long ago. When she lived there, he had walked uptown and over, and it was a shade less safe than walking from the new apartment. This new route was crosstown, past a public school, then up two blocks, then crosstown. Both neighborhoods were new to him, both old, both more Hispanic than ten years ago; and if he occasionally phoned on his way home, he wasn't checking to see if she was asleep or O.K., he was extending some happiness he had that she was there in that place.

On the new route, he passed a Spanish restaurant with a big guitar worked into its neon sign, unlighted on these dark, early mornings. The fancy plasterwork was like the façade of a Spanish restaurant in Linda's old



"*How does pork chow mein at Lum Foo's followed by some enchanted evening sound to you?*"

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NEW YORK POST
Ed Arno

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neighborhood; they had never eaten there. He missed the old route: the dilapidated stoops; a cleaner's with a lighted clock and a gloomy poster that said "New Suède" above a sheep with long eyelashes, walking (or standing) happily in its sleep; an office building with a dingy marble lobby, where, behind two sets of doors, the watchman sat with his back to the street, reading his paper, a thermos on the table beside him; then the rather nasty drugstore displaying a clutter of skin remedies and bottles of headache remedies and little propped-up advertisements and, seedy there in the light from the street, a bulky carton slightly used and askew, containing some prosthetic device. Then, a couple of doors down, past the meat market that had a rabbit and an unplucked bird hanging in the window at suppertime but nothing at three in the morning, there was the delicatessen with the powerful, all-night cat lying on its side in the space between the plate glass and a crate of large, thick-skinned eating oranges, which were directly below a hook-load of bananas blanched to a sharp pallor by exposure to the solitary light of the street lamp. He knew all these private landmarks, right down to the pay phone on a concrete post next to a steel-mesh trash basket. He missed that old route; it went only up to the intersection, where the newsstand café was. From there on, his route home remained the same.

Two doors down from the brocade-curtained window of the Spanish restaurant was Linda's new fish market, a pillow store on one side and a pet shop called Fin and Claw on the other. The white enamel fish trays, more vacant than the plate glass, seemed to slant more sharply than when they were full of gray and coral shrimp and white layers of fillet.

The restaurant people had gone home; the fish people would be getting up to go to the wholesale market across the river. The married people were travelling in their sleep, but together. He tried to imagine his onetime wife in Heaven. It was like failing to get a phone call through. He felt that Harry and his wife knew where she had ended up. How terrible, but he didn't ask. He could imagine only real places like Hawaii, at the other end of the world, except Hawaii was very expensive.

Linda got mad one night going down in the elevator. "So what if you *did* kill her?" The door slid open, and suddenly they were facing the lobby and the superintendent, who was all dressed up, so the dark glasses he always wore looked different. "So what if you did kill her?"

John shushed Linda, and they all laughed.

"So what if you did kill her? That was her destiny. To leave you. And your destiny was to survive her."

The super watched them go out. Linda was mad, all right.

"I think of her in Hawaii," said John.

Linda laughed. "Don't think of her at all," she said, going through her bag out on the sidewalk. She had locked herself out; but there was the super. But John had the keys.

ONE morning John and Linda were walking arm in arm into the cold, glaring winter sun. A truck in front of the fish market was unloading long boxes of glittering fat halibut, striped bass, red snapper, and silvery blues; the name in large red letters on the truck was not the fish market's name. So the fish came to the fish people, he said, rather than the other way around. He knew she was looking at him as if seriously he were the village idiot, but more the way she did sometimes at the movies, so that, turning to see her amber eyes in the light of the screen looking at him—it was like opening his own this timeless morning to find her leaning above him, bare and warm, the sun on her neck and on her arm and in her hair. Seeing her was living.

He had yawned and smiled and said that he had overslept. Slept, she had said, not overslept. She had run her fingers along his jaw and rubbed it lightly, busily. He recalled finding a new part of her body during the night; he told her he wasn't sure now exactly where it was, and they amused themselves by being slightly awed at this.

When they got up and got going, she talked a lot. She had woken by mistake while it was still dark, and she thought that he had to get home and it was her fault that he hadn't. John watched her drink her orange juice and said he had certainly dreamed, but all he knew was that in one dream he was in bed with her, hugging her and listening to the piano.

Wow! She liked that. Linda put her orange juice on top of the piano and sat down and played a song fast. Except, she went on, in *her* dream—and she slowed down and looked fondly over her shoulder at him as she continued to play—in her dream they were high up off the floor and she hadn't minded. John had the answer. "I was in your old bedroom, and you were in your new living room"—he pointed at the departed tenant's handiwork—"and there's a bed and a piano in each."

She played the song again, his presence evident in the sway of her shoulders. Hey, what time was it, she called, and went on playing. The phone rang, but she didn't stop, and by the time John got there the person had hung up. He lay down on the bed for a moment and listened to the music in the other room, as if he were alone.

When they went out, the light was miraculous against the winter cold. He felt they were a couple. But then she said, "We make a good couple." What could he say? She started making conversation, and he hated himself—almost.

According to Linda, the former tenant had phoned her again to ask uncertainly if she had had trouble closing the bathroom window; she could get the super to fix the sash if she could find him.

When was this?

A couple of times: once when she was playing the piano before she left for the office, then yesterday as she came in the door.

So that was him this morning.

She wouldn't be surprised.

Can't go through life not answering the telephone.

She didn't propose to.

But she hadn't this morning.

But generally she did answer. Plus she'd had company.

"The Departed Tenant is nostalgic," he said. "He can't seem to tear himself away."

"The Departed Tenant was heading for New Mexico originally," said Linda.

"Where was he yesterday?"

"He had to dig up an extra dime; he was in a pay booth."

"He talked an extra nickel's worth?"

But the other morning the man was definitely calling from a home phone, Linda said. Bach was playing in the background, or a reasonable facsimile, and it got a lot louder for a moment, as if someone was turning the wrong dial.

"Or someone picked up a phone extension right by the speaker," said John.

"He's staying in touch, I guess."

"With his old place or with you?"

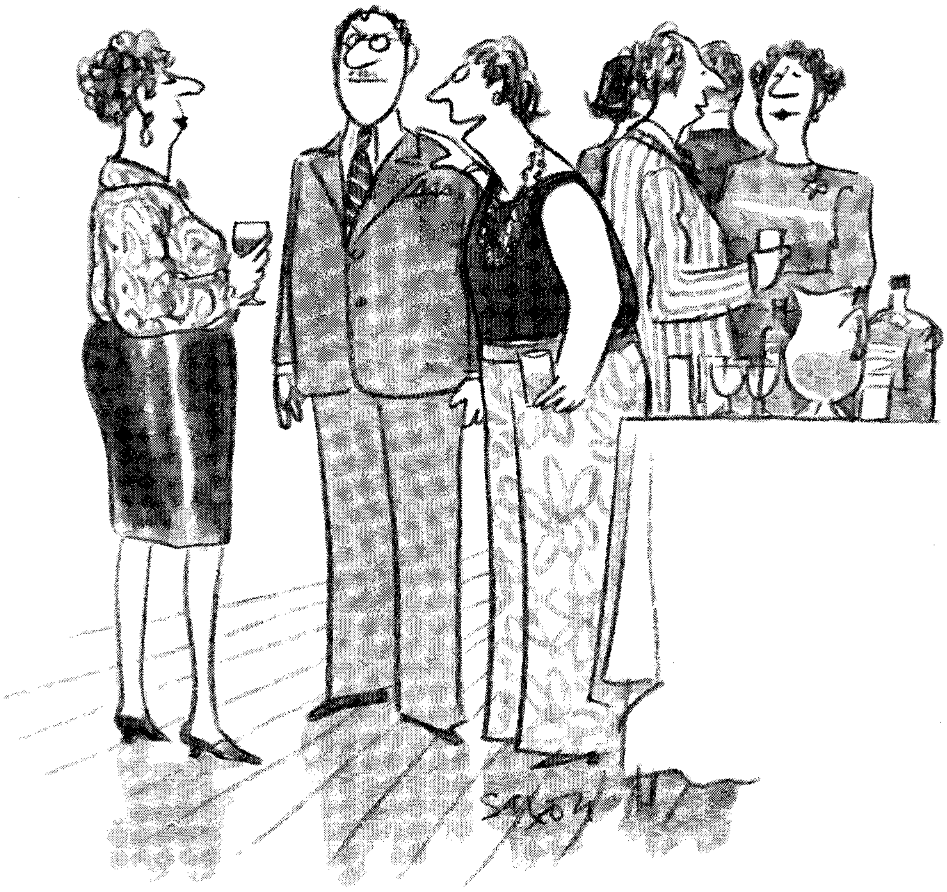
"Maybe New Mexico will come to him," said Linda.

"I'd rather he went there," said John.

"But there would go my departed tenant out the window."

A WEEK later, when John stopped at the all-night café on his way home, he was observed closely, provocatively, by a familiar man for whom the woman was pouring a cup of coffee when John came in. The man seemed tired. He was about John's age, but his uneven, stubbly beard made him look older—maybe younger, too. He wore a broad-brimmed, high-crowned Western hat and a white woollen parka that was extremely dirty. Except for a scar-like crease along his cheek above his beard, as if he had slept in a trench for days, his appearance agreed with Linda's description of the Departed Tenant. The woman kidded John about being late, as if she kept track of him. She didn't seem to know the fellow in the hat. It came to him, like the sudden leisure of insight, that the most powerful way for you to shadow anyone would be to have *him* follow you. The woman again said he was late, and she smiled at him. She had on a heavy, jacketlike sweater with a heavy, rolled collar of the same thick black wool coming up behind her neck under her rough, dark hair. He returned the renewed glance of the guy in the hat and was going to ask him what was on his mind, when he stood up and put some change beside his full cup. He had big hands that had knocked around and worked and seemed at rest and seemed the only thing certain about him. He moved past John to get to the door, and John smelled paint and something else milder to do with work. The woman plucked some muffins out from under the grill, talking over her shoulder to a broad-shouldered little man on the next stool whose every movement John could feel. The man was smoking a cigarette; he was not going anywhere. John sat for almost an hour and bought an early newspaper. The phone rang as the woman poured scrambled eggs into a small black frying pan. He paid for two coffees and left.

JOHN filled Linda in on her new neighborhood. A mugger had been going around spraying Sentinel in the eyes of women late at night, as if they were attacking him. They couldn't remember what he looked like afterward. John had learned about this in a café a block beyond the public school one afternoon. Two men on a draped staging were steaming the front of a town house across the street. It had been a rooming house for decades and was being gutted. A woman in a wheelchair had entered the café



"Tess is comfortable in French as well as in English."

talking not quite to herself, and she stopped at his table by the window and cheerfully called for her cup of tea. She wore dark glasses and had a streak of green through her dyed brown hair. She had been talking when she came in, and she divided herself between calling like a deaf person to the nodding Oriental behind the counter and quietly telling John what this counterman, Ralph, was thinking. A fat boy in a painter's cap wearing white overalls with white paint stains on them looked up from his magazine and said, "Nirma, how about shutting up?" Nirma was reminding Ralph of all the crazy no-goods who had lived in that block and in that brownstone they were looking at across the street; her husband was contractor for the extensive work being done on the house; it had been bought by two men who designed ladies' shoes. Finally, John asked the man, Ralph, behind the counter if all Nirma said was true, but Nirma had apparently concluded the conversation, because, turning her wheelchair around, she rolled to the door and then was helped out by the boy in overalls, who had gotten up from the counter to leave with her.

"I know her husband," said Linda that night. "He's the local locksmith. What were you doing here in the middle of the afternoon?" They got in bed and Linda turned off the light.

"Becoming a degenerate, of course."

Well, it was about time, she said, and got on top of him and pinned him. As a matter of fact, Nirma's husband was a licensed electrician, did moving, and had a free-floating crew of guys working for him.

"One of them helped to float his wife out of there this afternoon," said John.

Linda laughed, and murmured, "She don't need no help, honey." There was something in the words, something missing.

"Hard to believe that's his wife," John said.

"You haven't seen *him*," came the words in the dark, and here it was again, a quizzical harshness as clear as the touch that accompanied the words. Then her touch became as light and hard as ever. She could bear down on his head to massage the hair by its roots off his brain in the dark room; meanwhile, some soft spot around his stomach found another touch of hers so light-fingered it was hairlike and, growing here and there all over his body, felt good.

Languorously, softly, and so slowly that he heard his lips part, he asked if there had been further word from the Departed Tenant. She moved her hands and clasped him in her arms. (He could put his hands over her eyes when she was playing the piano and she would go on playing.) Yes, she said, to tell the truth, she had heard from the Departed Tenant, again calling to say that he would be glad to fix her bathroom window himself; the super, according to the Departed Tenant, was a nice guy but he didn't do spit, and he wasn't there a whole lot, because he had two other buildings, if not three, because he needed the cash flow, y'know. John could hear the very voice of the man. But the completeness of Linda's love at this moment made the intentions of the Departed Tenant only a passing mystery, like her humor. For her humor had taken a turn. It sounded like a private joke that might be with John or against him.

Was she getting ready to turn away from him? Not possible. The next evening she told an odd story or two about the neighborhood, and the way she talked seemed unlike her; she sounded as if she were making up what she told him, but she wasn't.

Nothing like getting to know your new neighborhood. Well, now, she said, an unusual body had been hidden on the canvas-draped staging that the men had been using to work on the brownstone. John asked what was unusual about it. Oh, it turned out to be only sleeping, she said. He asked if it had all its limbs. As far as they could tell, she guessed; it didn't breathe for quite a while, but it must have been saving its breath, because it was quite a presentable body and finally it decided to breathe. And move on? he asked, in the living room, hearing her in the kitchen. It was one of those no-goods the locksmith's wife gave tidings of, said Linda.

"Some Departed Tenant," John said.

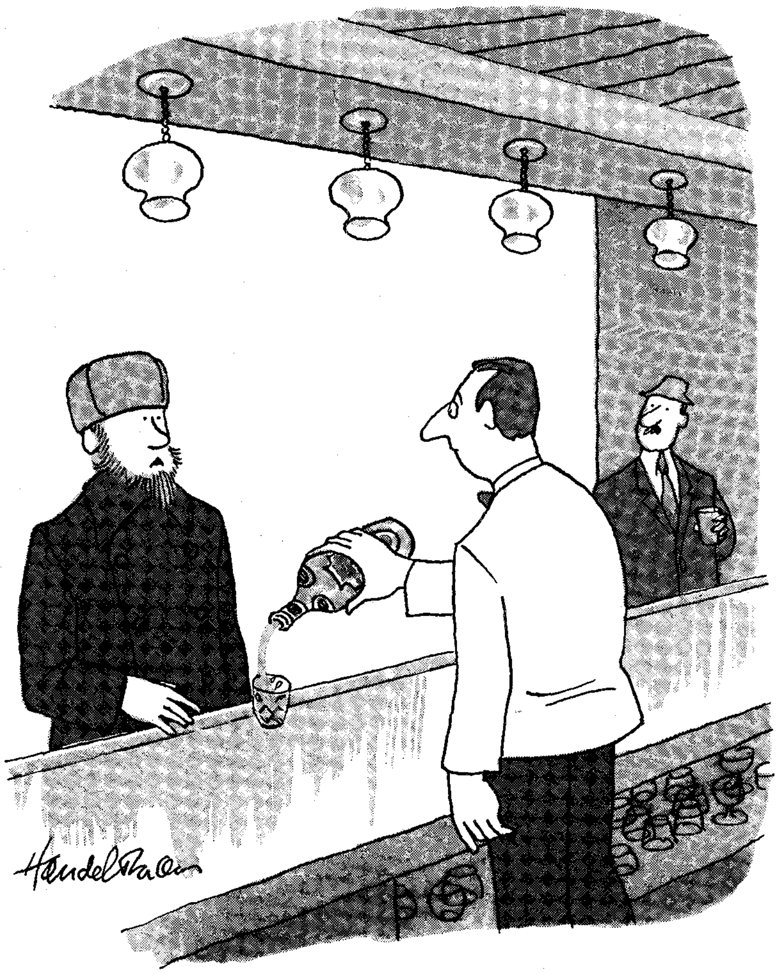
"Not mine," she said from the kitchen.

"Yours hasn't departed," said John.

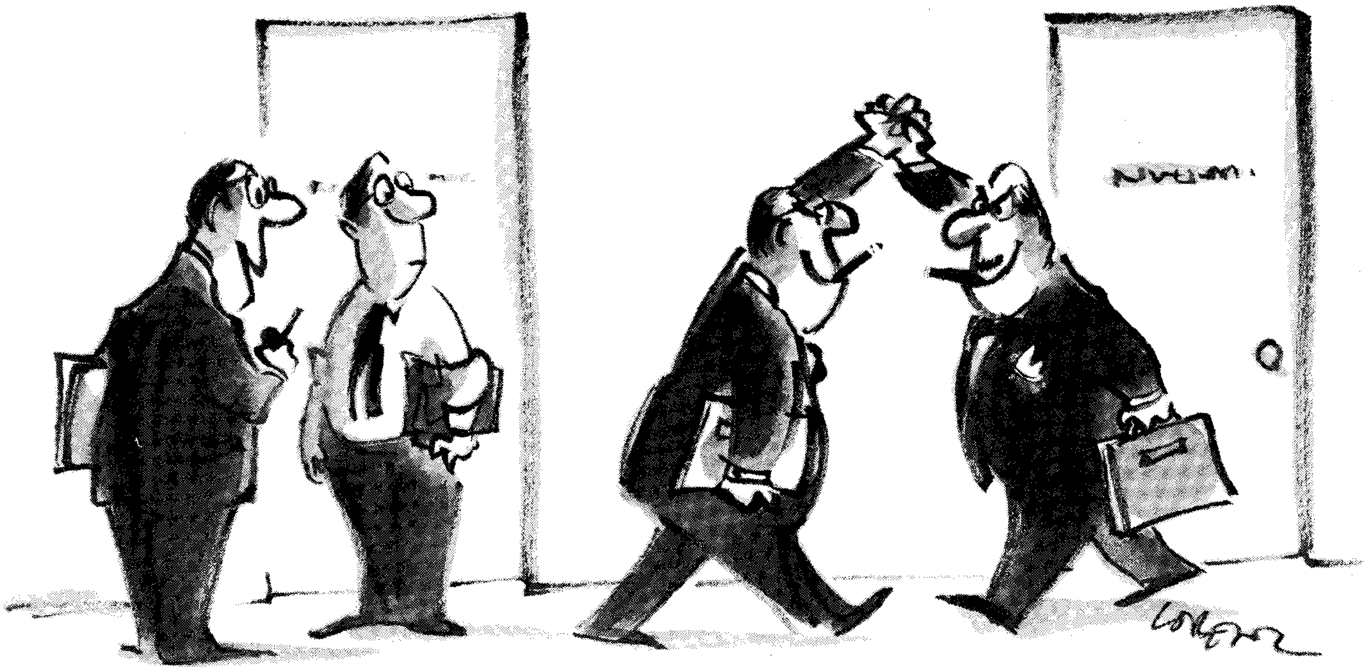
"Any day now," came the answer, as the refrigerator opened and closed.

"He calls when I'm not here," said John, sitting down at the piano. "It's uncanny: he only calls when I'm not around."

Linda pounded some-



"No, I'm not Solzhenitsyn, but I share his estimate of the world situation."



"High fives! Something big must be happening over in Corporate Acquisitions."

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thing. "I told him enough was enough, I was going to speak to you."

"In this day and age you said that?" said John. But Linda said that she had said a bit more than that, actually. She had said John had a temper.

"He misses this place," said John, and played the first notes of a song which were also the first six notes of a scale. "And for a Departed Tenant who's sticking around, that's heavy."

Linda came out into the living room to smile at him. She had an apron on over her bluejeans, and he knew there was a joint in her apron pocket, because he had felt it there not long ago. Lately he wasn't sure what was going on. She gave him some respectful warmth that he didn't quite know what to do with, because it was as close as his body and as separate as his clothes, as if he had a new authority, that still wasn't power. He just wasn't sure what was going on.

She had a hammer in her hand. She was going to staple in the wiring for a second set of stereo speakers in the bedroom; dinner could be ready in ten minutes whenever they wanted it. John said he would staple the wiring, but Linda said he didn't have to, and they sat down and smoked instead. He read her mind and asked her if she loved him. She said that was her line, why had he said it, what did he mean? He said very very softly and, he thought, humorously, "Oh shut up." She didn't quite love it, he saw.

THE next night they went to the Spanish restaurant for dinner. He was going away the following afternoon. They finished a bottle of wine, bickering a bit over whether they were splitting the check or not, then speculating whether the shrimp and mussels and the pale rings of squid came from the fish market next door, and then arguing about which way the neon guitar was pointing. He had reached for his wallet and paused, distracted, his fingers in the inside pocket of his jacket. She laughed in a more silly, distantly silly, way than he had heard her laugh before. She said if he would let her pay her share of the check, she would let him pay half the rent. This set her off again; it was more than giggling; the tears shook themselves out, laughter tears—his grin got fixed—and when she calmed down she asked him like a little girl did he *have* to go to Houston? Couldn't he put her in his pocket and take her along? Couldn't he put off the trip?

Oh, he really couldn't, he said, laughing with her.

What, not till sunrise, my darling? she said.

Oh, certainly till sunrise; maybe the Departed Tenant would call.

Oh, he never, never would call when John was there. The giggling began again.

Man sounded like the refrigerator light. There only if you opened the door.

She never opened any door for that creep.

Didn't favor degenerates?

A select few only, she said (as a microphone got touched); degenerates could be fun even when they were not very observant.

The waiter came back with the change.

Did she mean degenerates who forgot which way *la guitarra* pointed?

Since he insisted.

Well, there she was definitely wrong, so they rose to go out and look at the sign and settle the issue.

The tip lay in the waiter's little oblong change tray. The waiter gave out menus at another table and turned his head to say good night. But now, without warning, the live music began with a beat of chords. A smiling man and woman in black now struck such a proud, harsh dance out of their instruments that John didn't quite identify what was odd about the couple. He took Linda's hand and with his other hand on the small of her back drew close, and they swayed for a few moments and turned and turned again under the tolerant eye of a couple who were eating their meal a few feet away, until a waiter approached with what looked like dinner for half a dozen people, and that was that, as far as the dancing was concerned. John looked back at the guitar players, who were still smiling, and it was not until he and Linda got back to her place that they realized they had neglected to look at the sign. She said it didn't matter, which made him wonder if that had been after all the thing degenerates weren't observant about.

"Anyway, I did notice that the woman was left-handed," said John.

"I think it was the man," said Linda, hanging up her coat.

"No, he was on our right."

"Oh, *you're* right," she said shortly.

"What?"

"You win, friend," she said. He couldn't believe it, but she walked away irritated. He thought of leaving; he thought of the elevator coming up to meet him and of the crazy sign by the button panel that said, "After 11 P.M., Return Elevator to First Floor."

"Hey, wait a minute," he called after Linda. But then he kept whatever it was to himself. He remembered the guitars were pointing toward each other, and the man was on their right, therefore fingering with his right hand and strumming with his left.

Had Linda been getting along with John even at the restaurant? He was deciding whether he liked all this, when the phone rang and he stayed where he was. If you fingered with your right hand, then you were a left-handed guitarist. So why had Linda said, "You win"?

He heard her say in the bedroom, "You're *not* my friend, but I *will* say goodbye. Please don't call anymore, O.K.?"

John felt the very slightly delayed "O.K.?" in his heart. "Just don't call," said Linda in the bedroom, but he didn't hear the phone go down. Then he did.

"Just tell him not to phone," John said.

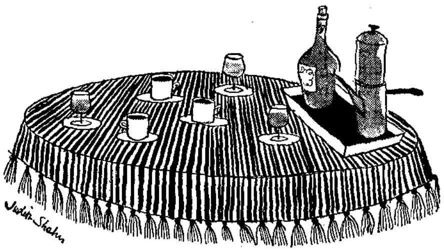
"I did."

"You were a bit polite. You said, 'Please don't call anymore' and then you added, 'O.K.?,' like you were asking permission."

John went and looked at her. She was sitting on the bed. "Listen," she said, "*he* hung up on *me*."

"He should be apprehended if he hangs up on you," said John. "We should call the authorities."

Linda went past him into the living room, into the kitchen. She came out again and went and sat at her piano, her shoulders slumped. She got up and took something from the top of the piano and brought it to him; it was a color photograph of herself. She said, gently, that he hadn't seen it, which gave him a shiver, because she didn't know he had another one just like it in his pocket. It was a Polaroid—with that flat accuracy that looked too accurate. She was always beautiful, but here she looked as if she were hanging around waiting to be photographed for a commercial. His arm went around her shoulders. They stood there admiring her picture—anyway, he was admiring it. She was in her office at the radio station, and behind her was a blurred chart that, he knew, showed



STILL-LIFE IN THE COAT-FACTORY OFFICE

What did you think would happen
When you got on that pale boat and

Came to America, came here to Essex Street,
Where the vibrant machinery of your heart

Is rustic compared to the hiss and boom
Of this captainless ship?

You speak to women you've never met
On the telephone, voices full of curls

And twangs thickened by the borderless
Hallucinations of long-distance wires.

Their laughter clicks and drones until
The women themselves become nothing

But another machine you've learned how to run,
A switchboard for the bodiless voices of Georgia.

In the beginning, they squealed at
Your accent and you clucked at theirs.

You've made up a game about it—you
Pretend it's all French and elegant as lace.

A still-life of the Café de la Paix
Hangs by one nail behind the Big Boss's desk.

In the perpetual rain, a woman sits
By a green table and stares at her leg.

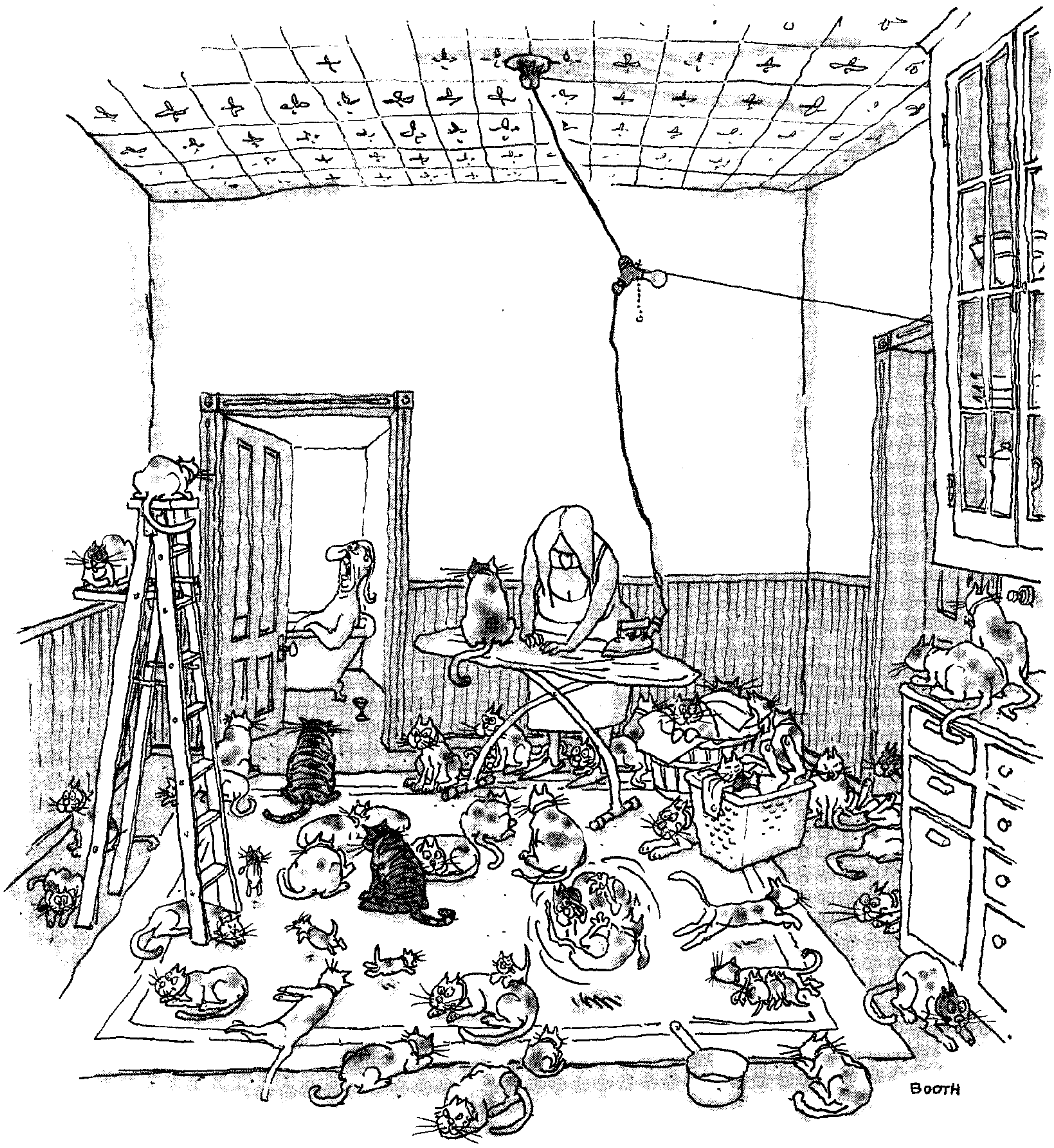
She doesn't see the broad-chested waiter
Under the awning, but you do . . .

His face is a lunacy of fixed points
Painstakingly arranged in the name of art.

He's been looking straight at you for years,
Waiting to take your order.

—VICKIE KARP

• •



"I ask you. If not the Reagan Administration, who? If not now, when?"

what music was going to be played during the next two or three months. In her posed composure, in some sign in her eyes and the set of her face, John felt that she wasn't making as much money as the person taking the picture. What was she saying in showing him this Polaroid photograph here, now, at this awkward point?

It was as if they were in bed, quiet with their shared secrets. But they couldn't get there for the time being. They were mad at each other, but he had his arm around her, and she must know he was breathing the fine odor of her face. Linda had a mole under her eye high on one cheek, and in the picture it looked like a perfectly applied beauty spot. Her dark-red turtleneck sweater with the silver horse he had given her pinned on the side seemed as permanent as the camera's light. Didn't he want to go to bed with her? He didn't know how she felt. But elsewhere, apart from the phone calls and the restaurant and anything bad in the past, they did always want to love each other; they always had wanted to.

Linda was looking at him as he stared at the photograph.

• •

A woman knows how to wait, he had told Harry. You said it, replied his friend, but she's a beautiful girl, so look out—someone else will marry her if you don't.

What about *her* marrying *them*?

Sure, sure, that could happen, too. Let's set a definite date for a weekend.

The Polaroid held them there, in the middle of Linda's living room. She said the picture really captured her; she joked about the dumb look on her face. What she then broke to him quietly, while they looked at the photograph, was that the Departed Tenant had not only not finally departed but had visited this apartment recently at least twice, she thought.

He what? But the lock had been changed. What did he get?

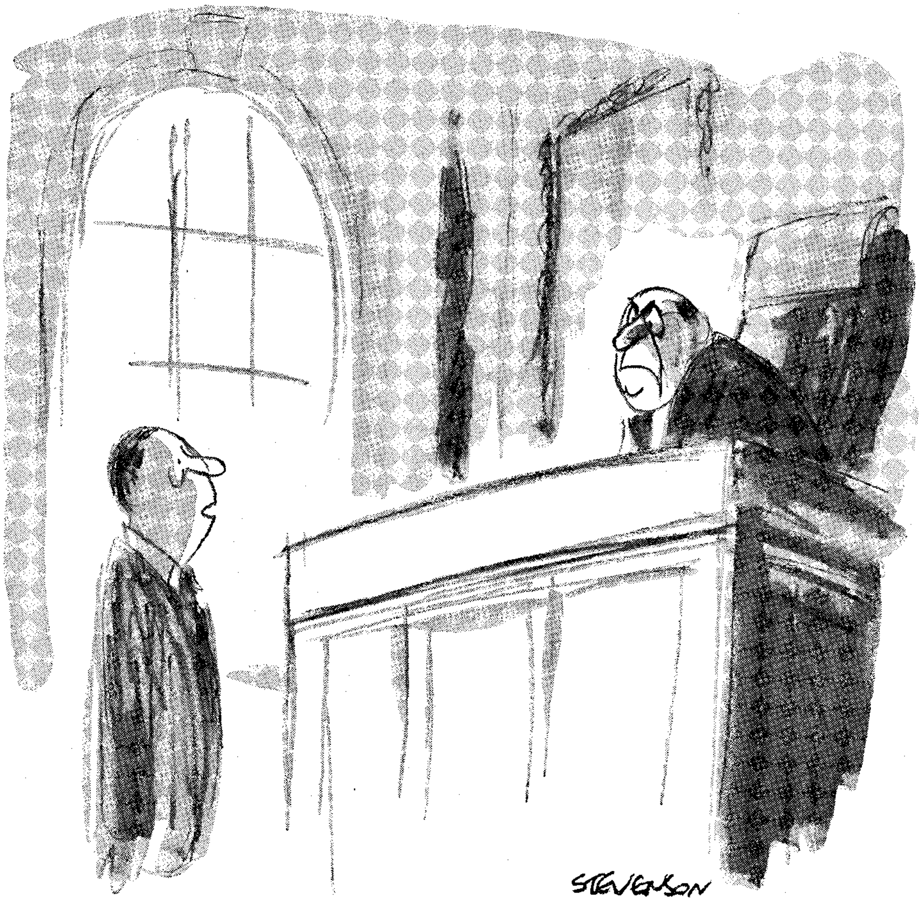
Well, actually, he *left* something.

Linda went to the loft bed that she hadn't yet decided what to do with. She reached up and put her hand on a quilt folded at the foot of the bed. She lifted a corner of it—diamond-checked, dull green and white, with ribbons sticking out here and there.

What had he left the second time? Had he improved on the quilt? Was he getting ready to move back in?

Linda didn't think that was funny. She had asked the super with his perpetual dark glasses if he had let the former tenant in, and he had opened his mouth wide; he seemed mad at her suggesting such a thing, but *he* was the sinister one—he smiled all the time. John said maybe he was remembering what Linda had said getting out of the elevator. "*I'm* the sinister one. He heard you call me a murderer."

Linda shrugged. She had asked about the Departed Tenant. The super said there had been four of them, sometimes more; he would see someone he never saw coming in downstairs and would know they were going to that apartment. One girl was a waitress at the rock club next to the church; one of them made jewelry out of junk and sold it in the street. There was a tall girl from upstate who had a bicycle and drove a cab sometimes. Two of the boys were housepainters, carpenters—when they worked. Then for a while there was just him and the girl with the bike. The super would see them with their groceries, and once, when he was putting out the trash, he looked up and saw the two of



"We all make mistakes, as Your Honor knows, having been twice reprimanded by the New York State Commission on Judicial Conduct."

• •

them at the window of the apartment. Then lately there was just him, the super was a hundred per cent certain. He'd seen him the other day. He was waiting for a friend of his who was working on that brownstone that was being redone. The super would speak to him if he saw him again.

John asked if Linda had told the super about the bathroom window.

Oh, he had fixed it; and incidentally, there was no way the Departed Tenant could have gotten in through a window five floors above an alley, no fire escape, no ledges to speak of—

And carrying a quilt!

And carrying a quilt. To lay folded on the loft bed that he had made a point of saying he was giving to Linda, which was worth something to the room beyond the three hours' labor and the lumber that went into it. He wasn't going to make her pay for the loft bed and he wasn't going to take it down.

But he came in a *second* time.

This time he *took* something.

It was getting later, and Houston seemed not so far away as the airport John had to get to tomorrow afternoon to fly to Houston. Houston was why they had had dinner at the Spanish restaurant tonight. The quilt was in his hand, the bed just above eye level; Linda was looking at him, the window behind her.

The Departed Tenant had taken *two* things, as a matter of fact.

John was asking just when was this second visit, but in his thoughts he put the last couple of weeks together—himself the least vivid neighbor in these places where the man with the crease on his cheekbone got up and left, and he sat down in front of the other man's coffee, so that a woman with improbable blue eyes could tell John a couple of times that he was late, and take the coffee away, and another woman, with amber eyes, could look at him with concerned anger, he thought, while he looked at her photograph with some anguish against his heart. She had said, "O.K.?," as if to ask leave of the Departed Tenant, who had apparently been breaking into this pad of hers, where not only had the piano that had been in the old bedroom moved into the new living room but there was a bed high off the floor as well, and now a quilt. He didn't like hearing her talk to the guy, but as for his real anguish, it wasn't here in this place; John had left it somewhere else.

He heard himself saying to her that maybe he ought to move, too.

"What's that got to do with that man getting in here?" said Linda.

"It's how I feel when I go back to my own place," he said, and his heart was thick as a hundred sounds at once.

"Stop smiling," she said. "Or tell me what it is."

"What did he get away with?"

"You couldn't care less," she said extravagantly.

He laughed, and she said that when he got back from Houston they'd have to have a talk. He said he'd heard that before. He bobbed his head sideways at the bed above them—an unspeakable crudity, at this moment, that sent her into the bedroom.

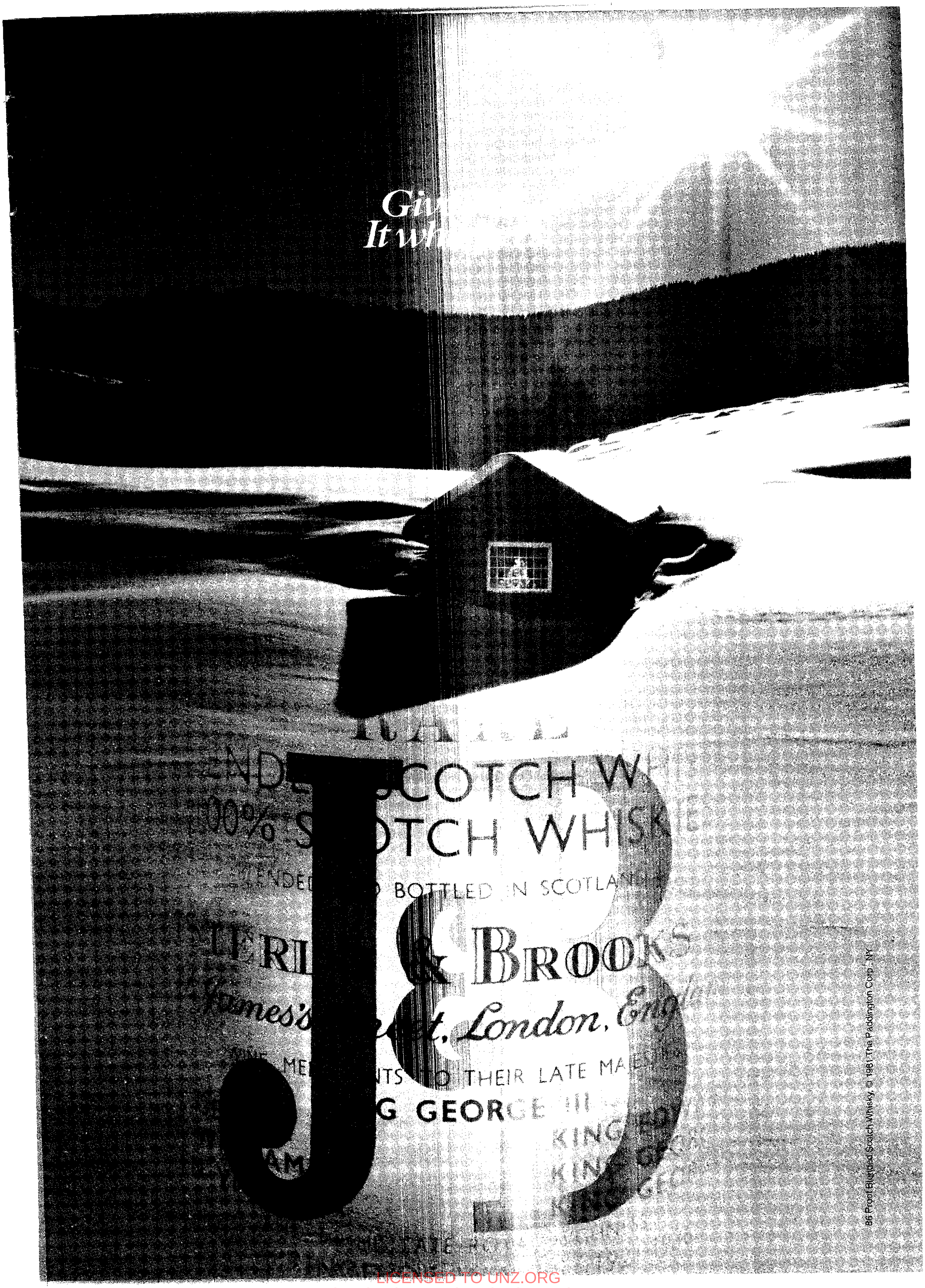
He turned out the lights and put the chain on the door. He went in expecting her to be sitting on the bed or lying down staring at the ceiling. She was standing beside her bureau, absorbed in a magazine. He held her shoulders and looked at the article she was reading, and asked what the intruder had gotten away with. She put the magazine down and didn't speak until she was in bed. He had watched her, and now he stood there with his clothes on.

The neighborhood led to her front door and through it. And out again, home again, he envisioned, and he also saw that—after her apartment had changed yet again, a third apartment, a fourth apartment, and he was walking home in one new way after another, but always through the intersection where the Puerto Rican woman with the blue eyes sometimes had the night shift and once, well after dawn, was being helped by a little girl who had her hair in two braids—he would himself move to a new apartment, so that between his place and Linda's there was no point in passing through that intersection.

"Please don't tell me you've heard it before," she said. She did not ask if he was coming to bed.

"But I have heard it before," he said.

"And you've heard your wife say she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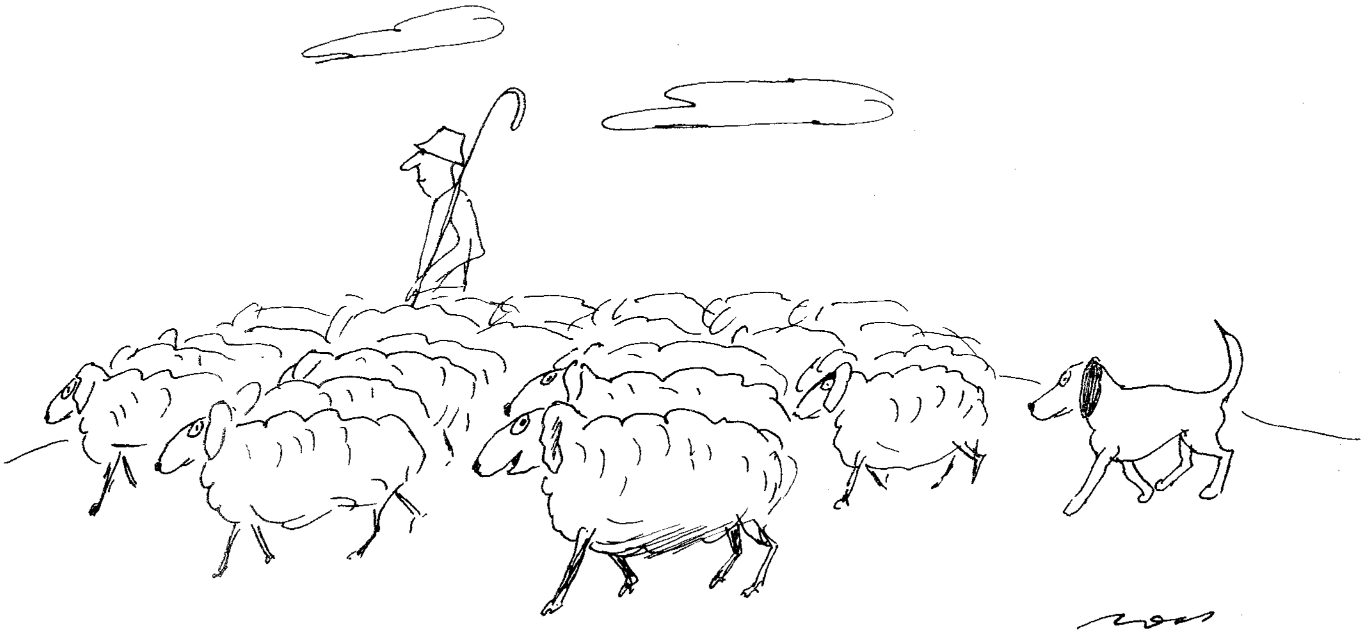

"What I like about him is he never tells you to stay in line, he asks you to stay in line."

• •

was moving, because you wouldn't; and you've heard the stereo blasting out the Beatles or Beethoven as you put your key in the front door and your heart fell because you felt it was your fault she was boozing, but you would never *tell* her it was your fault. And you heard her say *When you get back, we've got to have a talk;* but so what—so what?"

"But when I got back, she wasn't there," he said.

"I really wouldn't know," said Linda. She shifted in bed and raised up on an elbow. "She must have been there sometimes. Maybe she's there now, for all I know."

"I'm going," he said.

"What a sucky date this has been," said Linda.

"Do you think he's dangerous?" said John.

Linda laid her head down on the pillow. "He's got a hammer," she said.

"He took a hammer?"

"It was right here on the bed table under the lamp, with the two Polaroid pictures of me."

"That was *his* hammer," said John.

"But I was using it."

"Listen, I really meant to staple those speaker wires for you."

"I'm glad you didn't," said Linda wearily.

He moved out of the bedroom. "You creep," she called after him. "We've *had* that talk, so forget it. Lock the door on your way out."

He took the chain off, and as he was letting himself out Linda said, "He took one of the pictures."

"What?" said John across the dark space of the apartment.

Linda raised her voice. "He took one of the Polaroids with him. I was going to mention it to him when he called, but I was afraid he'd try to return it." John bet himself that Linda didn't think he would go. He closed the door softly behind him and locked it.

IN the elevator he was relieved. Linda would have to have the lock changed—and by another locksmith, not from around here. That was the answer—of course!—to how the Departed Tenant had gotten in. And the door didn't lock by itself, so he had to have had a key to lock up when he left. The Departed Tenant had a friend who worked for the contractor, who was also the locksmith in the neighborhood, and he must have done the job or had it done by somebody who worked for him. The key must not have been registered if the Departed Tenant had gotten hold of a duplicate.

The story went on in his head. He came to the lobby door and leaned his head against the glass. It was cool against his forehead, and, staring at his shoes, he remembered again the snapshot in his inside pocket. The tension or whatever it was passed without a sound, and he imagined, there, with his eyes shut, that his hand on the doorknob felt the polite force of somebody on the other side, coming home.

THE restaurant was still very much open. He'd been right about the sign. The pet shop and the checks-cashed place were shut up tight. He wanted it to be later. A couple passed, and both of them were chewing gum. He'd seen a girl running for a bus this morning chewing gum.

He approached the corner where his former route joined this one. He saw the bearded man in the big Western hat, who might have been the Departed Tenant, cross the street in front of him and disappear, walking south. It had to be the same man, though he wore an Army jacket, not the grimy white parka.

At the corner he turned south to follow the man, who stopped down the block at the pay phone. And John stopped, as if, at fifty yards' distance, he was waiting to use the phone when the man was through, while the man was looking at him as if the call might go on for a long time.

Two large trucks came racing uptown side by side, and a cab was trying to get around them. The man at the phone seemed to be talking. Now he put the phone back on the hook and strode off. John stood watching until the man broke into an easy jog and turned west at the next corner. John went after him past the phone on its

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cement post and the wire-mesh trash basket.

At the corner he didn't see the man. The man could not have made it all the way down the block, but he had been going in the direction of Linda's place. John ran back along the pavement to the phone and dialled her. She wasn't answering.

He needed to pack. He would scare Linda if he went back now. He made the turn at the next corner, wondering if Linda had put the chain back on. She had an excellent sense of humor. So did he. *Sometimes*, she said.

At the café-newsstand intersection the traffic light was turning red when he saw Linda. She was wearing her purple coat, and she was crossing the avenue half a block ahead of him. A cab passed, and then another.

He stopped, and then he went on. On the far sidewalk she looked around her—everywhere except behind her. And then she went into his café. He called to her, but she went on inside. The way she had looked around uncertainly, she hadn't planned to go to the café. What *had* she planned for the evening?

He would surprise her, but when he crossed the avenue and came to the takeout window and saw that the Puerto Rican woman hadn't come on yet, Linda was at the door and stepped out onto the sidewalk and shook her head at him, smiling.

"They don't have a pay phone," she said.

"They don't?" he said.

"There wouldn't have been anyone home."

"I hope not," he said. "I should get a machine."

They looked each other in the eye. He invited her in for coffee. "How did you wind up behind me?" she said. "Your face looks funny."

He didn't like that. "I went down to my old pay phone to phone you."

"Why'd you do that?" she asked. "I was trying to catch up with you."

"Did you phone the police?" John asked.

Of course not; the Departed Tenant wasn't dangerous. He had been phoning earlier, when John was there, to tell her he had reclaimed his hammer, he needed it, he was on his way at last.

"With his master key," said John. But he didn't know.

She was having the lock changed tomorrow. John told her to see if she could have the key registered. She had thought of that.

"Fair exchange—a quilt for a hammer."

"Not a great quilt, but after all the hammer was his to begin with," she said, and she kissed him very lightly. He felt his heart race.

"The quilt went with the bed," he said.

"It stayed," said Linda.

"He must like *you* a lot to leave *you* the quilt."

"I think he liked *her* a lot. The girl from upstate. The quilt went with the bed."

"But not the hammer," said John. "Hammers are expensive if you're an itinerant carpenter going to New Mexico."

"I think he loved her," said Linda.

"Will he show people your picture on his way West?"

"What would he say, I wonder," said Linda.

John produced the picture from his inside jacket pocket. She looked from the picture to him and back again. She was pleased. "I knew it," she said, surprised. She put her hand on his shoulder, and they both looked at the photograph. "This makes better sense," she said. "When I left for work yesterday, there were two pictures. Now they're all accounted for."

"If that guy *had* taken one—I mean as a souvenir—there would still have been one left for me," said John. "By the way, the hammer certainly wasn't on the bed table, so the Departed Tenant must have been and gone."

"What were you doing in my apartment in the middle of the day?"

"I'm a degenerate," John said. "But you gave me the keys."

"I'm particular who I give them to," she said. "Didn't you know that? No wonder you're not married."

"Not even half married?" he asked.

She touched his hand. "No, not even half married. Unless it's someone I don't know about."

They decided not to have coffee after all. On the way back to Linda's they discussed the Departed Tenant. Had he really, as he'd said, hoped to keep the apartment and sublet it to someone but couldn't get permission? Whatever had been going on, they agreed that he had meant well. They agreed that he had moved out of the apartment because he had to.

—JOSEPH McELROY

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THE INNOVATIVE MIND AT WORK

[*From the Burlington* (*Vt.*) *Free Press*]

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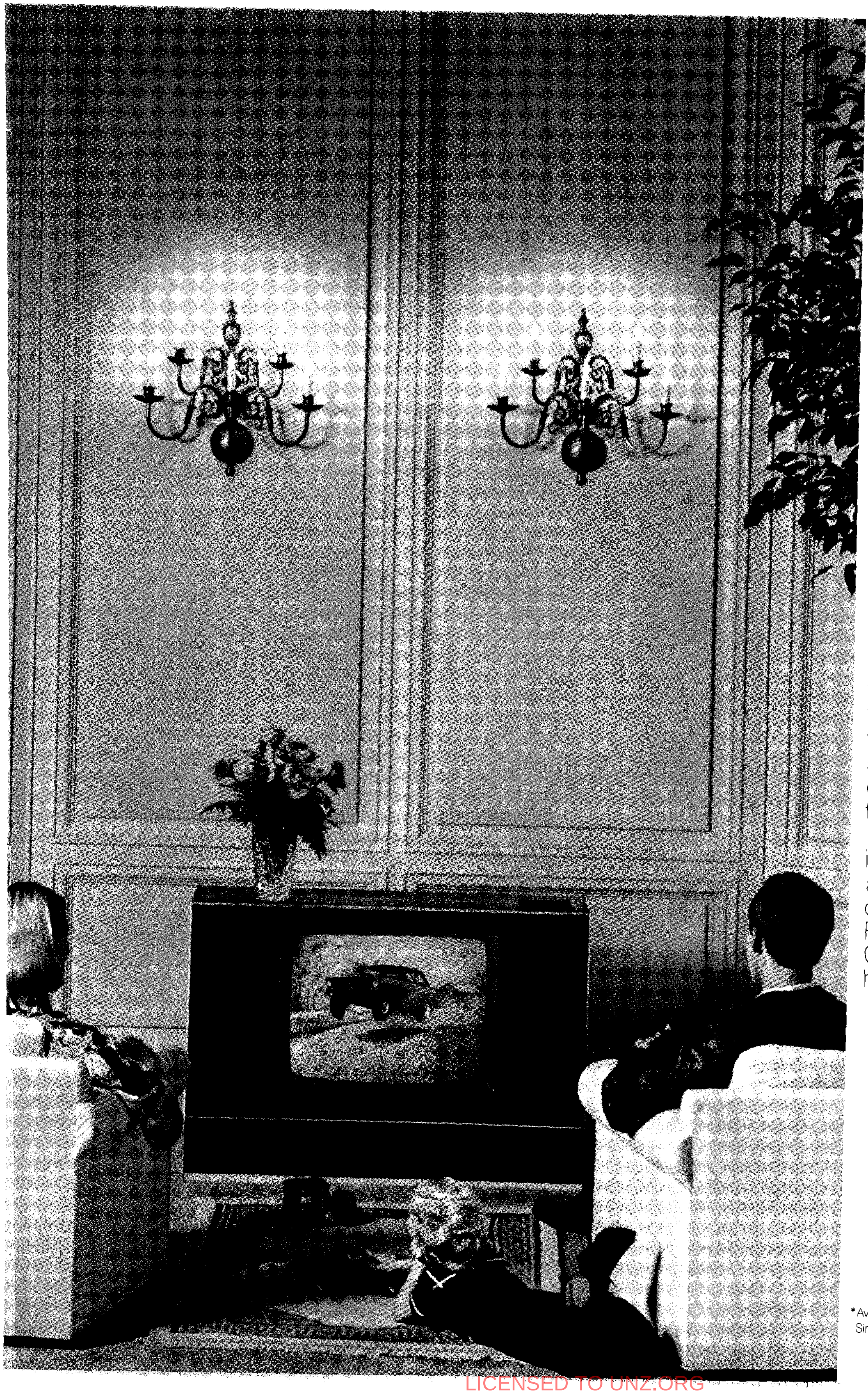

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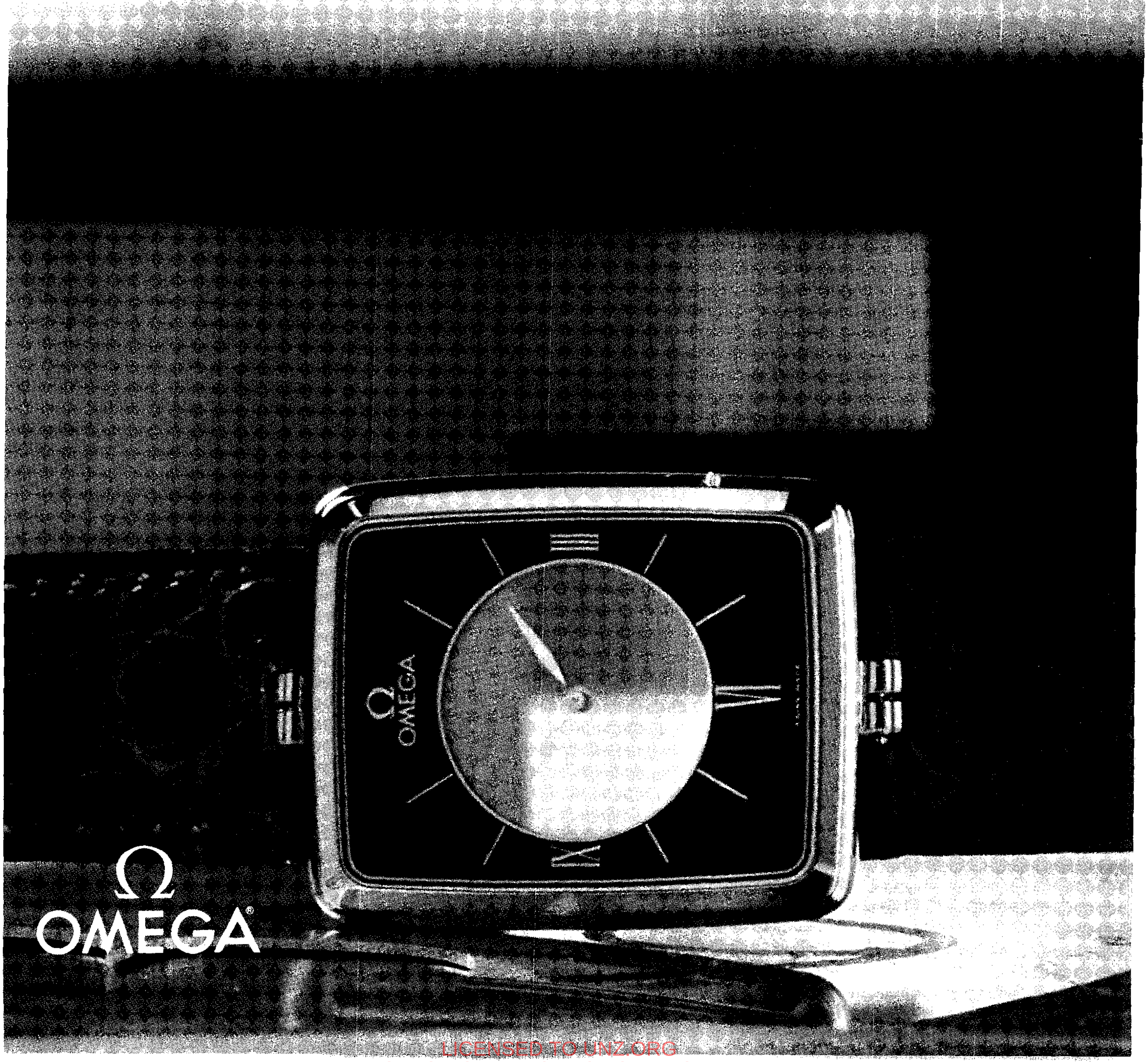


THE THEATRE

Perils of the Priesthood

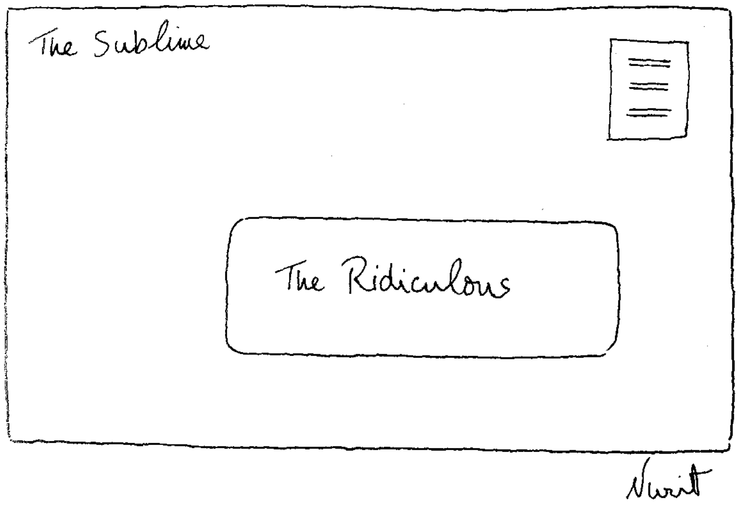
Like Beth Henley's "Crimes of the Heart," Bill C. Davis's "Mass Appeal" enjoyed a successful Off Broadway production last season, under the auspices of the Manhattan Theatre Club; now it has found a home on Broadway in that most pleasing of theatres, the duskily panelled little Booth, and—again like "Crimes"—it deserves a long run. A modest and humane comedy, "Mass Appeal" has but two characters and a single setting, yet as it unfolds one doesn't feel a sense of parsimony—the sense that Henry James felt and softly rebuked when, shaking his head over the meagre furnishings of a country house in which he was spending a weekend, he said, "Economy of means, economy of effect." Mr. Davis's play is ample enough for its purpose, and the plot, though it consists mostly of a debate between an aging, cynical Catholic priest and an idealistic seminarian, is rich in meanings that go beyond the perils of the priesthood and the ignominy of a boy struggling to become a man.

Father Tim Farley, played with acuteness and high spirits by Milo O'Shea, is a man seemingly content with his lot. Worldly and sensual, he enjoys presiding over his parish, which is evidently a prosperous one. He flatters his parishioners and entertains them with sermons that place the lightest possible intellectual burden upon their inattentive minds. He drives a Mercedes and takes holidays abroad, and if he drinks more than is good for him his parishioners wink at and even encourage so traditional a failing—it is old news among the Irish that alcohol is a sovereign mitigator of the pangs of chastity. Once upon a time, he was a firebrand, speaking the word of God on street corners, and he cherishes a recollection of that ghostly stripling—an outsider who learned, at however high a cost, to become an insider. A "dialogue" sermon that he is conducting with his congregation at Sunday Mass is interrupted by a callow young stranger, who wishes to discuss a topic that Father Farley has introduced but has no intention of taking seriously—"Should there be women priests?" The stranger is a nuisance, and yet Farley finds himself drawn to him, a revenant from his own past. It turns out that the young man (played with a tender stubbornness of spirit by Michael O'Keefe) is fiercely determined to become a priest, not as a means of approaching God but as a means of approaching his fellow human beings. He is seeking what he has never found—a worthy relationship with others—and after a reckless series of sexual misadventures in his late teens he has entered the seminary, where his superiors are prudently skeptical of him: it is Mark Dolson's sort that stir up trouble within Mother Church when she is most sedulously bent upon resembling a millpond.

In a series of brief and briskly executed blackout scenes, we observe the contest between the two. Farley longs to assist Dolson into the priesthood by turning him into a facsimile of himself—one who has settled for scattered semblances of affection instead of the stern actuality of love. Dolson resists being transformed, at once despising the fraudulent older man and feeling a son's compassion for him. O'Shea and O'Keefe make admirable foils; they let us see that heartbreak is sure to emerge from their differences, but their lines are often unexpectedly droll, and they squeeze the last drop of hilarity out of them. The play ends with perhaps too neat a change of heart and conduct on the part of the old priest, but by then we would find a harsher (and truer?) conclusion unendurable.

The handsome setting—Father Farley's study in the parish house, complete with a secret cupboard for his sparkling Burgundy—was designed by David Gropman. The costumes are by William Ivey Long, the lighting is by F. Mitchell Dana, and the impeccable direction is by Geraldine Fitzgerald.

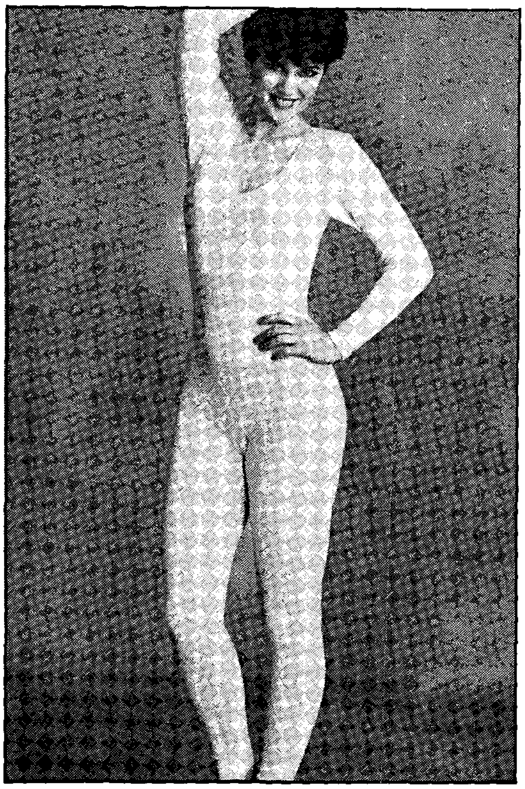
—Brendan Gill



OFF BROADWAY

Prez at M.T.C.

"The Resurrection of Lady Lester," by the black dramatist who calls himself OyamO, is an evocation—in brief, telling scenes and telling music provided by a four-piece jazz combo—of the life and circumstances of the tenor saxophonist Lester Young. As has been pointed out many times (and only last week by Brendan Gill), nothing is more difficult than basing a believable character on a real person—especially a real person with the mysterious endowment of talent. OyamO, a compelling dramatic writer, is up to the task, and so is Cleavon Little in the leading role. As the play opens, two figures can be seen behind a screen that serves as a scrim—a man and a woman. The man is bent over double; he is the coughing, dying Young, just off the plane from Paris. The woman, veiled, is a pretty, elegant white prostitute who is a dear friend. She goes off to summon an ambulance; he, crawling through a curtain onto the stage and slowly straightening up, picks up his saxophone and, after miming a few notes, starts to sing. The effect of the play is at times kaleidoscopic, but it is always theatrical without ever being stagy. Near the start, we watch a rehearsal of the Young family band, in which Lester, as a small boy, bursts into tears when his father, enraged because the child has not yet learned to read music, insists that he play the drums rather than the saxophone. Later, we are with him on tour when he turns on the bus radio and hears for the first time the voice of Billie Holiday. To her, he was Prez; to him, she was Lady Day. In Lester Young's strange and private language (which Whitney Balliett described in an article that appeared in this magazine last winter), many



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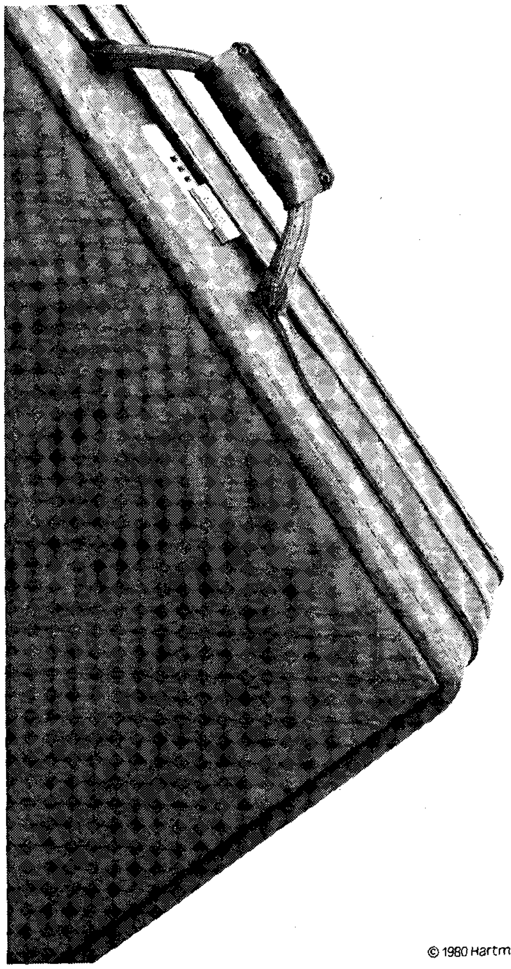

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of his friends, male and female, became Lady This or Lady That. In the play, Young, a miserable private in the Army, is informed by his major that a man named Lincoln, his closest friend and colleague, has died. "Lady Lincoln?" he says in mournful wonder. "Something between you two?" the major asks. "You crazy?" Young shouts.

"The Resurrection of Lady Lester," which I saw and admired in an earlier version at Yale last season, is anything but literal, being as poetic as its all but legendary hero. It is often funny and sometimes sad, and every scene works. Mr. Little's depiction of Young is not even an attempt at impersonation; it is a performance. Almost everyone else plays a number of roles, most notably the lovely Yvette Hawkins as Billie Holiday and as Young's mother, Miss Lady. Arthur French is Young's father and a musical colleague; Obaka Adedunyo is Young's brother and Lincoln; Larry Bryggman is the major and a doctor; and Randy Danson is that silky white whore. The musicians are Dwight Andrews, saxophone; Paul Sullivan, piano; Pheeroan akLaff, percussion; and Michael Logan, bass. The setting—the Alvin Hotel in New York, on the day in 1959 when Young died, which is the point from which the action moves back and forth—was designed by Kate Edmunds and lighted by William Armstrong. Mr. Andrews, the musical director, wrote the original compositions for the production, collaborating on a couple of them with the playwright. (There are also songs by Charles Mingus, Billy Strayhorn, Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, and Jimmy Van Heusen and Eddie De Lange.) André Mtumi was the director. Mr. Balliett opened his article with the sentence "Very little about the tenor saxophonist Lester Young was unoriginal." The same can be said of the dramatist OyamO. "The Resurrection of Lady Lester" is scheduled to close at the Manhattan Theatre Club after the performance of November 22nd; God knows why. —EDITH OLIVER

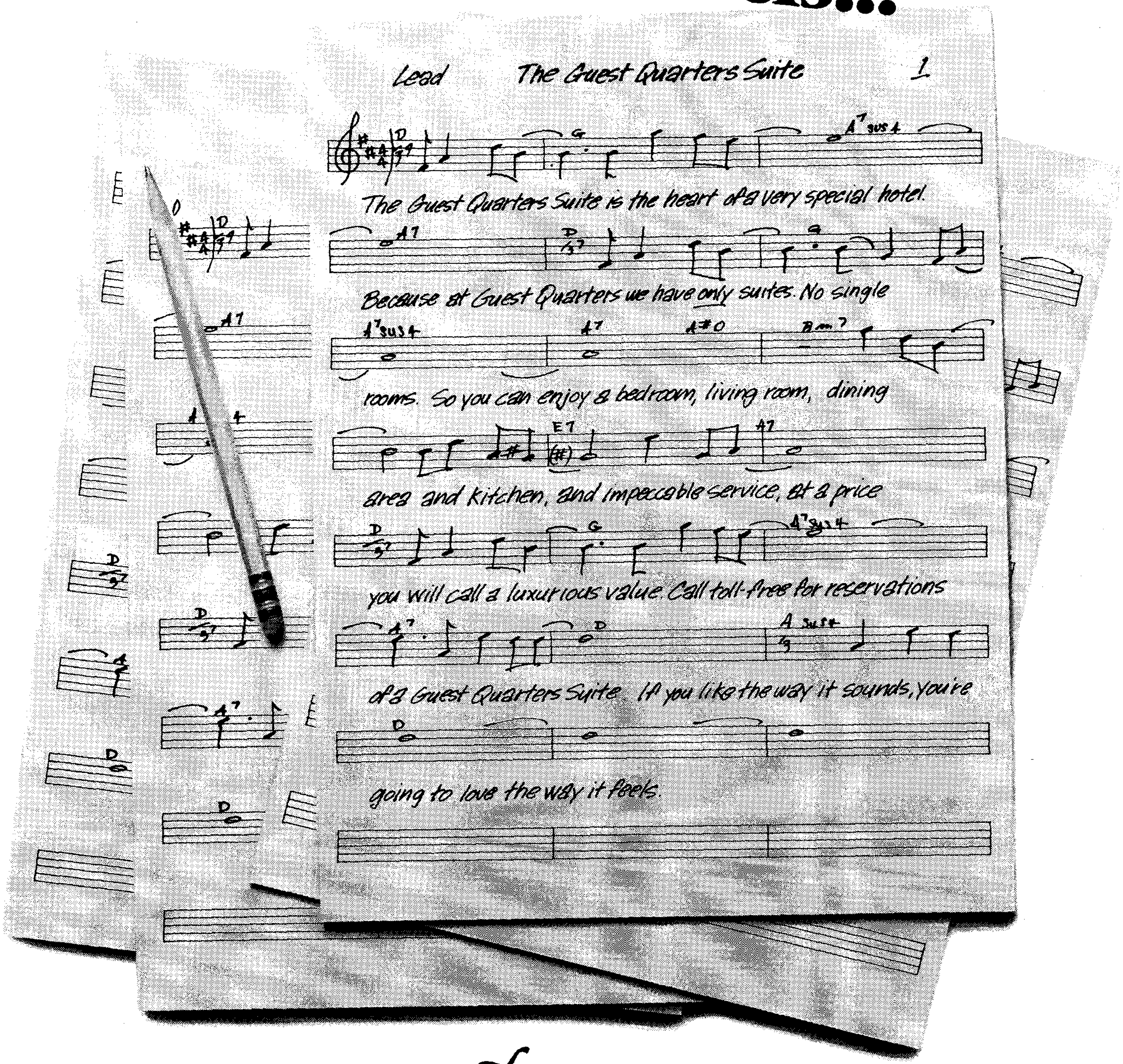
•

"A man's reach should exceed his grasp —or what's a Heaven for?"
—Robert Browning

In so many words, the great Elizabethan poet was trying to explain that all the material assets in the world can never match the dreams, hopes or desires of Mankind.—*Al Mari in Gannett Today.*

Any particular Elizabeth in mind?

"A beautifully orchestrated idea in hotels..."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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE UNDERCLASS—II

IT is a frigid February morning, and the Wildcat Skills Training Center, on West Thirty-seventh Street, is locked. The members of the class known as basic typing 27, or BT-27, who attend the training center for seven months and work at an actual job site for the remainder of the one-year program, are part of a five-year nationwide experiment that is known as supported work. The Wildcat Service Corporation, like other nonprofit corporations set up to manage supported-work programs around the country, attempts to reach members of the American underclass and bring them back into the mainstream of society and the world of work. This experiment was supervised by the Manpower Demonstration Research Corporation, of Manhattan, which received much of its funding from the federal government and from foundations. Today, the members of BT-27 congregate in the lobby of the training center and complain about the previous Friday, when the building was so uncomfortably cold—despite the presence of three portable heaters—that they walked out in midafternoon. Wildcat officials told them they would be docked a day's pay. Now, on top of this threat, they can't get into the classrooms they are paid to learn in. The threat of lost pay, the cold classrooms, the waiting around for the center to open—all fuel the sense of exploitation they have had, in prison or on welfare or in their dealings with the "helping professions" that often dominate their lives and contribute to this sense of victimization.

"They want us to sit in the cold!" exclaims William Mason, usually the most easygoing of men. "I have a friend who told me they may lose their contract because they're not finding jobs for people," declares Carlos Rodriguez. "Maybe they're trying to get us out of here to sell the building," Leon Harris speculates. (The names of all the students have been changed.)

Howard Smith, their teacher for what is known as the life-skills class, arrives late, sniffling from a miserable cold. Like many of the twenty-two people who initially enrolled in BT-27, Smith is a black ex-convict and ex-addict who lived off the streets. Unlike most of his students, Smith has developed a conviction that an attitude he calls "the welfare mentality" enfeebles members of the underclass, and several weeks ago he asked the students to write a paper explaining what "the welfare mentality" meant to them.

After taking half an hour to calm them down and heat the tenth-floor classroom, Smith asks Gladys Miller, a twenty-eight-year-old former heroin addict, to present her paper. It reads, in part:

> The word "welfare" comes from a system that started centuries ago, but then it was called aid. Its purpose then was to help the poor and disable. Those that were able to work but didn't, were wipped or put in jail for three days with nothing but bread and water to eat.
>
> Today we have a system that has changed in form but not thinking. Its terrible that a system that started out helping, now takes more than it gives, like a person pride, self-respect and family unity.
>
> In the 60's instead of helping those on welfare, the employes helped themselves to very large amount of money. Then we have the recipient who decides to get more than just their bi-weekly rashing. Because we receive so little, most have a side hustle, which are all elegal. This means jail when caught and causes the breakup of familys.
>
> But who should get the blame for such a bad system? The system by a landslide. . . . Times have changed, prices are sky high, and the system still dates back to beging, trying the poor, given just enough to stay alive. . . .
>
> A mine is a terrible thing to waste. Welfare spelled backward means fare-wel to caring, respect, self being.

In a question period that follows, Gladys Miller continues to blame the system, not the individual, for welfare cheating. She asks, "How can we continue to go down there and get two or three food checks a month without them knowing?"

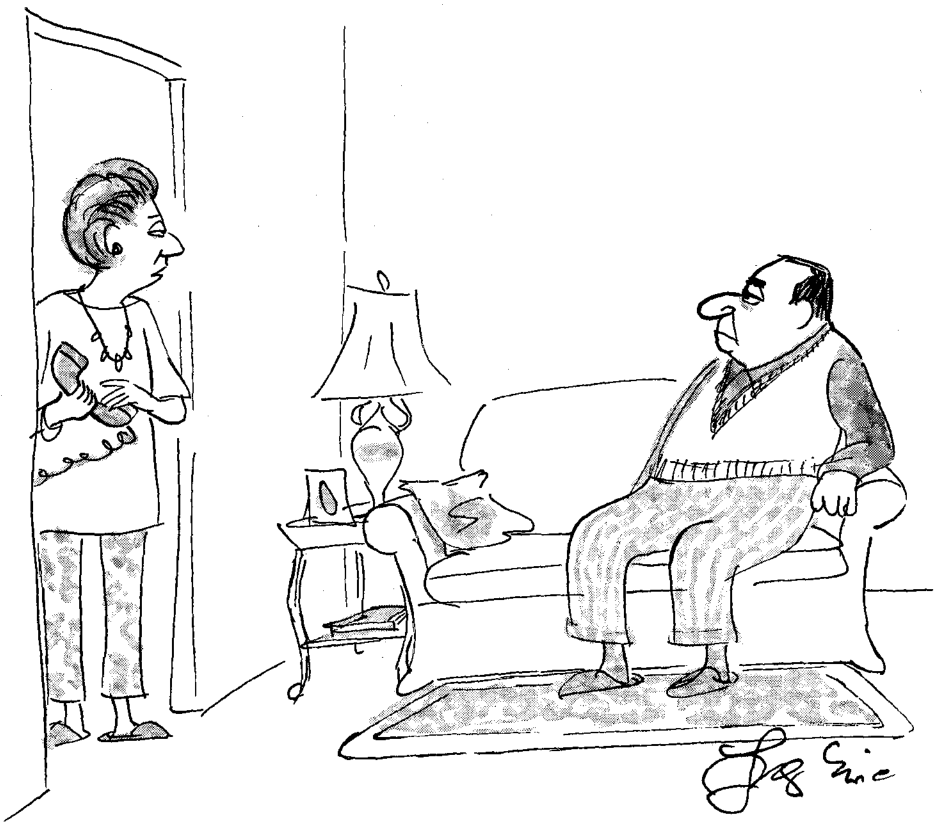
"Let me stop you there," Smith says. "Aren't we taking money out of taxpayers' pockets? Where does the money come from?"

"The government's going to take it anyway," says Ramon Lopez, a thirty-two-year-old ex-convict.

"I'm hearing two different things," Smith says, pointing up the contradiction between the system they complain is so loose it encourages fraud and yet so tight it provides inadequate support. "Which way do you want it?"

"It's a little of both," Gladys Miller says. "Can't I have both?"

"You say welfare treats you bad,"



"Heather and Mel Spelcher want us to come over just for the fun of it."

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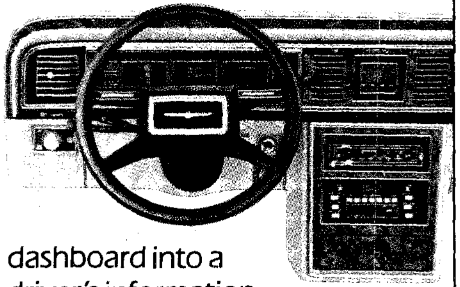

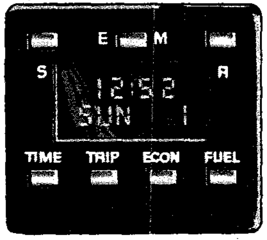

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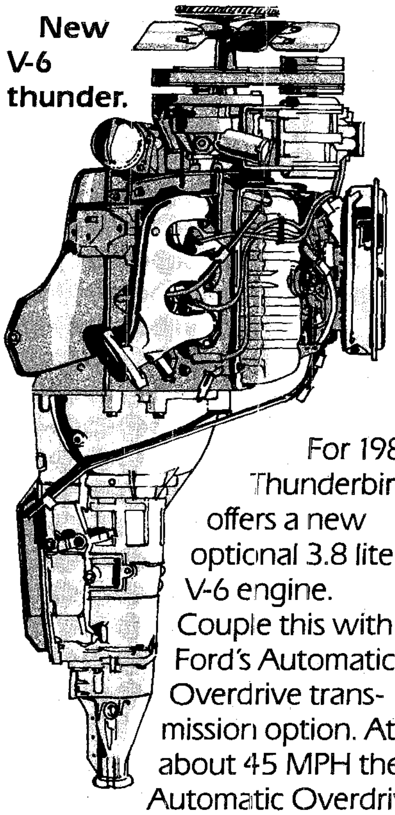

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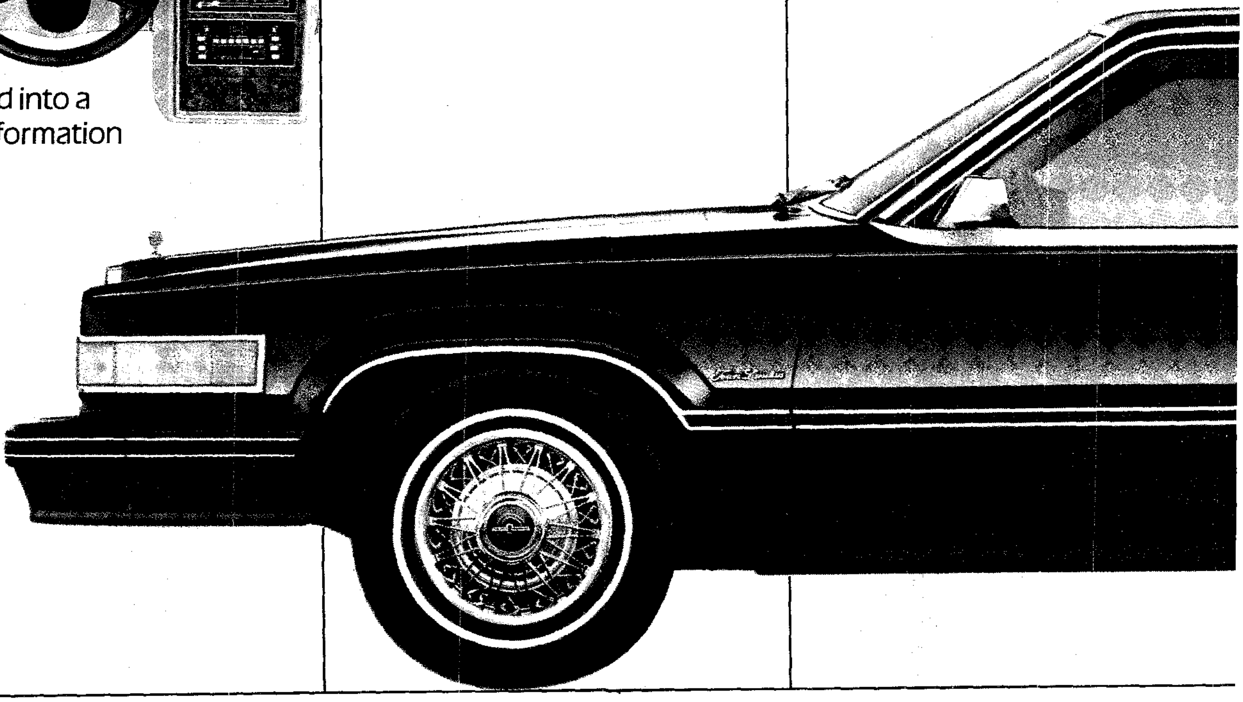

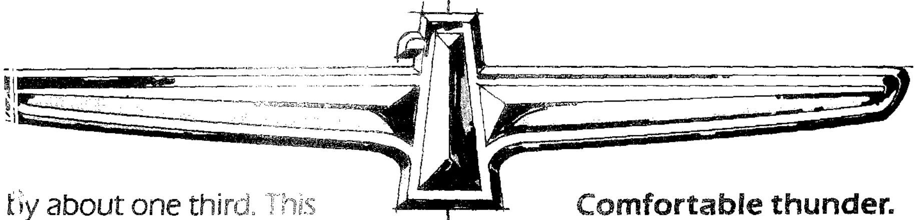

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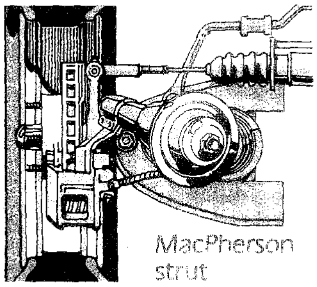

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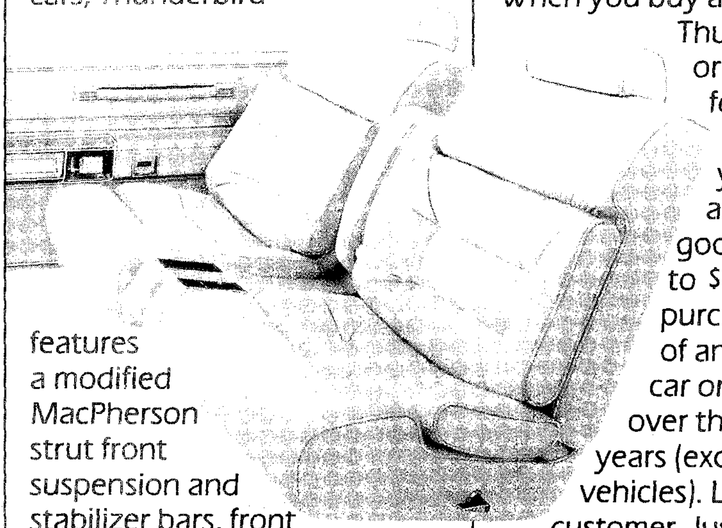

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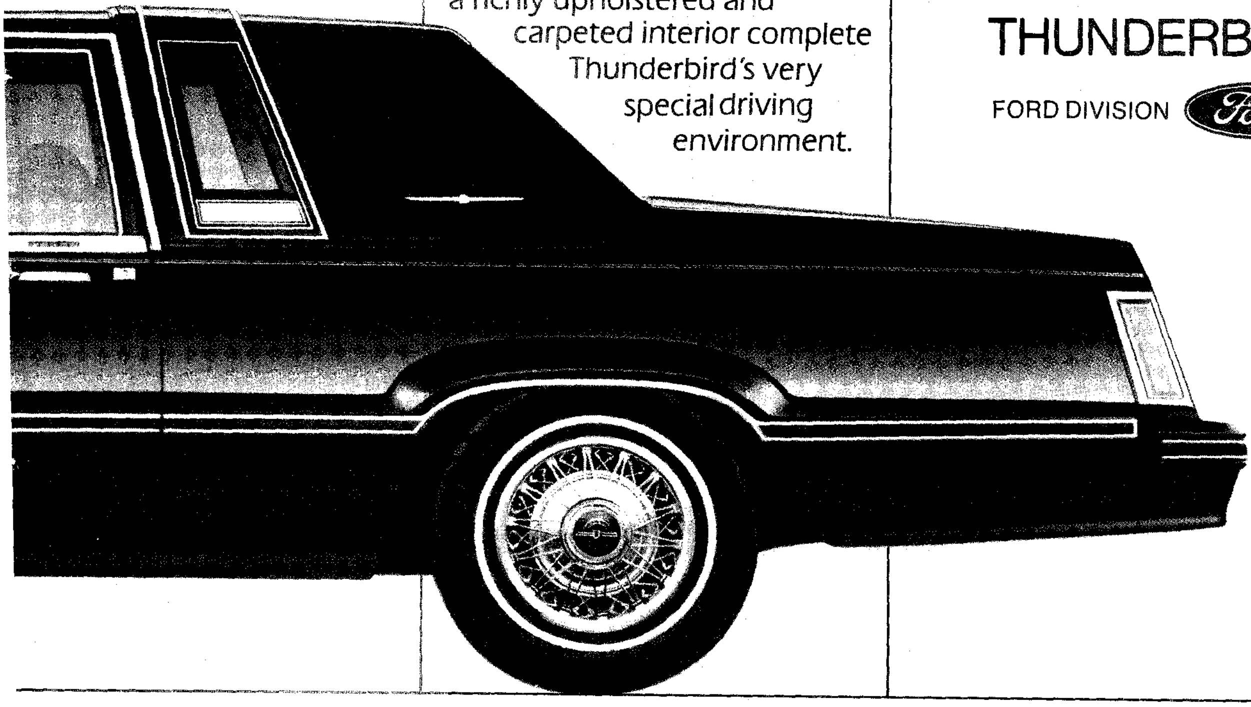

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Smith says. "Or is it because people feel bad?"

"I feel bad," Gladys Miller says. "But they still treat you bad."

"You can feel like you're one-hundred-per-cent self-sufficient," says William Mason, who, at thirty-seven, is the senior male member of the class. "But when you come out of there you feel like two cents."

"You lose self-respect," Gladys Miller says.

"It rips a man's integrity," says Timothy Wilson, who, at nineteen, is the youngest member of the class. "They have to know everything. They're always coming over to the house. Looking at this, looking at that."

Turning to other forms of subsidy in which the federal government is involved, Smith says, "You don't hear too many people screaming and hollering about farmers' subsidies or workmen's compensation. How come?"

"Working-class people have pride," says William Block, who is twenty-eight and has served two prison terms—one for manslaughter. "They work and provide for their family. They are productive people. They look at people on welfare who can't read or write. Society is not screaming about those that need help. What they're screaming about is when they come out for lunch and see a man walking up and down with a three-hundred-dollar radio. Some on welfare are making more than those working. You come home at night after working a whole day and you be worrying about getting pushed on the subway—you're mad."

Smith asks if anyone can offer a solution.

"A stricter screening of welfare recipients, for one thing," Block says. "Second, screen only those people you can give jobs. And, third, I think families in general should get back into religion. Put kids back into Sunday school."

Coming around to a theme he often brings up in class, Smith asks if Block is blaming the individual or the system.

"It's mostly the system, because if the system allows this, it will become a reality," Block says. He goes on to say that if ex-convicts are to lead stable lives they must have jobs, yet because they are ex-convicts many cannot find jobs, and he recounts his experience in applying for a job when he got out of prison in 1979: "They offered me a security-guard role. I said, 'I'm on parole.' They said, 'Next.' "

Block and many of his fellow supported workers realize that although they have been abused by the system, they have also exploited the system. And many of them have conflicting attitudes toward the system. Block says, "If you walk in a house and see a color TV, you know someone's stealing. If you walk down the street with a big radio blasting, you telling people you don't care." In the next breath, he says, "When you have a system that tells people it's all right to loaf . . ." Similarly, although black Americans vote overwhelmingly for liberal candidates, according to a recent Washington *Post*/ABC News national opinion survey, nearly half of all black adults—forty-seven per cent—take the more "conservative" position that "most blacks don't have the motivation or will power to pull themselves out of poverty." This response could be viewed in one of two ways: as a disturbing but understandable sign of self-hate or as a frank assessment of the damage done by welfare dependency.

Smith agrees that the welfare system often encourages cheating, and that welfare promotes idleness and "an unreal world" where work can become aberrant and bad habits are formed.

"Yes," Block says. "Prisons promote more idleness than anything else." Most of the people he served time with in jail did not have a high-school diploma or any skills. Block then tells of the five months he spent at a supported-work job before coming to the Wildcat Training Center. "I worked in the park," he says. "They put you in the park all by yourself. *He* says, 'You clean up,' and then he leaves. You pick up a few things, and then you lie in the grass. If I see a hundred people on welfare, I doubt whether five are trying to use that welfare ladder to escape."

The class breaks for lunch, and during the break Smith and I discuss the conflicting opinions held by a student like Block. "For the most part, the way I interpret it is that they recognize the negative aspects of welfare on an individual basis," he says. "But they feel, ultimately, it's the result of the system. They're saying, 'Hey, look, I know it's wrong. I know it's negative. I know what the middle class says. I understand that. But what you don't see is that it's not all the fault of the poor.' "

FOUR days later, eleven members of BT-27 are in the classroom at 9 A.M. to read their papers on the welfare mentality. Smith calls on Pearl Dawson, a forty-five-year-old woman who has had her troubles with two husbands, alcohol, a manslaughter conviction, and welfare. Somewhat nervously, she reads from her paper:

> Speaking as a member of the black race and not from books, newspapers, radio, T.V., or any other sources, these are my thoughts and feelings on the welfare system.
>
> 1. Welfare mentality. To me welfare mentality is the state of mind of a person having to depend on welfare to survive.
>
> 2. What does welfare do to a person? ...I do know that it takes something away from your pride. Not everyone wishes to be on welfare, but there comes a time (or a point in time) in one's life where there is no other choice.
>
> To the male, or I would like to think to most of them, it's a lowering of self-esteem. They seem to feel or fear a lack of respect from family and loved ones.
>
> To the female, it means a way of survival for their children when there's no father, and jobs are a rarity for untrained persons....
>
> 3. How does Welfare help financially? To be sure the amount of monies that is doled out is not sufficient for one person (not speaking of two or three) in a household....
>
> 4. Education. Another sore spot because the family on welfare usually cannot afford decent clothing, lunches, books, and other material things that a child should have in order not to feel ashamed or embarrassed to be seen in school. Therefore, many young children decides to heck with school, take to the streets and start them a hustle.... Does welfare have any good points? Welfare does have some self-defending points in that there are scores of people who are physically as well as mentally unable to work, and without the little dole could not make it at all. But the bad part of it is that people have to go through so much hell to even get that meager handout.

At nine-forty-five, two more members of the class arrive—Jerome Patterson, who prefers to be called Mohammed, and John Painter. As they take their seats, Carlos Rodriguez, who is nineteen, and who always sits beside Pearl, approaches the lectern. He reads:

> The so-called welfare mentality is a belief or mental picture held in common which is based not necessarily on the truth or facts. Unfortunately, welfare is generally used in a very narrow sense to refer to the unfortunates at the bottom of the economic ladder. (THE POOR) Those who are sometimes called the Welfare Bums. So when we use a term like welfare mentality we are using a stereotype, in the same way we use a stereotype if we refer to a Female Mentality, a Puertoriquen Mentality, a Negro Mentality, or even a Homosexual Mentality. So we cannot refer to such ideas as a Welfare Mentality because in fact it is a stereotype.... This is a good example of Blaming the Victim.

"You hit a few buttons there," Timothy Wilson says, offering congratulations. Smith then asks if Rodriguez agrees with a statement Pearl Dawson made in an earlier class, to the effect that many women have more children to qualify for more welfare.

"There are women who have more children in order to stay on welfare," Rodriguez says.

"Do you think the child is affected as he grows up?" Smith asks.

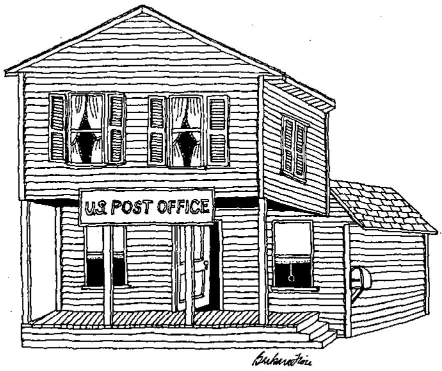
"Yes."

"Why?" Smith asks.

" 'Cause she doesn't take care of the child," Rodriguez responds.

Smith asks if that characterization is a stereotype.

"A stereotype is to say, like, all Puerto Ricans eat rice and beans," Rodriguez says. "Or all teachers are dumb." The class breaks into laughter.



Smith asks, "So what stereotype is not true?"

"That they're lazy and irresponsible and like to hang around," Rodriguez says. "That's not true. Many people on welfare need that aid."

William Penn, who is twenty-three and has spent a couple of years in prison for various offenses, enters the room at nine-fifty-five. Taking no notice, Smith calls on Mohammed, who lifts his head from the desk to say he does not have his paper.

After Denise Brown, an attractive twenty-eight-year-old who is on parole, reads her paper, Smith once again brings up the question of various kinds of government subsidies. Seeking to broaden the class's frame of reference and to reduce their sense of victimization, he asks, "Who receives welfare in America?"

"Farmers," William Penn says.

"Unemployment insurance," Denise Brown says.

"Workmen's compensation is another form of welfare," Smith says. He asks where the programs under the Comprehensive Employment and Training Act (CETA) fit in.

"Same soup, different bowl," says John Hicks, a sometimes defiant ex-convict who is the only married member of BT-27.

Smith asks if the decline of small farms and the movement of people from rural areas to cities might have anything to do with welfare.

"We are more dependent on the system than people like that," Denise Brown says of rural people. "They had food. They didn't worry about housing, because they'd chop down their trees and build it."

"We all moved here to the city looking for this manufacturing," Ramon Lopez says. "I don't know. I think too many of us came at the same time. Can't find job. I don't know—maybe some of us are dumb. Now we're stuck here."

Next, Smith asks how American communities have changed over the years.

"In my neighborhood, when I was young there was always the Boy Scouts and an older person to take you to play ball," says Penn, sounding much older than his twenty-three years. "It's not a community no more. I hear babies four and five talking words even I don't use. That's what they're looking up to."

"When I was growing up, the

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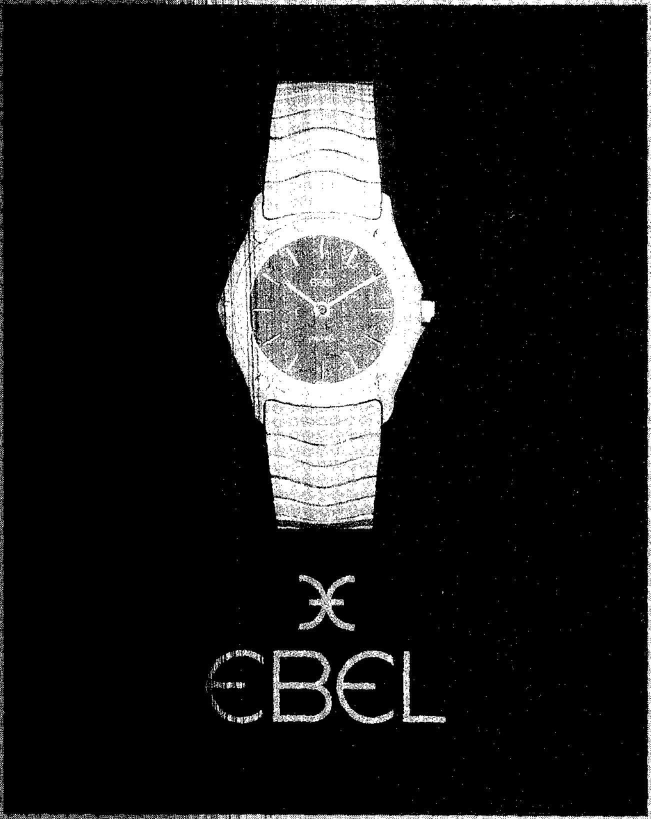

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church member helped you if you were sick," Block says. "This way, you kept your dignity. Now, with the playacting and lying for the welfare system, you lose your dignity. Kids see it as 'Get what you can.' "

Hope Parker, a former addict who rarely says a word in life skills, enters at 11 A.M., taking her seat as William Mason says, "When I was incarcerated, the church took care of my family."

"Kids now at a disadvantage," says John Painter, who is twenty and is on parole for armed robbery. "You have thirty-five to forty in a class. When I was a kid, we had some teachers who were friends. Now teachers wouldn't think of visiting your apartment and talking to your mother in Bedford-Stuyvesant."

Again, Smith asks how neighborhoods have changed.

"No trust," says Penn. "My mother's still in the same place where I was born. The door was always open. If you leave the door open now, you better be ready."

"Used to be you could have a fight—didn't mean you hated the guy," John Painter says. "Now it's a one-punch fight before someone shoots you. It didn't use to be where the guy would try to kill you."

"Little kids, twelve, thirteen years old, say, 'I slice your throat, turkey,' " Timothy Wilson says. "Another thing that changed is traditional pride. I grew up all around the whole racial thing. You know, 'Black is beautiful'—I forget the dude's name who said it. There was pride. Nowadays, they're never satisfied. Always looking for more. When I was a kid, I was proud to have a pair of shoes."

Willy Joe, a good-natured twenty-four-year-old ex-addict who has spent several years in prison and drug-treatment centers, enters at 11:25 A.M. As Joe makes his way to a chair, John Barnes, who teaches reading, vocabulary, and math at Wildcat and sometimes sits in on the life-skills class, asks, "What effect do the media have on this change?"

"When you were younger, you didn't think of TV," says Leon Harris, a twenty-nine-year-old ex-convict who says he sometimes earned two to three thousand dollars a day as a stick-up man. "It was no influence. You may have heard of drugs or killing, but you didn't see it. It was cops and robbers. But as you grew up and watched this on TV, people started to act it out."

By the time the class period ends, at one o'clock, eleven of the sixteen people enrolled have read their "welfare mentality" papers, and Smith asks Pearl Dawson to collect the papers. He also announces that, beginning the following week, the life-skills class will concentrate on practical questions concerning jobs, discuss the various occupational choices that may be open to them, and learn how to write letters and act on job interviews.

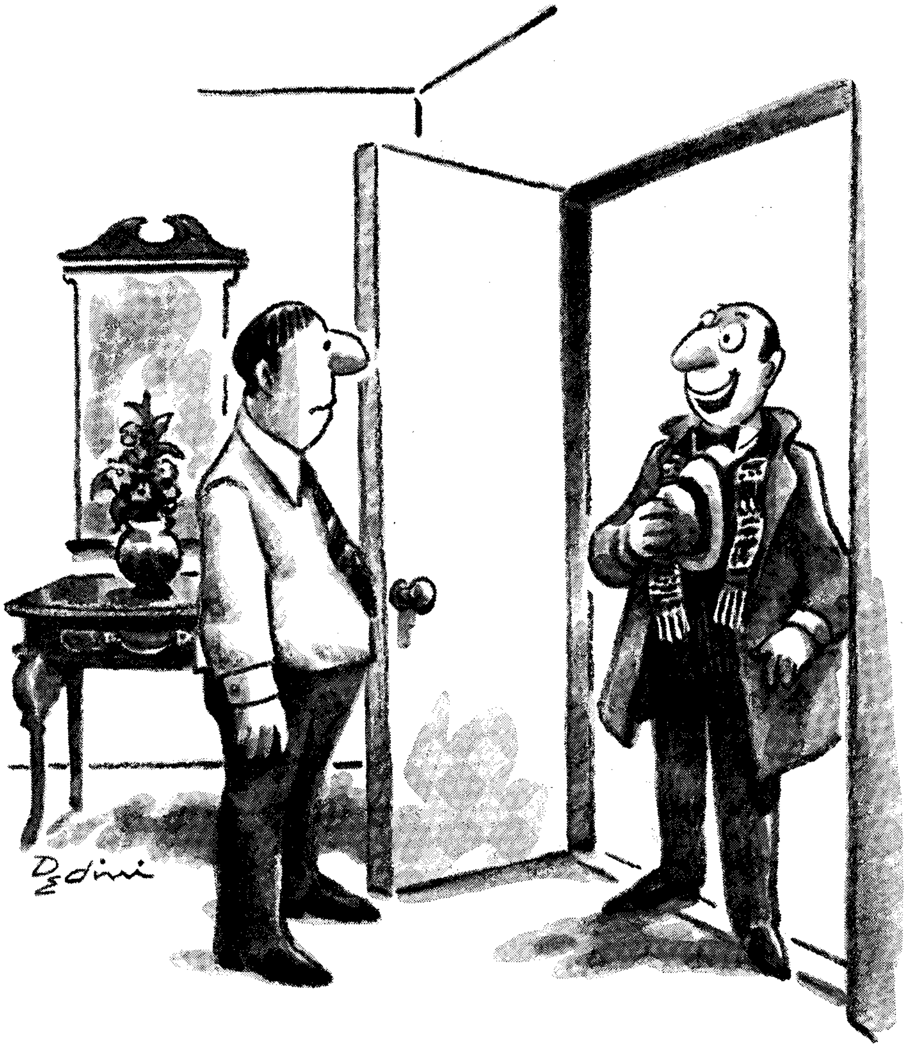
DURING another life-skills class, Smith pursues the question of social conformity and racial assimilation by singling out Jerome Patterson, who began to call himself Mohammed when, in prison, he became a convert to the Nation of Islam. Smith says, "I hope I'm not being too personal, but do you think Mohammed's religion will be a problem as he pursues his vocational goals? Knowing what you know about our system, do you think we as Americans, as a society, have really matured and grown up so we're tolerant of life styles? Will a family from Middle America have trouble accepting Mohammed?"

"It depends on the individual," says William Penn, the only other member of BT-27 who has embraced the Muslim faith, and who sometimes goes by the name Akim. "If Mohammed is good, he will be accepted beyond a shadow of a doubt."

"You will have a problem, because you have two forces," Mohammed says. "More you stand up for truth, more you have the forces of falsehood."

"If you be dealing with truth, you keep going," Penn responds.

"Playing devil's advocate, I'm a little confused," Smith breaks in. "From my own experiences in the penitentiary, I'm aware of prejudice against those following the Islamic faith. Everything's fine, no hassles, as long as you went along in prison. But when they got out, Muslims encountered problems. My question is: In terms of the economic structure and the work-



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ing world, what's happening with the Muslim there?"

"He'll always have problems," Leon Harris says.

"And let's be fair," Smith interjects. "Those prejudices are not just of whites. I know lots of black men prejudiced against Muslims."

John Painter agrees, saying, "Average Muslim, his co-workers will have animosity because of his religion."

Harris concurs. "A lot of people on the job no like Muslim because he speaks out," he says. "In the penitentiary, Sunni Muslims never liked because they were militant." He goes on to say that they argued with other prisoners about what they ate.

Smith says, "That same Muslim who gave me hell in the penitentiary for eating pork—guess who I saw eating pork on the street when I got out. That same Muslim."

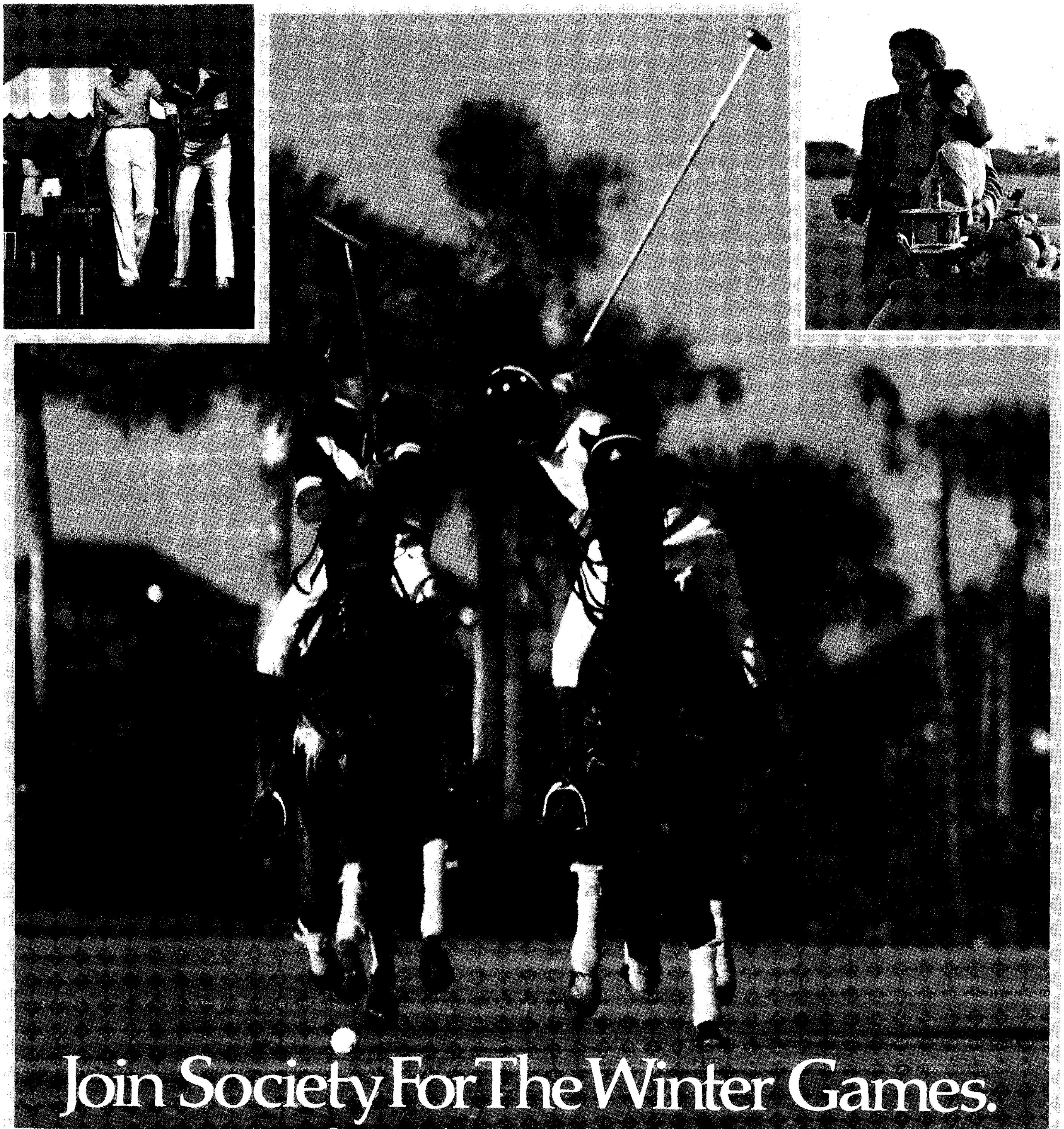
Muslims used to call the white man "a blue-eyed devil," Penn says, but they no longer peddle that message, and yet whites are still afraid of them. "So once you say you a Muslim, they get scared," he adds. "They shouldn't, but what I'm saying is that people don't accept them as having changed. When you say Muslim on your application, first thing guy thinks is you no like whitey. You a militant."

"I heard Mohammed say he doesn't like to wear a tie," says John Barnes, who is again sitting in on the class. "But at some point we have to talk assimilation. The only way you will not have a problem is if you play the game and convince white folks you don't hate them. I play the game. I wear a tie. I come to work on time. I let the quality of my work speak for me. A tie is just something around my neck." He continues, "We tend to do the opposite—to let them know we're here!" Barnes says that's wrong, because "a person can be accepted in his life style if he puts forth a conscious effort to be assimilated," and adds, "After five o'clock, I become something else. Between nine and five, what's on the inside can't be altered."

But such an effort can "take its toll on you," John Painter says, half insinuating that Barnes is an Uncle Tom, half questioning whether Barnes is not right.

Smith asks Painter, "How do you feel playing the game?"

"If the man says requirement is shirt and tie and no drinking, he's telling you the requirement before you take the job," Painter responds. "The



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only way I feel it's right is if you are told ahead of time.”

Mohammed has another concern. “What I mean about wearing a tie, see, I come from Bed-Stuy, and in my community if you wear a tie it causes a lot of jealousy.”

“Who is it you're obligated to—yourself or Bed-Stuy?” John Barnes asks.

“I'm hearing contradictory things here,” Smith says. “Isn't that a form of assimilation and ‘playing the game’ when you wear the dress code of a community?”

“Clothes don't make it, you do,” Mohammed says. “I don't like ties, 'cause I feel like I'm choking.” But Mohammed has another practical problem. He is in the process of legally abandoning the name Jerome Patterson. “I can walk around calling myself Popeye,” he says. “Name isn't what counts. It insults me to call myself Jerome Patterson. My mother called me Jerry. But Patterson, I don't know where it comes from.” He does not know who his father was. When he was released from prison in 1979, his Muslim name and the cap that many Black Muslims wear were proud badges of honor. Nevertheless, he is convinced that they have hindered his efforts to find work. He says that prospective employers have taken just one look at his cap and his name and decided against hiring him. “They said, ‘We'll call you,’ ” he tells the class. “I thought I had the job. They never called. My friends said, ‘You should have waited until you got in there.’ The name makes no difference to me, 'cause once in there I am what I am.” But he knows that it makes a difference to some employers, and is torn between his convictions and his common sense.

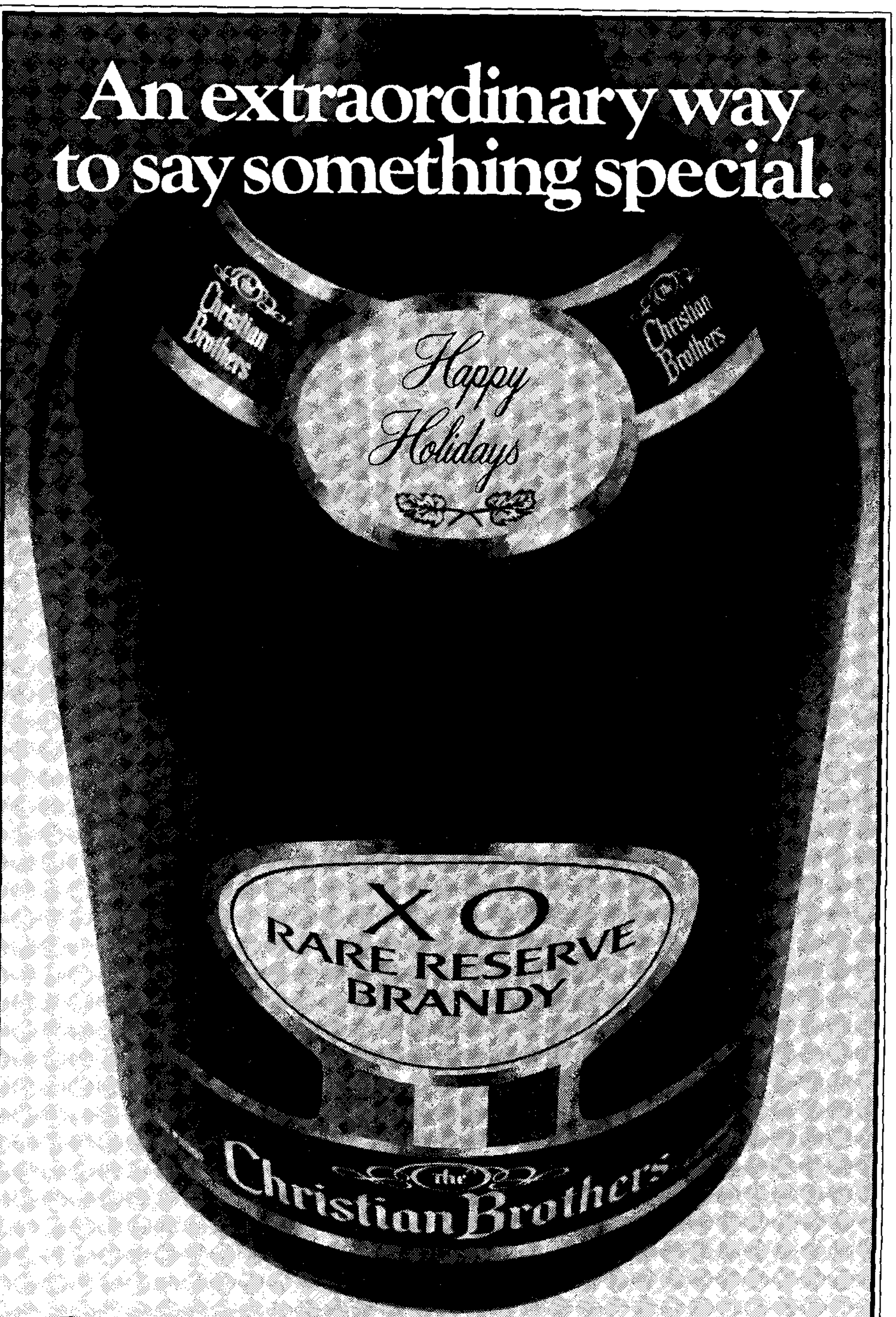
Practical compromises are required, John Barnes says, because progress is being made by black Americans. “Harlem is no more dangerous than Madison Avenue,” he asserts. “You can walk through streets and it's like an oasis. Harlem is going through a renaissance.”

“It didn't look like that to me last weekend,” Painter says disdainfully.

Barnes repeats the claim, and says that several friends of his have taken out loans to buy Harlem brownstones.

“You gonna put some thirty-thousand-dollar house on Lenox Avenue and a Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street and some ‘niggers’ gonna knock it down,” Painter says.

Smith sides with Barnes, saying, “It



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seems to be a trend. I know that most of my friends would love to get a brownstone."

"People are just not gonna be intimidated any longer," Barnes adds.

"We can't move out to Long Island," Painter counters. "You let them move up to Harlem. You think that won't be a hustler's paradise?"

"Thing you got to know is economics," Barnes says. "Bankers won't pour money into a bag with a hole in it."

"They're gonna give to middle-class blacks like you, John," Painter says.

"That's right!" Barnes answers.

Smith's argument is that there has been economic and racial progress, and that striving is worthwhile, because blacks can succeed. South Philadelphia, near where he's from, is experiencing a renaissance. "Some of the blacks who lived there held two jobs in order to get out," he says. "Others, who worked equally hard, stayed behind and restored their homes. Now the area is fashionable, and they no longer want to leave."

Painter's main point is that blacks are victimized by racism. "The difference between Harlem and South Philly is that you said people in South Philly worked hard," he says. "People in Harlem are not working. They're on welfare. They're not looking to go nowhere. The Jews came to Harlem. They left. The Italians came to Harlem. They left. The Irish came to it. They left. The blacks came to Harlem. They're still there. I'd like to see a white man move to Eighth Avenue and a Hundred and Sixteenth Street. They'd look at that white man and say, 'Let's get him.' Just like it was in Queens. Black man move to Rosedale, Queens, and he gets his house bombed. Not 'cause of money. 'Cause he's black. Ain't supposed to be out here, he don't know nobody here, if he yells no one will hear him. So they rob him." Painter curses, and is quickly upbraided by William Penn, who says, "Watch your mouth. Mohammed is here."

Painter looks over at Mohammed and apologizes.

The discussion shifts to how blacks feel about whites.

"In Comstock prison, I got close to a white dude," Penn says. "Very close. He was in for a murder charge." But the friendship collided with prison custom: in the courtyard and the cafeteria, blacks were expected to gather with blacks, whites with whites, His-

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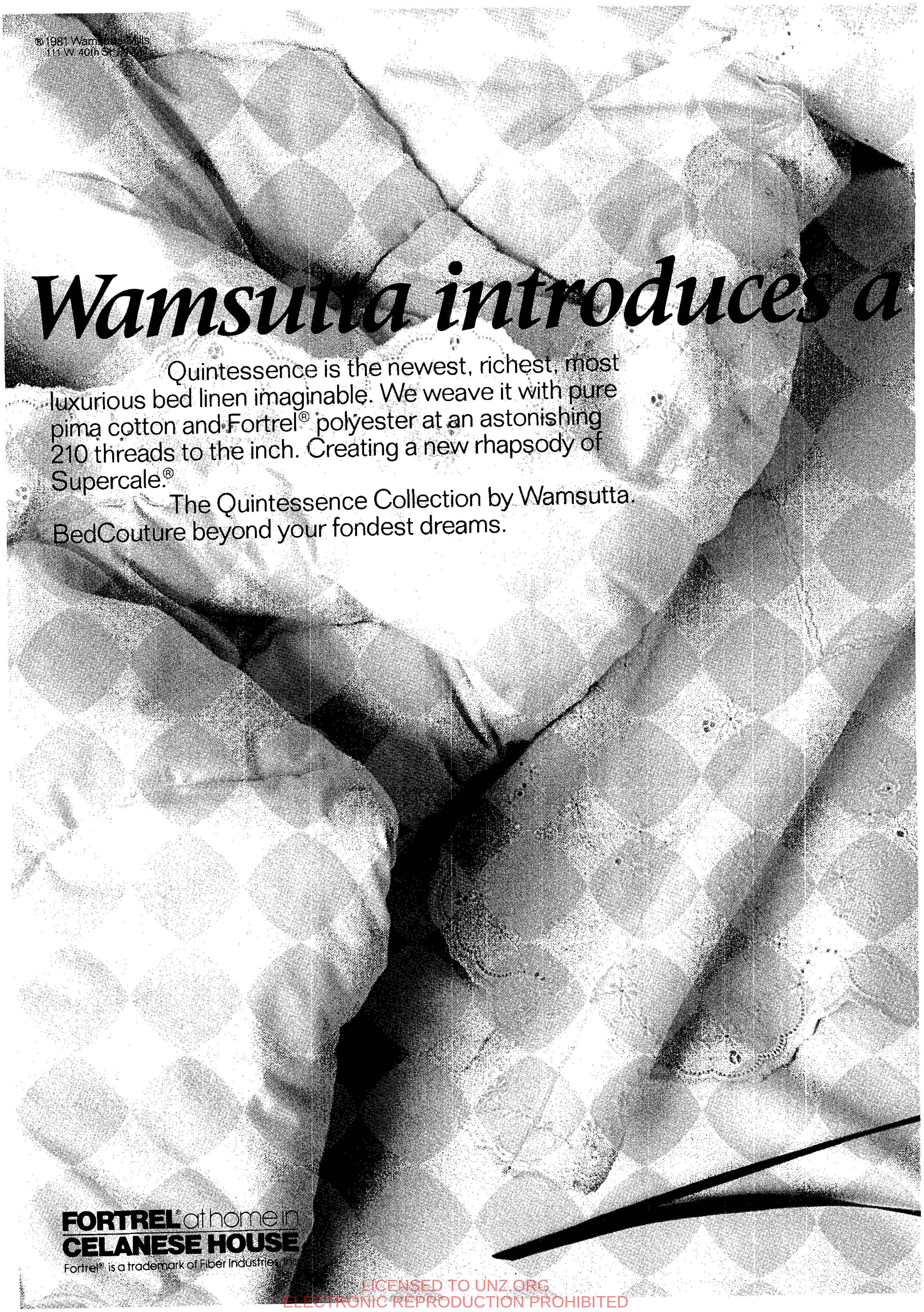

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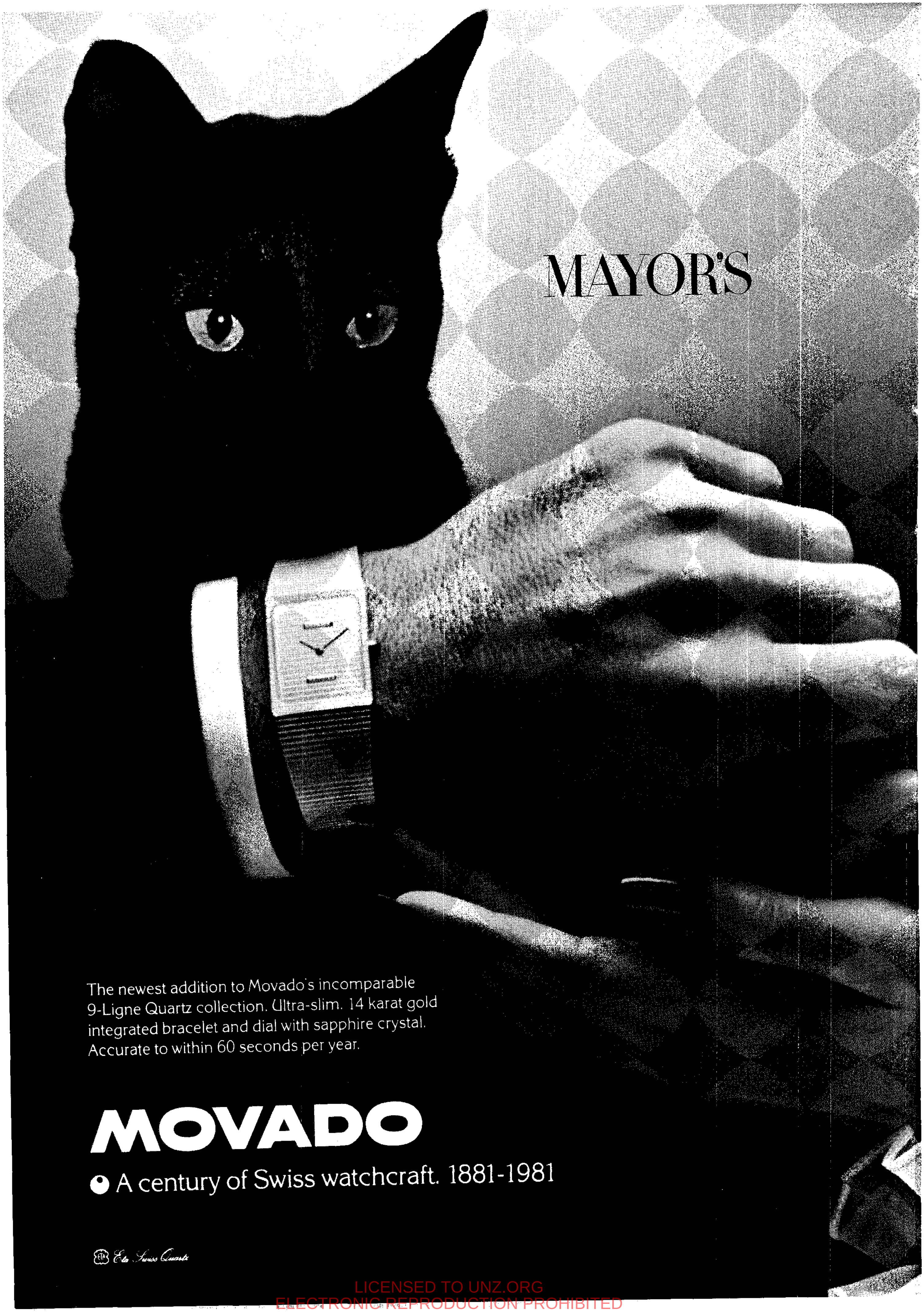

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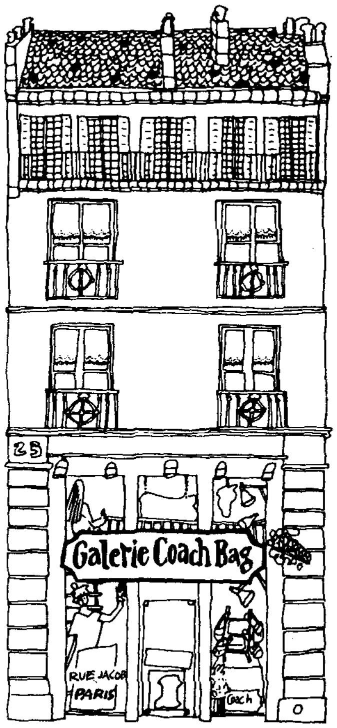
panics with Hispanics. "I couldn't go over there and he couldn't come over here."

"You can only be so tight with a white boy," Painter says, explaining that if he took me to a playground in Harlem "they wouldn't hurt you," because "you was with me." He continues, "But they'd tell me and you to get out of here. They can know somebody white and like him. But as a whole they say, 'I hate white people.' "

"John, it took me a long time not to resent Jews—I learned they got it up here," says John Barnes, pointing to his head. "What we got to learn is that when a brother gets up a business on a Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street we got to look out for him."

The conversation stretches on, with opinions, resentments, random experiences, and stereotypes exchanged in a good-natured way. A white person who did not know these people might feel threatened, but their resentments and bigotries seem impersonal. (The black poet Amiri Baraka recently said, "Even as I spouted ideas that could be called anti-Semitic, I did not think I hated specific Jews.") These jumbled feelings are perhaps best expressed by Willy Joe, who says, "Most black people don't like whites 'cause of past experience with slavery. We still have slavery in Pittsburgh, I heard. They have auctions for slaves. I heard this from a girl. I don't have no prejudice against no race. Whatever problems I have with somebody, I don't generalize. If I have a fight with a Chinese person, I'm just mad at that person."

THOSE who successfully complete the ten-week BT-27 course will receive a certificate and go on to a twenty-week course called advanced office practices. During the two weeks before the ten-week cutoff, a number of changes take place in BT-27. Mohammed announces that he will be married. The class is invited to the ceremony, at a Bronx church. (Only William Mason attended the wedding, which was scheduled to begin at 4 P.M. but did not get under way until 8 P.M.) For the first time, Hope Parker volunteers to read something in the life-skills class. William Mason's brother, who has been robbed and stabbed, is taken off the critical list. His nineteen-year-old sister is arrested for fighting with a cop. Because of poor attendance and drinking problems, John Hicks and William Penn are dismissed from the training school and



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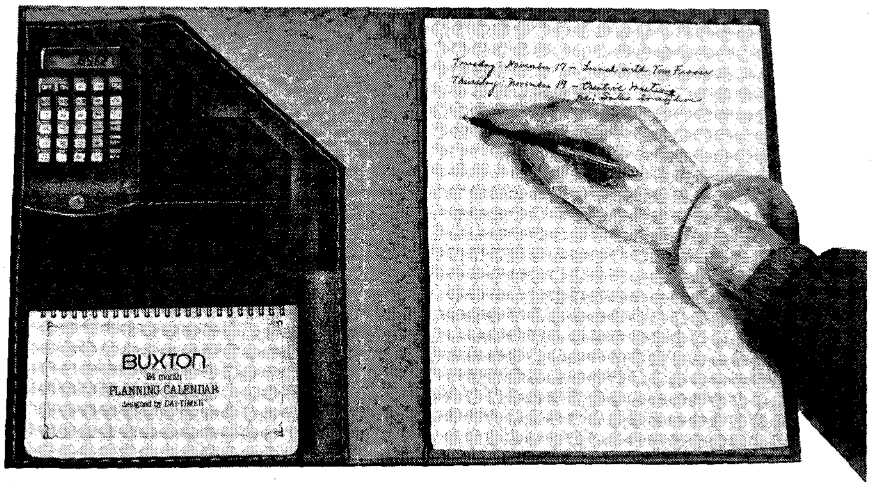

From Buxton: the Fiorello top grain leather Cal-Q-Pad, with an 8½x11" bound pad, slimline calculator with dual memory, automatic metric conversions and a continuous-storage programmable currency conversion. And a removable two-year calendar diary. To make the Cal-Q-Pad simply a natural extension of your office. 90.00. Small Leather Goods.
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DAYTON'S

return to their jobs to complete their year of supported work.

On this Friday, the day the members of the class are to either receive a certificate stating that they have successfully completed ten weeks of training or be dismissed from school, only ten of them arrive on time. Smith starts by informing them that on Monday four new students will join their class, and urges them to be helpful and serve as role models.

The members of BT-27 listen, but obviously their minds are elsewhere—on their fear of failure.

"What happens to those who fail?" William Mason asks Smith.

They report back to the Wildcat operations division, Smith says, and if their Wildcat job is still open they get it back. If not, Wildcat will try to find another job for the remainder of their year of supported work.

Everyone is nervous. The class members know that after lunch today they may be rejected—may be back on the street, may go back to welfare or crime. Smith encourages their insecurity in order to enhance the worth of the ten-week certificate. Acting as if this might be the final day for all of them, he solemnly begins the morning session by asking everyone to write an essay evaluating the life-skills class. He hands out blank paper and departs. Groans and whines fill the air. Everybody is bored with these written exercises. "I just hate this class! I hate it!" Hope Parker explodes.

Many class members spend the next hour or so ignoring Smith's assignment. John Painter ponders a book of crossword puzzles. Ramon Lopez reads the sports section of the paper. Leon Harris borrows Willy Joe's backgammon set. Willy Joe sleeps. Hope Parker stares straight ahead.

When Smith returns, he asks Painter, whose pen has not touched the paper, to present his composition, and Painter ad-libs, in the voice of Howard Cosell, "Life is a big life-skills class, and when you are writing about life skills you are writing about yourself."

Smith calls on Hope Parker, who says, "Life skills to me in the last ten weeks was really hell. It reminds me of group therapy."

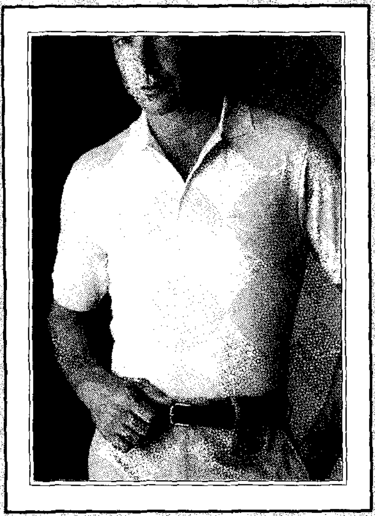
Gladys Miller dissents, saying, "It taught me to speak out in group discussions."

Carlos Rodriguez chimes in, saying, "I feel much better about myself."

Pearl Dawson praises the class, but

Alan Flusser, noted men's designer, nominee for both the 1981 Coty and Cutty Sark Awards, and best-selling author, discusses N-M's introduction of his latest design:

N-M: When you decided to launch your own knit shirt, what were your guiding considerations?



THE *Gentleman's* COTTON KNIT

Alan Flusser, author of "Making The Man" discusses making the shirt.

Flusser: It had to be the best available cotton lisle knit shirt on the market at an affordable price.

N-M: Why cotton lisle?
Flusser: Cotton mesh has much more of an active feeling — cotton lisle is considered to be more suitable for leisure — a "Gentleman's shirt". It has a finer hand and a silkier feel. The yarn we chose is long-staple Egyptian cotton — of a quality that is rarely seen in this country.

N-M: You are known as a designer with a consummate eye for color. Since color selection is so important in a knit shirt, how did you choose this particular range?

Flusser: I wanted this to be a renaissance of the kind of shirt that was a staple of a man's sportswear wardrobe in the 30's and 40's — so the colors were actually selected from cotton lisle shirts of that period. Of course, the styling has been updated to appeal to contemporary tastes. No man today wants a loose unfitted sleeve, for instance. That's how they were made, back then.

N-M: Since you chose not to display your own name or logo, what are the differences between your shirt and competitor's?
Flusser: Because of the superior yarn, ours shrinks less, fades less, and retains its shape better than many of our competitor's. Since these shirts see many washings and dryings, all these things are important. A man wants his shirt to look comfortable, not shabby.
On the subject of logos — I think your own monogram is a nice way of personalizing your shirt. Keep the lettering simple, the initials no more than 1/4 inch high. In a way, it's like designing your own shirt.

The Gentleman's Knit Shirt in red, navy, yellow, lavender, white, pink, cadet blue, khaki, kelly, natural, peach, wine, royal blue, orange, raspberry, aqua, silver or black, 32.50.

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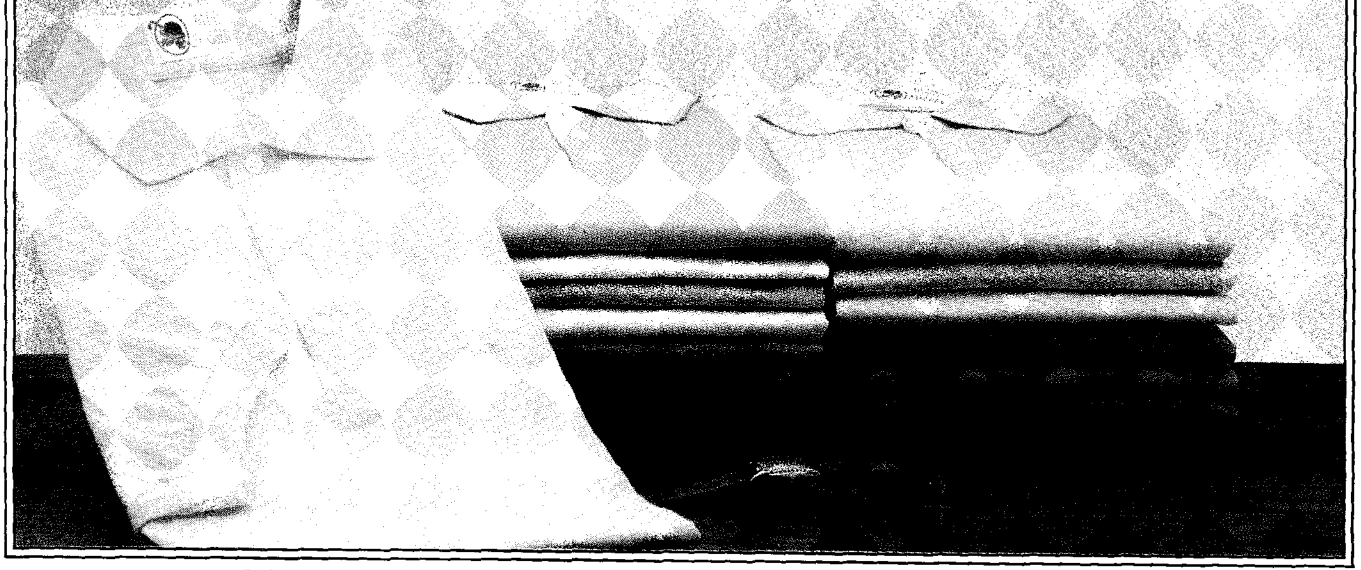
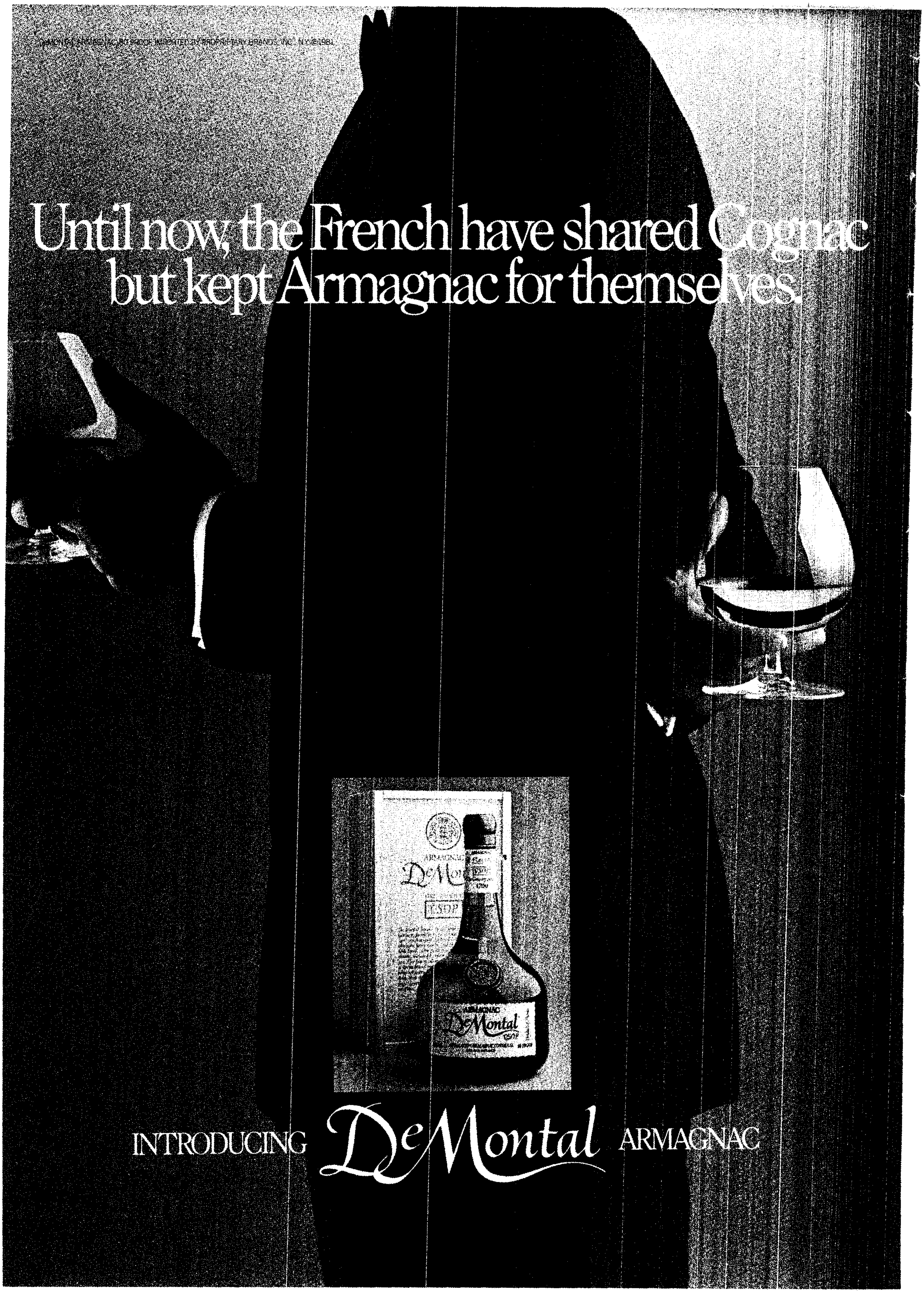


Dallas, Fort Worth, Houston, Bal Harbour, Atlanta, Washington, D.C., White Plains, N.Y., St. Louis, Northbrook, Il., Oak Brook, Il., Beverly Hills, Newport Beach, San Diego, Las Vegas.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says that "the class time is too long" and that the class "has a tendency to get boring." Something else is on Pearl Dawson's mind. She is disturbed by journalists and others who refer to supported workers as "ex-convicts" and "ex-welfare mothers."

But isn't she an ex-welfare mother?

"That's what the program is, but the way the words come out—it comes out cold," she says.

How should they be described?

She says they should be described as "ex-welfare mothers and ex-convicts who are trying to help themselves."

Pearl Dawson's comments trigger a discussion about a shared feeling that supported workers are victims of stereotypes.

"As far as I'm concerned, Wildcat has a bad name," Timothy Wilson says. "It's a dead end. All people who are ex-cons, when they go look for a job they're looked down upon."

Smith asks why Wildcat has a bad name.

"A lot of people on the job site are high on drugs," Wilson says, adding that Wildcat sounds like a place for wildcats.

"We don't want to be labelled," Gladys Miller says.

"For me, I like it, 'cause it takes my mind off negative things," Ramon Lopez says.

Denise Brown says, "I became more relaxed in this atmosphere."

"I still don't dig it," Leon Harris says, and he turns to Smith and asks him to evaluate the class members.

"When I think of BT-27 in terms of evaluation, I think of the first week," Smith says. "I remember there were sometimes not enough seats to go around. Now look around." The class has shrunk from twenty-two members to fourteen now, and there are only ten people here this morning. "I remember how positive everyone sounded during the first discussion in life skills," Smith continues. "How determined they were. I think about some of the most positive statements coming from people who are no longer here." Those, he says, were people who couldn't cope with the stress of organized life: the regulations, coming to work on time, the orders from supervisors. Turning Harris's question around, Smith mentions that eight members of the class—more than a third of those enrolled in the Wildcat program to date—have already been dismissed, and asks, "Why do you

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think a large percentage of the class dropped by the wayside?"

"They really didn't want to come to school," Harris says. "They felt more comfortable at the job site."

Why? Because it was a habit?

"It was comfortable," Harris says. "Maybe some were able to get away with things there they can't do here."

"I feel that a good percentage come here who are not serious," Timothy Wilson says. "They don't want to change. They couldn't deal with coming to school, and a lot of people had a defeatist attitude. Maybe they could do it, but they copped out. I said, 'Me, I'm going to make it.' A lot of people wanted to hang out at lunch break and smoke dope."

Smith asks why the eight people who left the training center did not resign but waited to be dismissed.

"A lot of people like to feed themselves rationales," Wilson says.

"I feel if you can't make it here, you can't make it outside," Mason says.

"Bill expressed our philosophy," Smith says. "If you can't make it here, you can't make it outside. We know that, no matter how good the class, if you can't get punctuality and attendance together you won't make it outside. Outside, you're always going to have to deal with something. It may be personality problems or personal problems. Do you always stay home every time you feel a cold coming on? Out there in the real world, that doesn't work."

Maybe the individual lacks skills, Ramon Lopez says, and is "used to so many years of laying up and doing nothing." He goes on, "Maybe coming here and sitting here, he can't cope with it. He's not used to doing something. He doesn't have a routine of doing things as other natural people do who have done it all the time."

Smith is intent on driving home a point. If you don't like the situation here, he asks, how do you get out?

"Go to Sally," Harris says. He is referring to Sally Grueskin, who is Wildcat's assistant vice-president for training and the director of the training center.

"But I got a problem with that," Smith says. "It's like I can't deal with it. It's almost like saying, 'I can't make it.' What's my way out?"

Talk to a social worker, Rodriguez suggests.

"O.K., he wants to know what I want out of life," Smith says. "I tell him, 'Man, I need a little time to get my thing together.' He takes twenty minutes. He tells me how important confidence is, to talk to myself."

"I know a lot of people say they want to get off welfare and get a job," Harris says. "But you never hear of them going for a job."

"I have a brother like that," Hope Parker says. "He says he wants a job. But he refuses to go out there and skimp and scrub to get it. I say, 'What you expect to get?' He says, 'I ain't working for no hundred and five dollars a week.' I say, 'You ain't getting nothing for nothing.' "

"People give up," Mason says.

Smith asks Willy Joe for an opinion.

"I'm tired," Joe says, lifting his head slowly from the table. "I didn't get much rest last night. I haven't been here. My head's somewhere else."

Smith persists, again asking Joe why people give up.

"It could be because personal problems keep holding them back," Joe says.

Smith asks if alcohol has been a problem in BT-27.

"Yes," Wilson says.

"Marijuana, too," Lopez adds.

"I wouldn't say alcohol or marijuana," Mason says. "I would say it is the individual himself."

"The individual can make excuses, but his problems are really his own fault," Lopez agrees.

"We often lose fifty per cent of our classes, but we've never discontinued a class," Smith says. "Once, we had a class where a hundred per cent went on. Once, a class got together for one person who was shaky and applied peer pressure."

"It happened here," Harris says, glancing toward Mason. "It happened to me right here." Harris and Mason slap each other's palms, classmates smile, and Smith picks up a stack of graded evaluations from their teachers to distribute. He asks them to study the grades and return from lunch promptly at two o'clock.

Willy Joe stays behind, eyes fixed on the grade he received in typing—a failing grade.

I ask if the grade is a fair one.

"She's right," he says of the typing teacher. He admits that his typing speed dropped from twenty-one words a minute to fourteen because he wasn't concentrating.

Why? And where were his thoughts when Smith called on him in class?

"Last night, I had an argument with my old lady," he says. "I was deciding whether we should split up, 'cause for the nine months we're together it doesn't seem like she really

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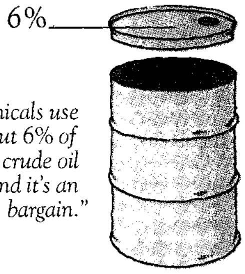

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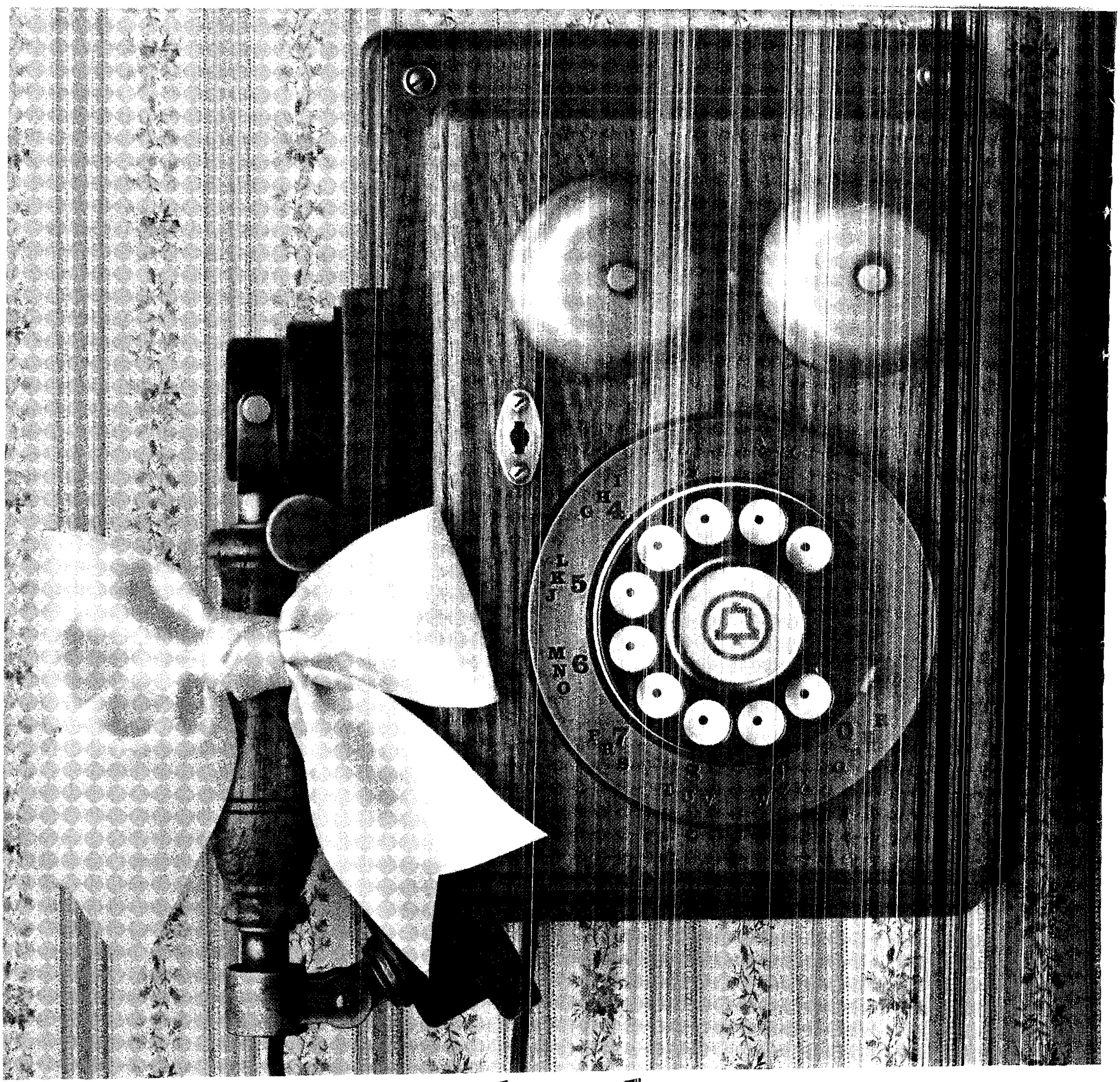

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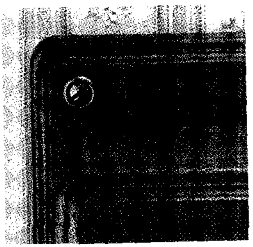

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learn anything or want to do anything. I told her I can't deal with it anymore. I'm putting too much energy into it, and nothing succeeds." He's convinced that he won't receive a diploma this afternoon.

Now twenty-four, Willy Joe has been on drugs, in jail, on welfare; he has bounced from job to job; he has a son he'd like to see who lives somewhere in Trenton, and a woman at home he no longer wants to see. Outwardly, Joe is a warm, considerate person. He always offers classmates the thin black briefcase containing his backgammon set. He borrows a cheap ball-point pen one day and goes out of his way to return it the next. He is unfailingly polite. It is hard to imagine that he once prowled city streets mugging people, sticking a gun in their face. "I used to be very wild, a cold person," he says. "If something occurred I didn't like, I'd react."

Did he commit violence?

"Yes. I didn't care."

At the time, did he feel remorse?

"No, I didn't care. I didn't have feelings about nothing." But deep down, he says, he and the people he was hanging around with had a conscience. They acted cold, he says, to cover up. "They feel like they're a man already, 'cause they going out and getting it. They feel like a man isn't supposed to cry. If they feel something, they hide it. They live in a—what do you call it?—a fantasy world. These pictures that come out, like 'Superfly.' They go out and check it out. Every young kid looking for his role model." Welfare, which he was forced to go on after he was released from prison, helped rob Joe of self-confidence. "I didn't want to get on welfare," he says. " 'Cause you lose your integrity on welfare. You can't move if you want to."

Now, looking down at the floor, Joe says simply, "I just feel crushed." He has been through several training programs. "I didn't keep practicing the knowledge I learned in the programs, so now I see myself as a failure," he says. "It seems like all the things I learned is wasted. I think about it constantly. In a way, it has to do with lack of confidence." Most of all, he thinks about the pressure at home. "It affects my ability to do better," he says. "I'm constantly thinking about the pressure of my old lady. She don't want to leave, and she knows she's making me unhappy." He says that, at nineteen, she doesn't have a job, doesn't comb her hair, often doesn't

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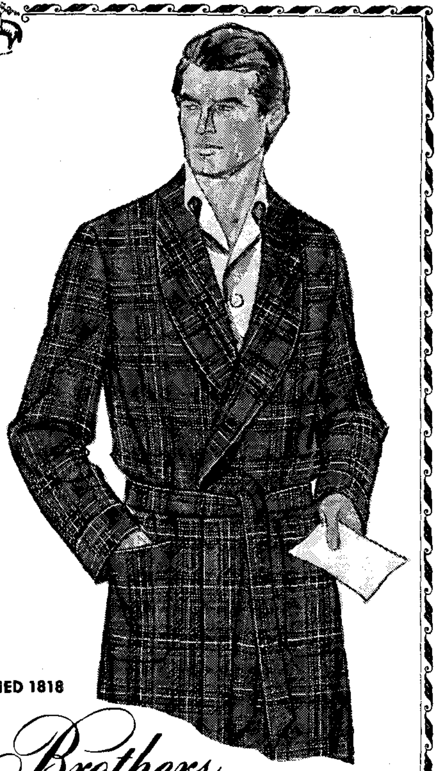
wash, and wants only to be with Willy. "I would like to have something motivate me rather than pull me down," he says. "She not doing anything for me to keep me motivated. When I bring my friends over, my old lady gives them the wrong impression. She makes me look bad. We argue. She doesn't want me to have friends. Her whole world is surrounded by me. She don't want to do nothing. I'm like her god. I don't want to be no dictator. You don't need nobody with you that you got to help when you got to help yourself, too. I feel bad all the time because of that. I still has a daughter by her and a son by another woman. I haven't seen my son yet." The son's mother, who gave birth while Joe was in prison, sent him her address, but he lost it. His daughter stays mostly with her mother's mother. "I haven't seen her in a while—two or three weeks," he says. He thinks his daughter wants to be with Daddy. "She miss me," he says. "She was telling her mother she wants to come and see Daddy. I don't want her to see me and my lady arguing and think that's what it's about." Still, he's burdened with the thought that staying with her grandmother may be worse for his daughter. The grandmother drinks—"three pints a day," he says. "She doesn't want to do anything for herself. She has a man coming to stay with her from time to time. She's on welfare, and she's comfortable with it."

Willy Joe wants to succeed at Wildcat, but he can't shake the pressure from his indolent "old lady," or the concern about a daughter who is in the care of an alcoholic, or the guilt about a son somewhere in New Jersey who does not know him, just as Joe did not know his own father, or the anxiety that he will be mugged, again, on his way home at night, or the agony that once more he may fail.

As for Wildcat, he says, "This thing here really has nothing to do with what I want to do," explaining that he would like a job in the Postal Service or as a cook. "I didn't really know what this was about when I came here"—on the recommendation of a parole officer. Still, the program does matter some to him. "I want to pass just for the satisfaction of completing something," he says.

AFTER lunch, the members of BT-27 file back into the classroom, engaging in nervous chatter while Smith, Sally Grueskin, and Ann Marie DiNapoli, the academic-affairs



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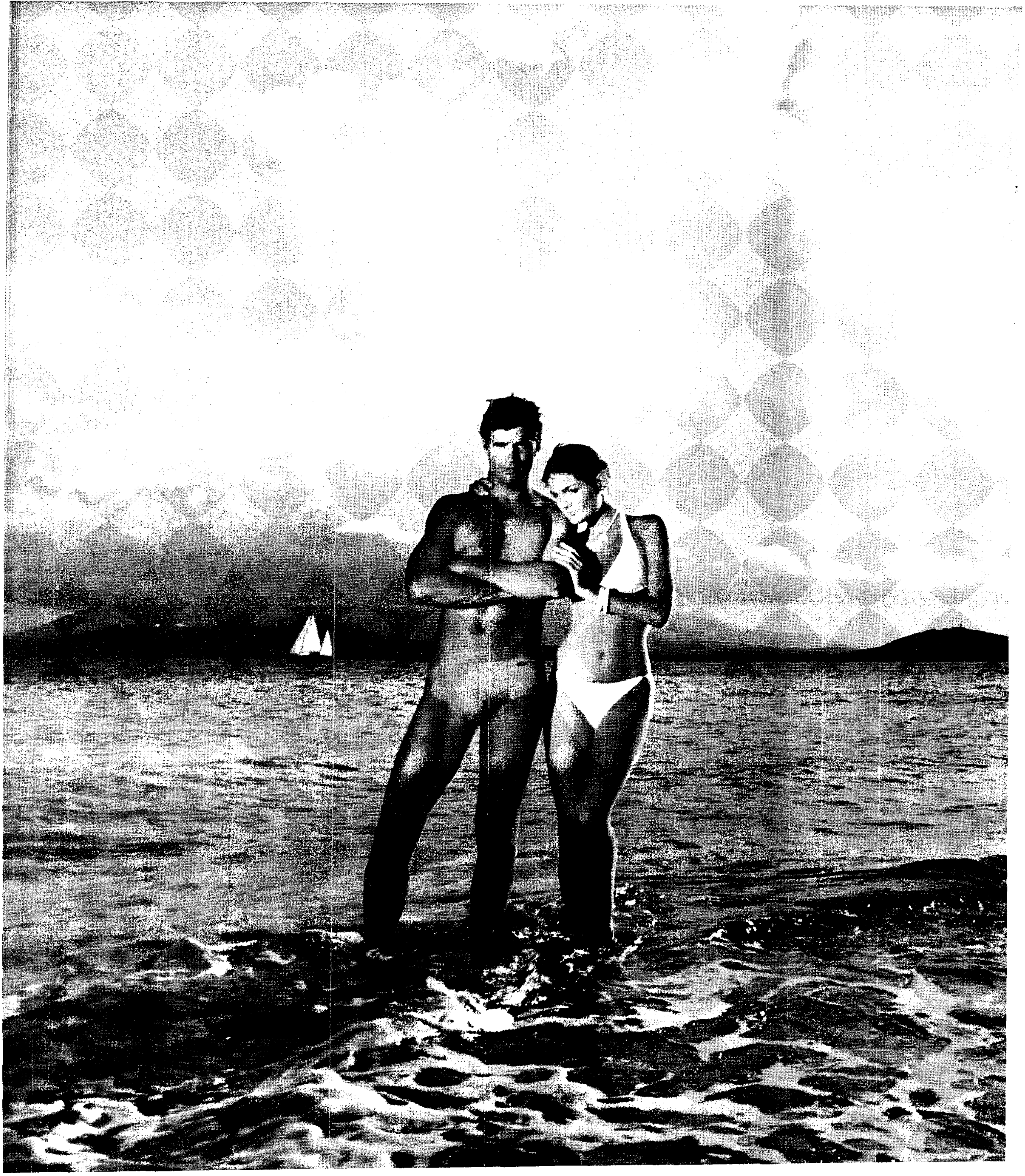

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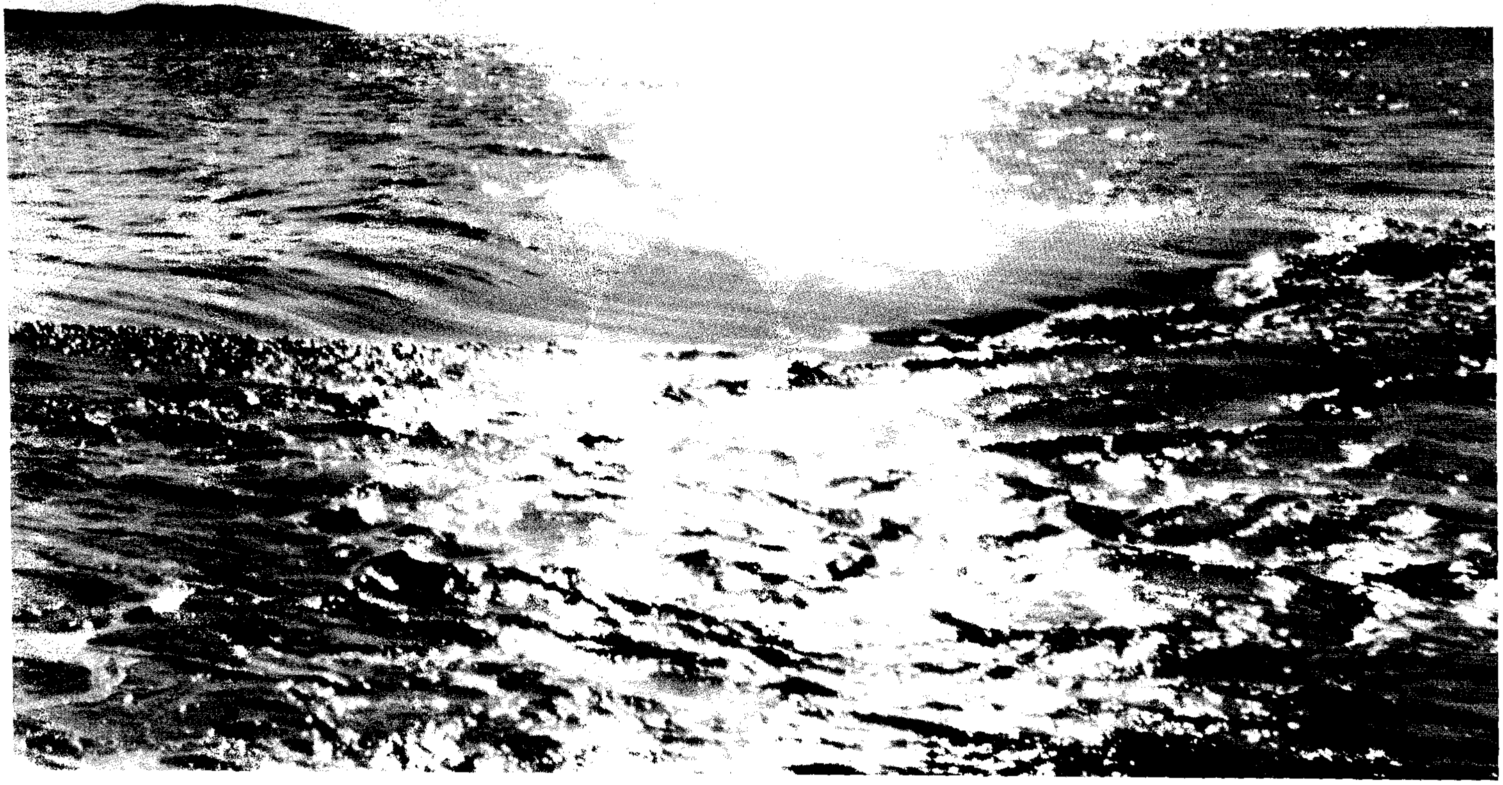

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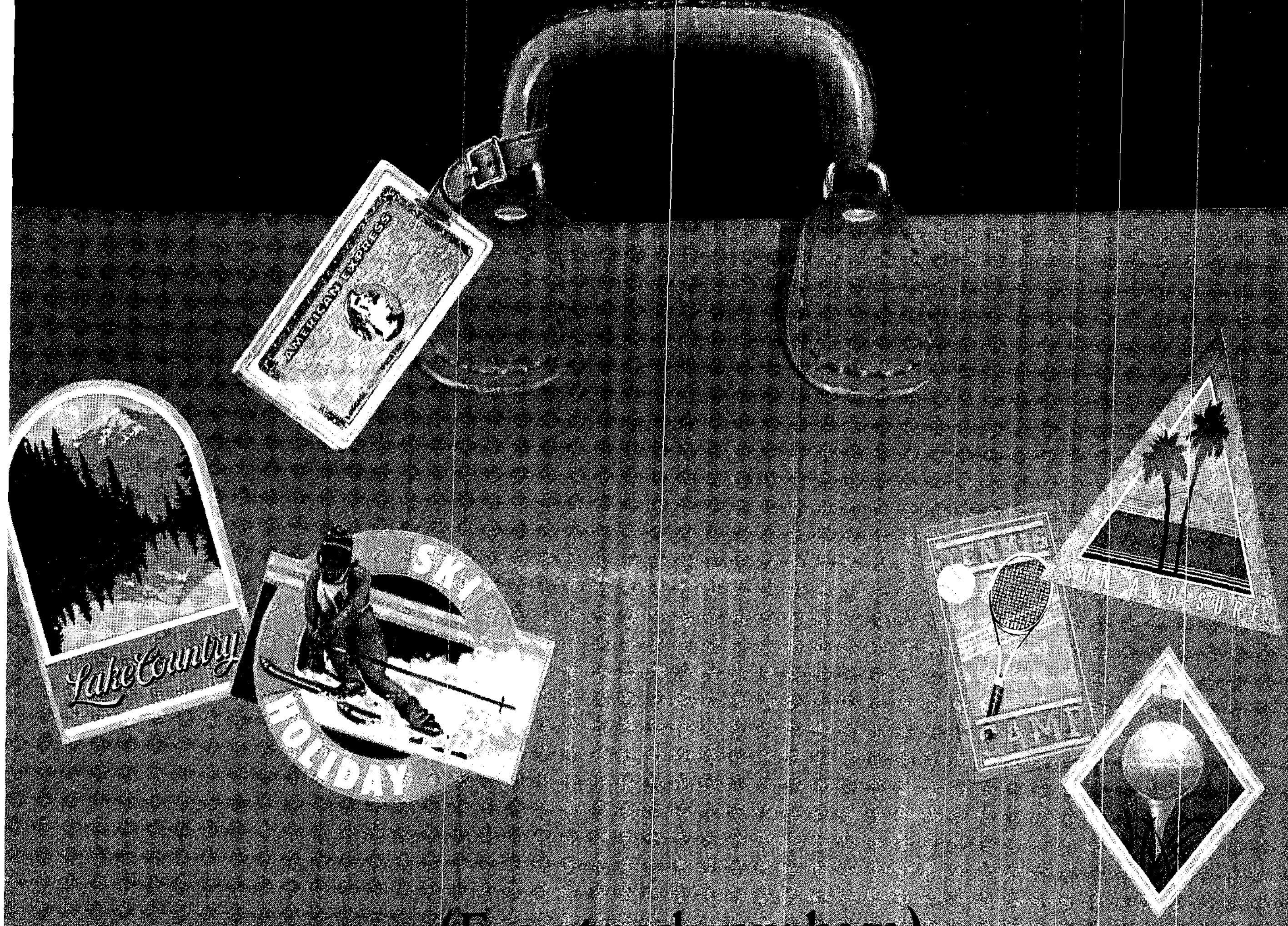

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manager, who, like Miss Grueskin, is white, hold court in a tiny conference room down the hall.

The first to be summoned to the conference room is William Mason, who is greeted with warm words from Miss Grueskin: "You are promoted to the advanced class."

This should have been no surprise to Mason. He is easily the best male student in class, a stabilizing, mature influence on others in life skills. Mason emits a loud sigh of relief.

Harris follows, and returns to the classroom moments later sporting a big smile. He announces proudly, "I made it!" and bows to a round of applause.

Hope Parker is shaking as she enters the conference room. Miss Grueskin immediately puts her at her ease by proclaiming her "the best typist in the class," and adding, "Don't rest until you've typed sixty words a minute." After praising her abilities, Miss Grueskin says that her attendance "is a problem," as is her lack of patience.

"I know I have a temper," Hope admits, covering her two missing front teeth as she half smiles. She gets her certificate.

Pearl Dawson is next, and Miss Grueskin tells her, "You're promoted. Did you have any doubt?"

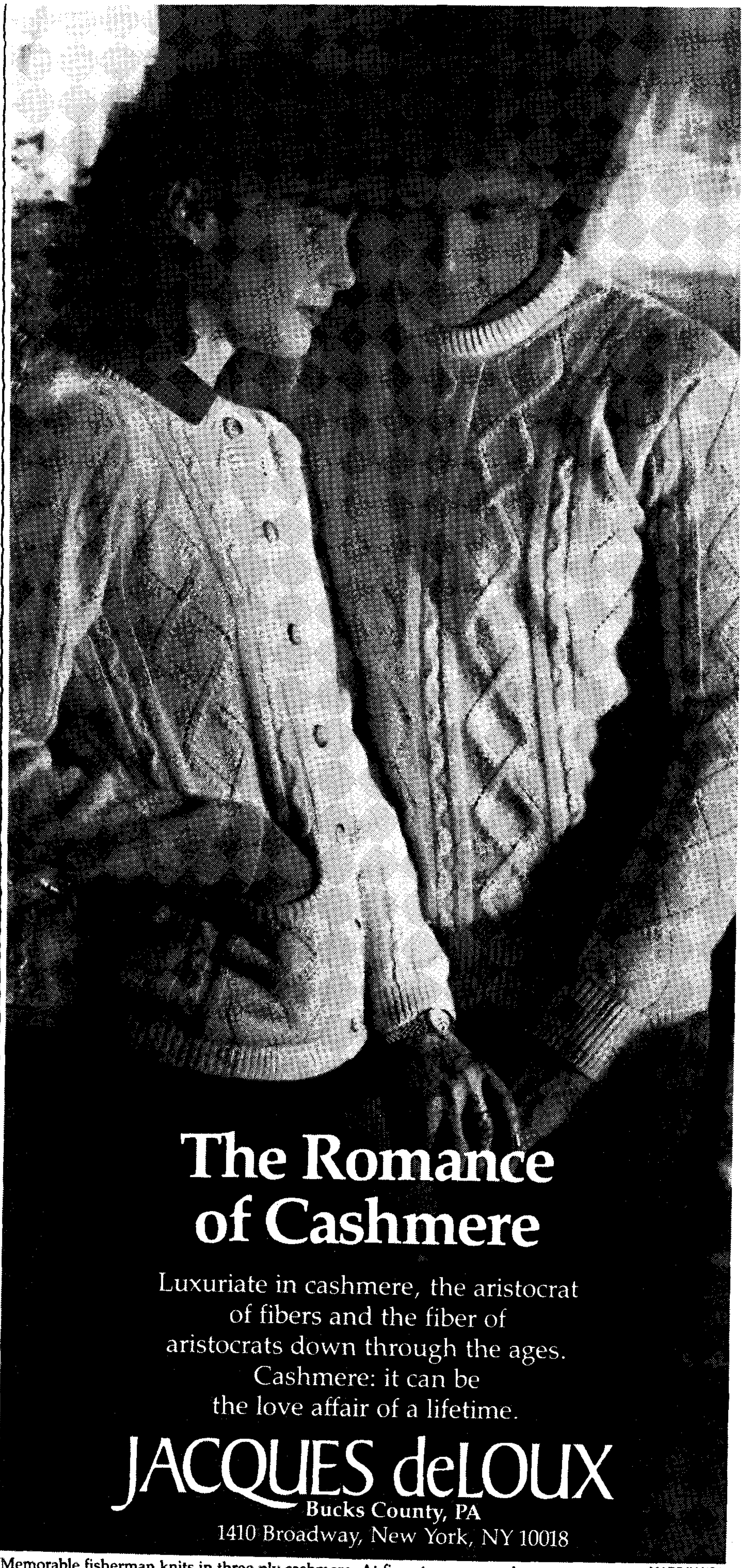
"Nope," Pearl Dawson says matter-of-factly. But her wet eyes suggest otherwise, and so do her next words. "I need this," she says, trembling. "I really need this."

To outward appearances, John Painter is the least affected. He struts into the room and asks, "Gas chamber or electric chair?"

"I'm going to put you at ease and say you're going on to the next class," Miss Grueskin says. Painter grins. "There were a lot of reservations," she continues. "The business of wearing jeans or coming late from lunch or coming in high. Now's the time to change patterns if you want a good job. So we're making this acceptance conditional." For the next four weeks, Painter will be on probation. Every Friday, the Wildcat supervisors will review his performance.

As Painter is told this, his eyes narrow into slits; he seems to be listening intently. Miss Grueskin then hands him a certificate and he rolls it up and says, "This ain't nothing compared to the one I'm gonna get after the twenty-week course. Let me go collect money. I laid twenty to one I was gonna make it!"

Miss Grueskin, Smith, and Miss DiNapoli are still smiling when De-



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The right side looks at the picture on the opposite page.

The left side compares a Saab's comfort with that of a Mercedes. Its performance with that of a BMW. Its braking with that of an Audi.

The right side looks at the picture.

The left side looks ahead to the winter when a Saab's front-wheel drive will keep a Saab in front of traffic.

The right side looks at the picture.

The left side also considers the other seasons of the year when a Saab's front-wheel drive gives it the cornering ability of a sports car.

The right side looks again at the picture.

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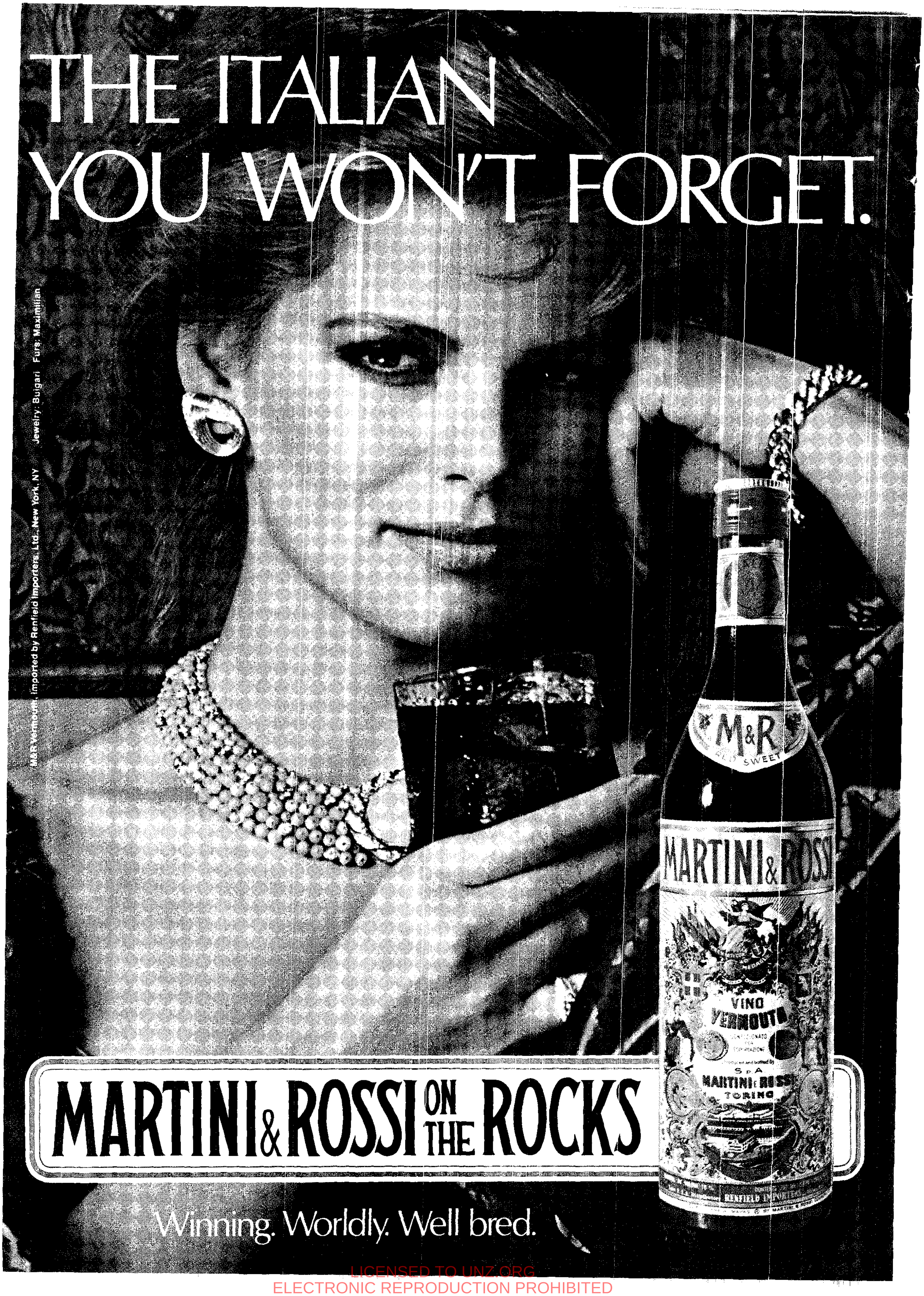
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nise Brown enters the room. She had the best attendance of BT-27, Miss Grueskin tells her, and is an outstanding student.

Wearing a chador, Mohammed's wife-to-be sits nearby as he enters the conference room. "It was not a cut-and-dried, clear decision," Miss Grueskin tells him, "but we're promoting you to the advanced class." Their reservations had to do with attendance, punctuality, and Mohammed's preoccupation with Islam. "There were times you didn't call in," Miss Grueskin says. "You have to understand that I can't accept the excuse that you slept through. Because you are getting married, we took that into consideration. But I'm not sure an employer would."

Miss DiNapoli warns Mohammed that he must work to improve his math. Smith compliments him for participating more in life skills lately and polishing his typing skills. Mohammed is told that he will be on four weeks' probation.

Carlos Rodriguez and William Block, who was absent this morning, are promoted. Henry Rivera, a thirty-six-year-old ex-addict who speaks little English, perhaps sensing that he was one of two students who would be sent back to their jobs, told his friend Ramon Lopez that he was dropping out. And Lopez, so nervous that he drank his way through lunch, wobbles into the conference room. "Have a seat," Miss Grueskin says solicitously.

"No, that's all right," Lopez says, eyes cast downward, pulling on his fingers.

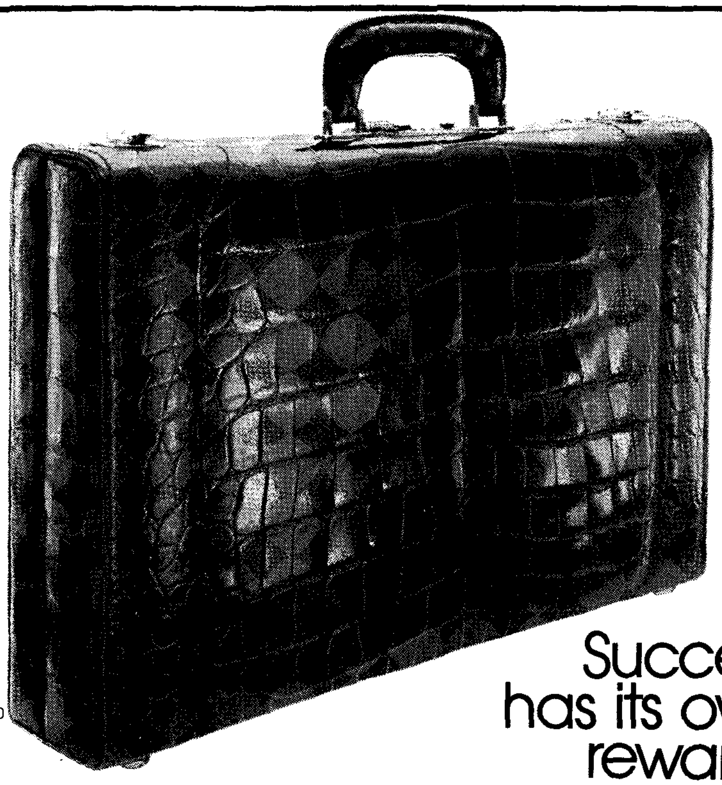
"You're promoted," Miss Grueskin announces.

Lopez gulps audibly.

"You've been extremely dependable and made real progress," she says.

"That's nice to hear," Lopez says. "I'm like a kid all the time. Ever since I was a kid, I told my mom I didn't want to go to school. I didn't want to go through torture. I never tell no one about my good points. I tell them about my misfortune. But I like this. My friend Henry didn't come in. I'll miss him. But I'm used to being by myself."

Gladys Miller arrives, fanning herself with one hand. Miss Grueskin tells her that she is promoted, and says, "It matters a lot that you showed you cared in the last two weeks." Gladys Miller began removing her ever-present stocking cap in class in compliance with regulations, and brought



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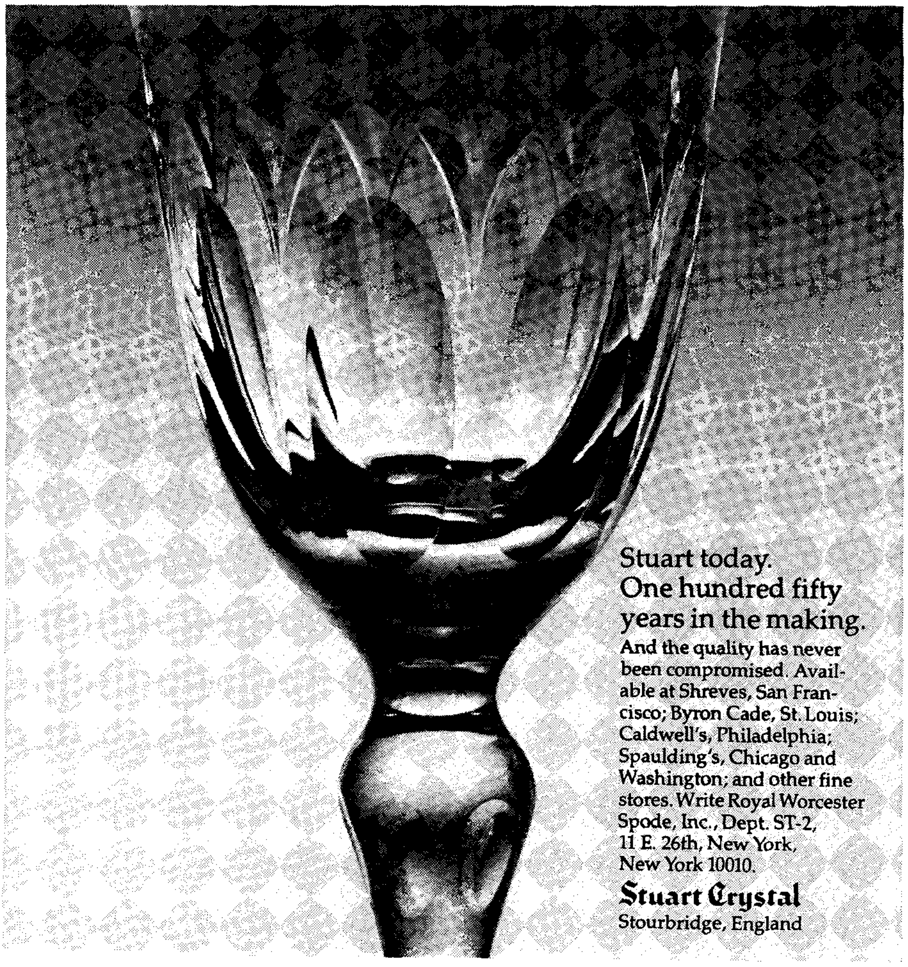
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her typing speed up to twenty-five words a minute. She says "Wow!" as she receives the certificate.

Timothy Wilson kisses his, moving in and out of the room quickly.

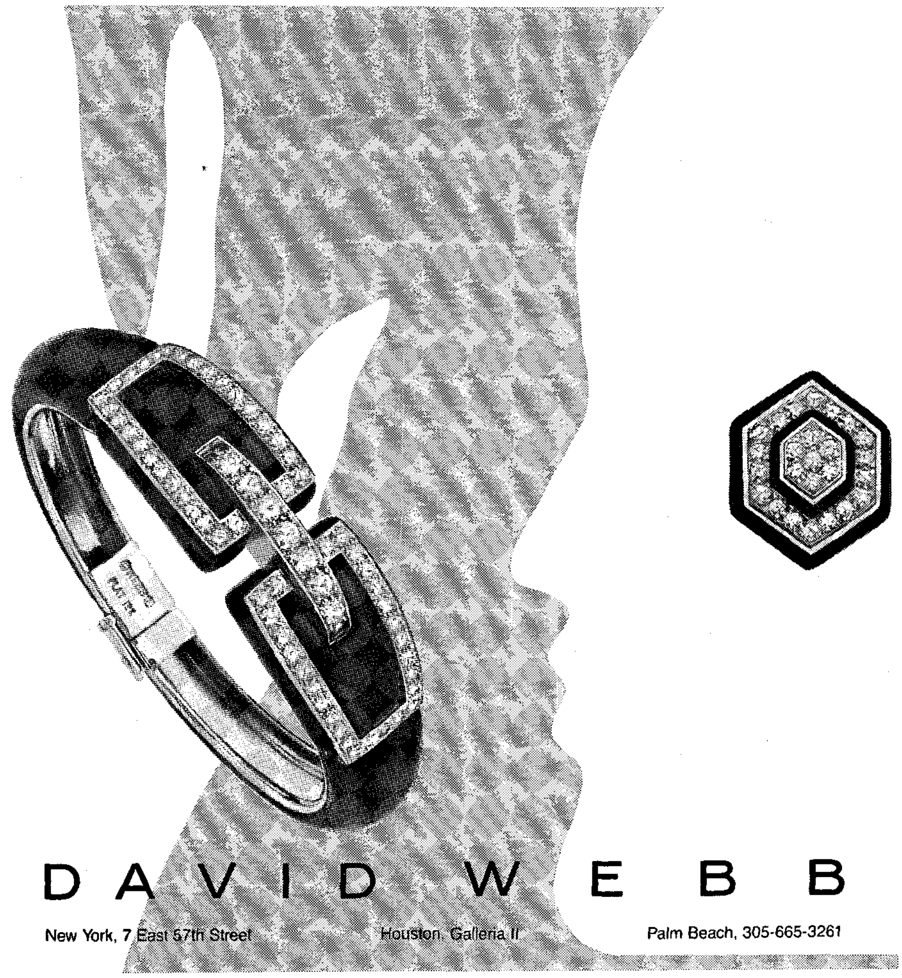
A pall falls over the room as they come to Willy Joe's name. Joe is to be sent back to his job site. The door still closed, Miss Grueskin asks if Smith would prefer to do the talking. His hands shaking, Smith says, "This is difficult."

I asked him earlier that day why Joe would fail and others with equally bad attendance and punctuality would pass, and Smith replied, "That's the problem I always have. When I go to Sally to argue—and we started two weeks ago—and she asks 'Why should he stay?' the only thing I could come up with was that Joe is a nice guy. Nothing more. He's apathetic. With Mohammed or Painter or other students, if they come in at ten o'clock they make an effort to come up with an excuse. I say to him, 'Late again, Joe.' And he says, 'Yeah, I was up late again.' Then he smiles. You can't keep people here just because they're nice guys." Smith admitted that the Wildcat administrators bend the attendance and other rules. "We're talking about people who just got released from the penitentiary," he said. "The type of behavior changes you're talking about are unrealistic to expect in ten weeks. Our people need time." But time was not Willy Joe's problem, he said. Motivation was. "Joe? He won't respond. It's like ho hum, like he really doesn't care. Now, what bothers me is, is that a true evaluation? Is that the real Joe?"

The staff reluctantly concluded that it was the real Joe. A belief that their task is not to support people permanently but to prepare individuals to make it on their own led them to make their decision. "He didn't do well in any areas," Miss Grueskin says, convinced that they had no choice.

The door opens, and Willy Joe enters in a long, tattered black overcoat with a narrow fur collar, his hands jammed into the pockets. His mood appears glum as he takes a seat.

"Considering your evaluation in all three areas of training, I'm really sorry to tell you we can't pass you on to the advanced class," Smith begins. He says that Joe's math is weak, and Joe nods agreement. "Your life-skills work is good, but not your attendance." Joe nods again. "Finally, your typing is weak." Joe makes it easier by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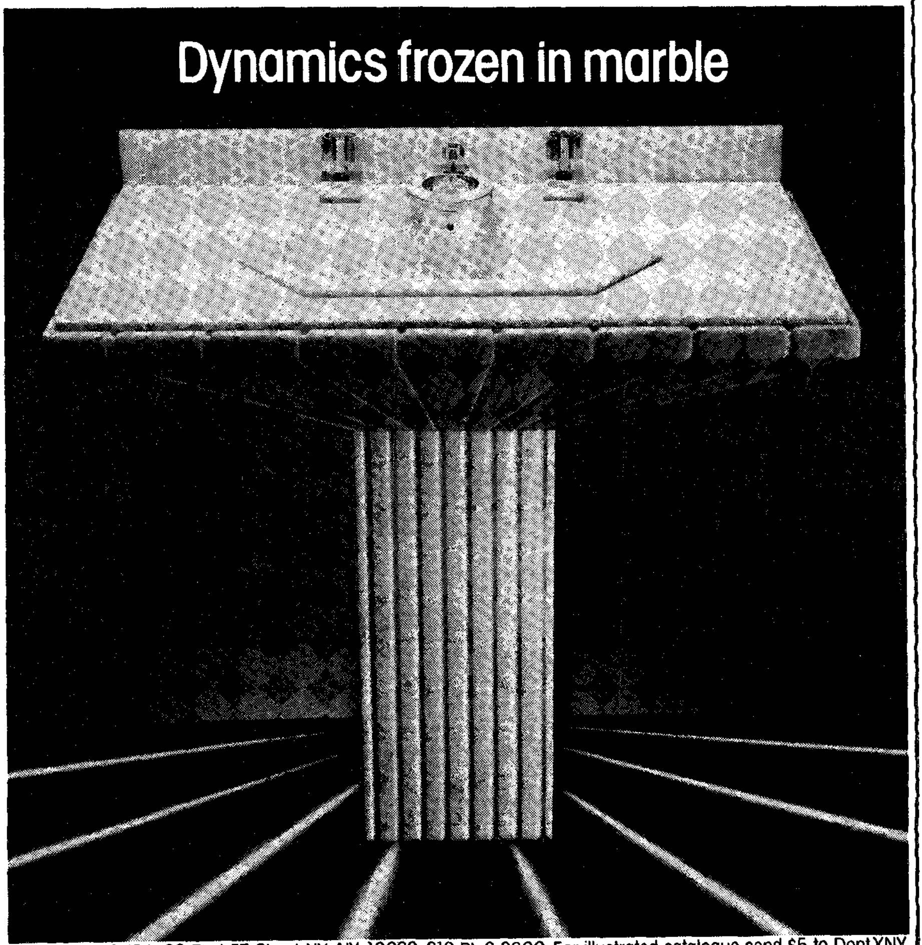
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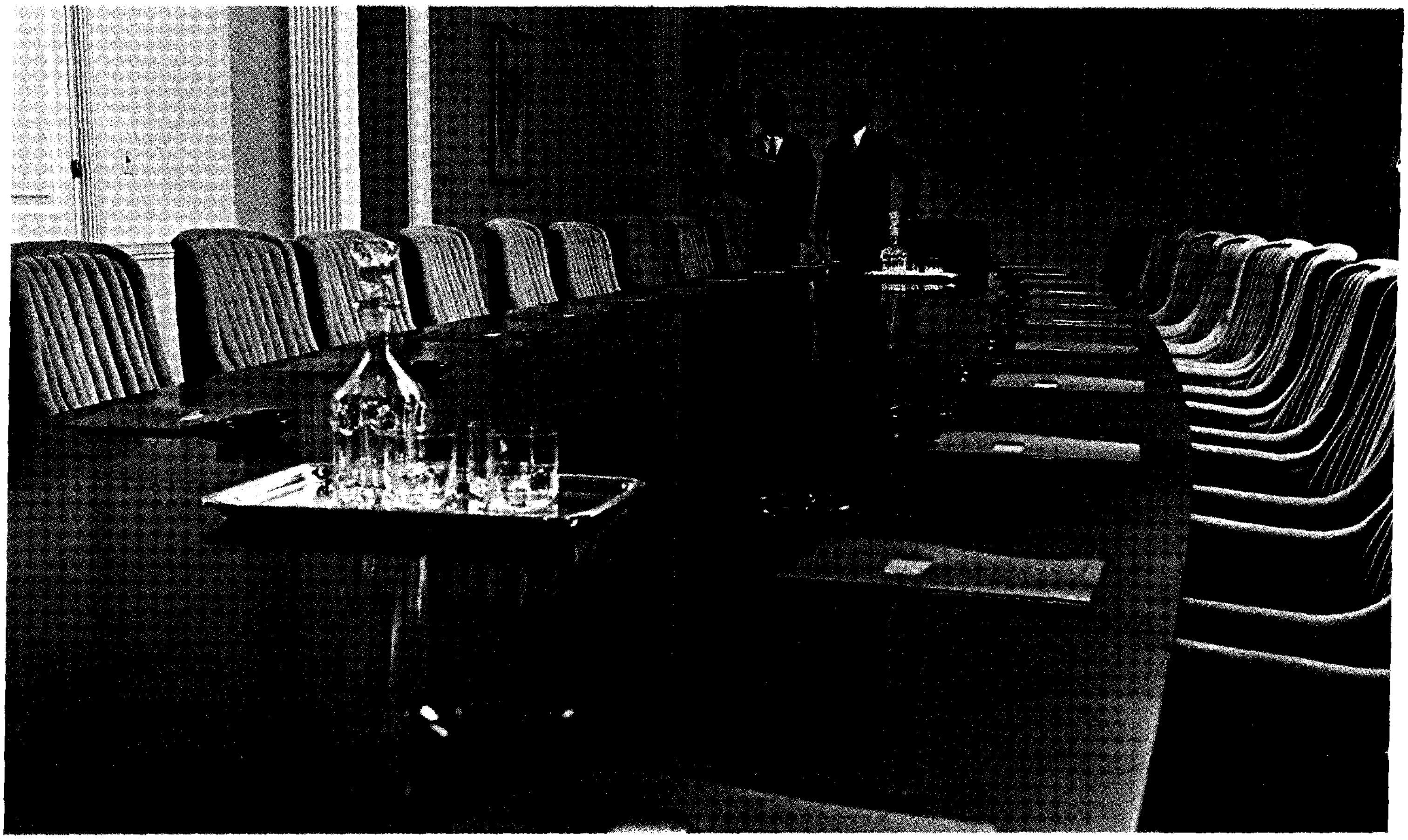

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nodding again. "And yet, despite all that, all three of us really agonized over Willy Joe. A really nice guy. But that's not enough. We feel bad about it."

"I do, too," Joe says. "I just have to work on it."

"There's a way of pushing a little more if you want something," Miss Grueskin says, handing Joe a certificate proving that he attended the class at the training center for ten weeks. He stands up, offers his sad smile as he shakes hands with each of them, and is told by Miss Grueskin that he should report Monday morning to Wildcat's main headquarters, at 660 First Avenue, to see if his old supported-work job is still available.

"Well, better luck next time," Joe says, passively but sincerely. "Everybody have a good weekend."

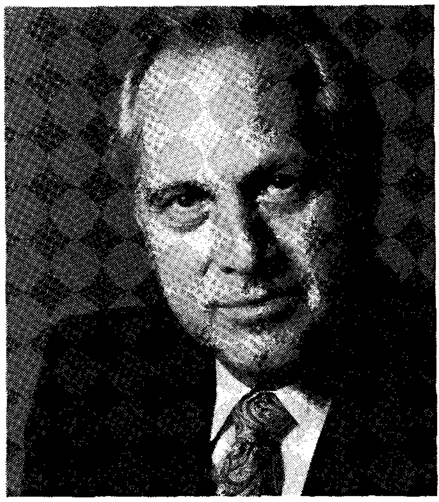
Joe shuts the door and does not return to the classroom, heading instead for the elevator. "I told everybody it was going to happen," he says to me. Failure is no longer a surprise to him. Still, as the elevator arrives, he says, "I wanted the satisfaction of knowing that I would be able to continue, even if this was not the thing I wanted to do. It would be good for me to be asked to go on."

THE four new students are to join the class today, but only two are present. (The other two arrive after the morning break.) As an initiation rite, Smith asks them to sketch on a piece of paper the highlights of their lives. By way of demonstration, he shows them a sketch of a Liberty Bell with the date "1942" written inside and, just below that, a large hypodermic needle. He asks Herbert Washington, one of the two, to interpret the drawing. Washington, a thin black man with a neatly trimmed, graying beard and mustache, guesses that the person was born in Philadelphia in 1942 and at some point became addicted to heroin. Smith stuns Washington by announcing that the drawing depicts his own life.

The tactic is a great seducer, and moments later Washington accepts Smith's offer to stand before the class and explain his own drawing. He is about six feet two, wears an emerald-green sweater with matching green corduroy pants and a pale-green knit cap, and has a giant gray scarf flung once around his neck and stretching down to his waist. Washington speaks flawless English. The drawing begins with the year 1933, when he was

"..balance..."

Lee Adler



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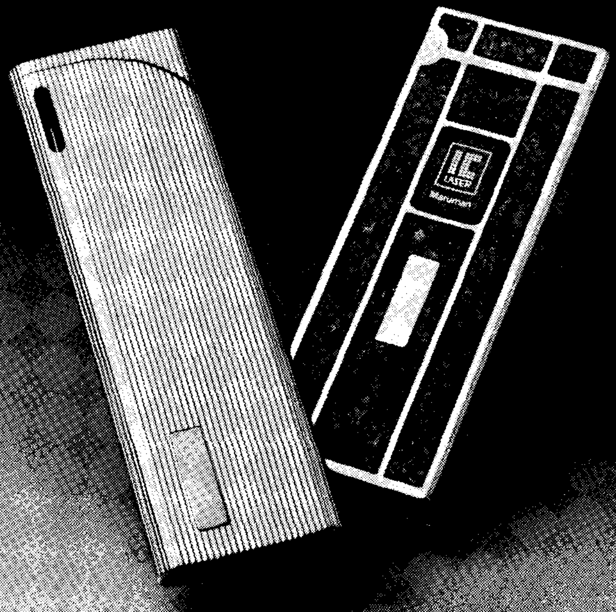

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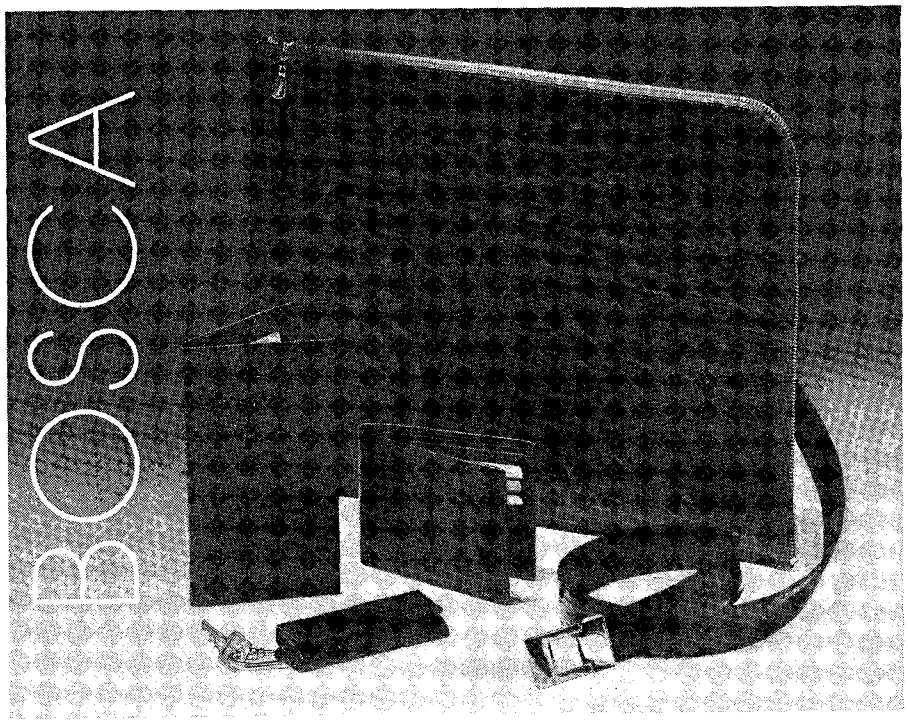

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born. He grew up in Harlem, with his parents and a sister; they moved to Brooklyn when he was seven. When he was nine, his father died. Washington finished the eleventh grade at Boys High, but "I dropped out in the last year and took up in the streets," he says. "I was making money in the streets." Determined to straighten out, he married in 1961 and later migrated to Canada, where he worked as an office file clerk. Obviously talented, he rose to become the manager of the entire office. The next six years, he says, were the best of his life. But in 1970—the year is prominently printed on the page—his marriage dissolved. Depressed, Washington returned to New York. He started running numbers, and eventually became a numbers banker. "I could count well, so I was making two hundred to three hundred dollars a day as a numbers banker," he says. He was arrested and sent to prison for four months. He hated prison, and when he was released he became "street-wise," he says. "I promised myself I wouldn't be back in prison. I gave police respect. I gave them the whole block." He also became addicted to heroin. The streets became his home, and his nemesis: he says that he was accidentally shot (but does not explain how) four times in the right leg—an injury that still prevents him from standing for prolonged periods. His last steady job was the one in Canada that ended ten years ago. Over the past three years, he has held no job longer than four months. Washington's autobiographical sketch includes a large question mark, which he explains this way: "I'm still on the streets. The question mark is still there. If I can find the answer in Wildcat, I'll be appreciative."

Aubrey Powers rises and displays his sketch. He is a light-skinned black man with short hair and a neat beard; he wears a gray crew-neck sweater slipped over a button-down white shirt, and blue slacks. His good looks are marred only by a two-inch scar under one eye. With a suit, a tie, and a briefcase, Powers could pass for a successful executive. Wildcat records show that he has a B.A. from Queens College, has completed eighteen credits toward a master's degree, and in the early seventies worked for the city government as an assistant borough coördinator of the Urban Corps. When he speaks, another Powers unfolds. Blankly staring straight ahead, he begins by saying that he was born in Brooklyn in 1943. "I've lived in-

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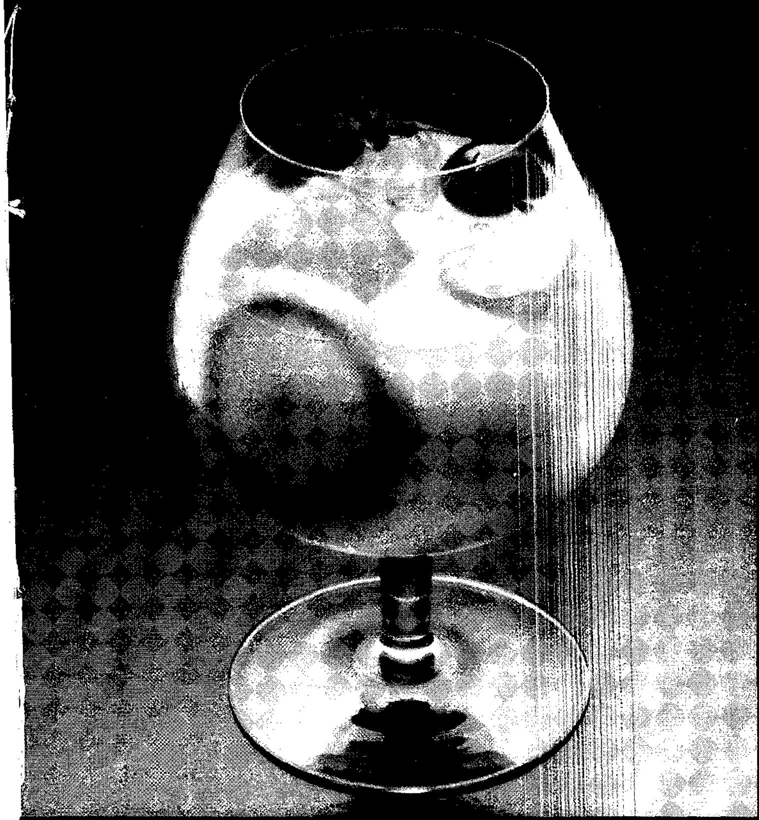
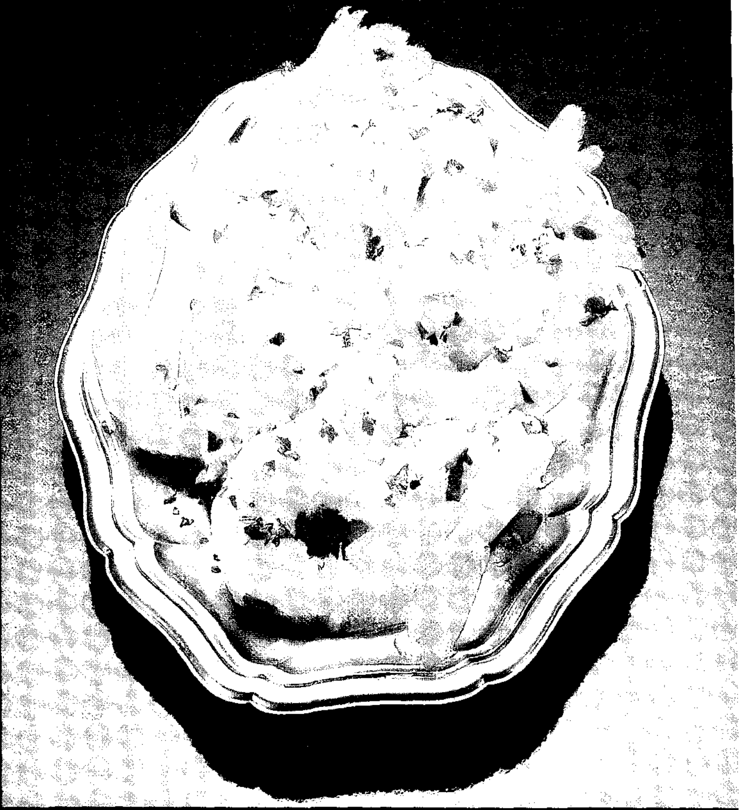
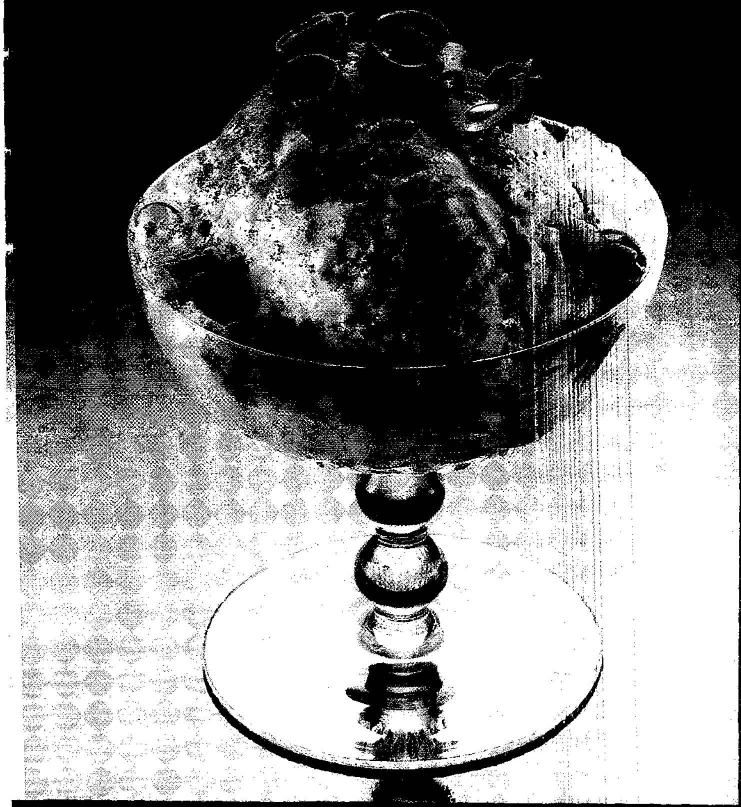


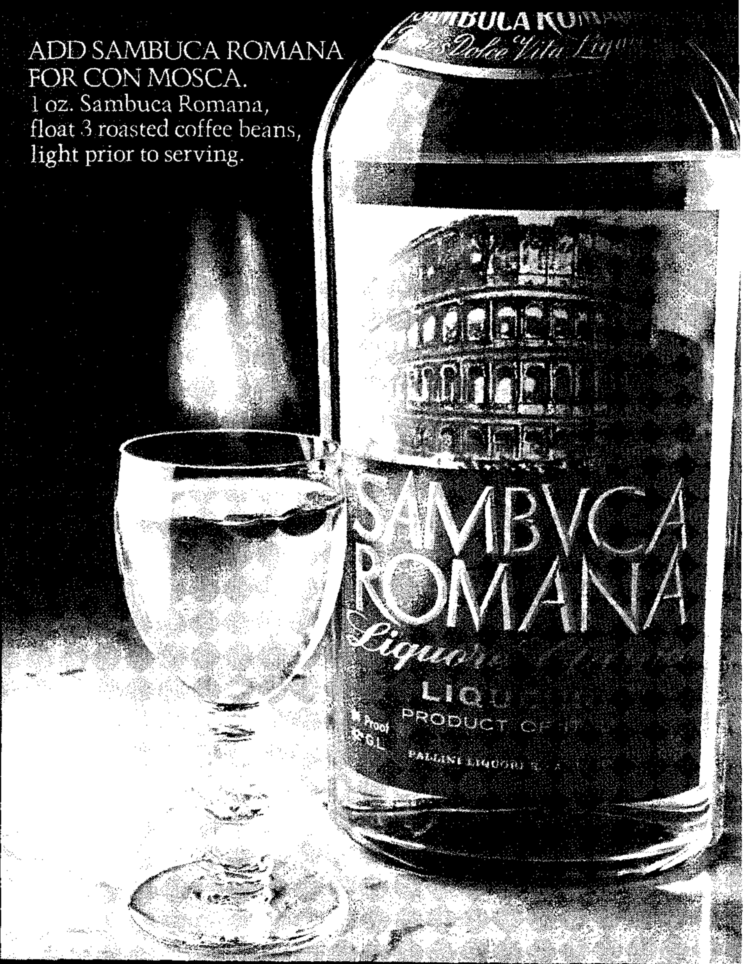
ADD SAMBUCA ROMANA FOR SCAMBUCA.
2 oz. Sambuca Romana to ¼ lb. butter, 2 tbs. oil, garlic clove and parsley. Pour sauce over cooked shrimp.



ADD SAMBUCA ROMANA FOR A SAMOCHA.
1 oz. Sambuca Romana over coffee ice cream, and chocolate curls.



ADD SAMBUCA ROMANA FOR CON MOSCA.
1 oz. Sambuca Romana, float 3 roasted coffee beans, light prior to serving.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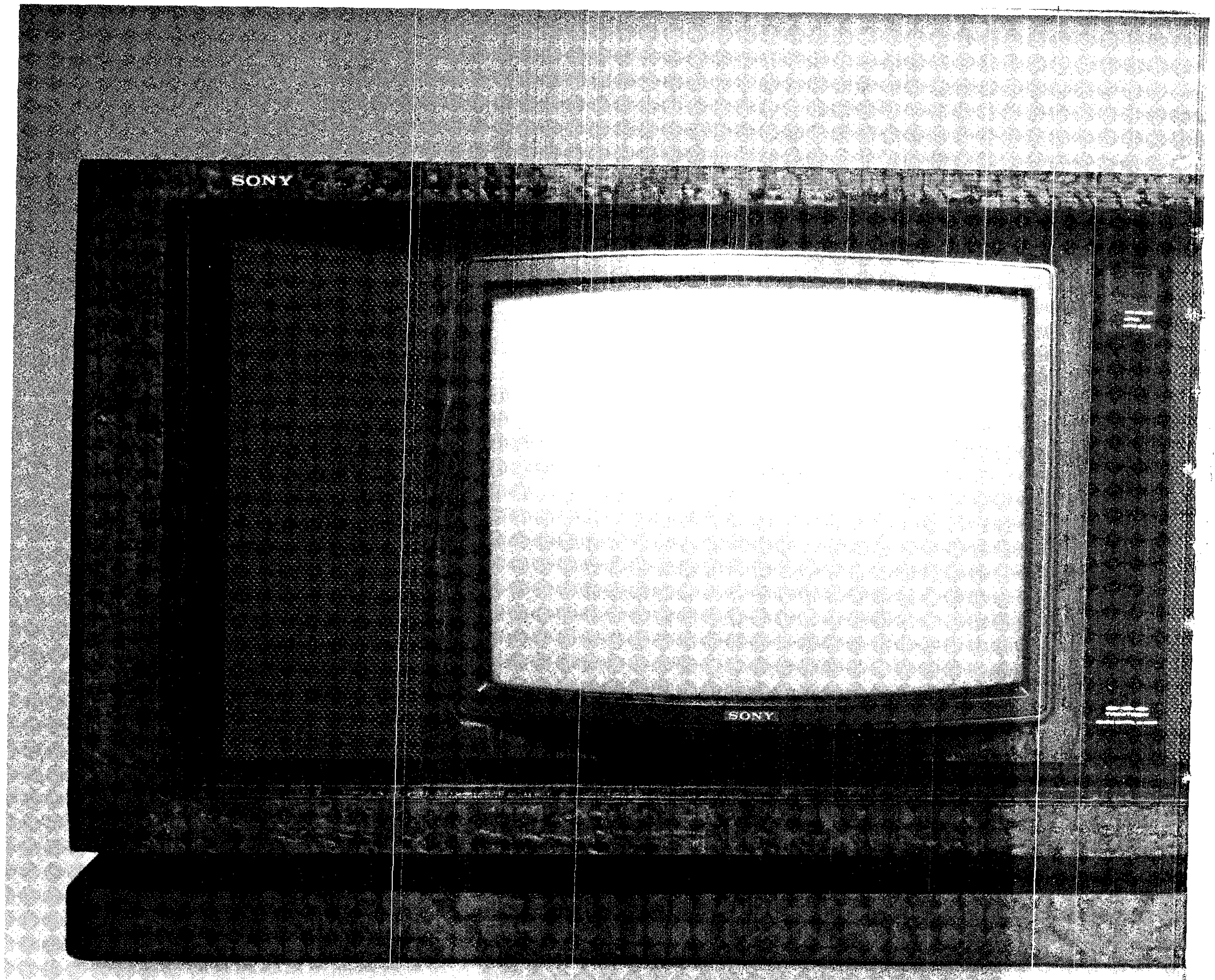

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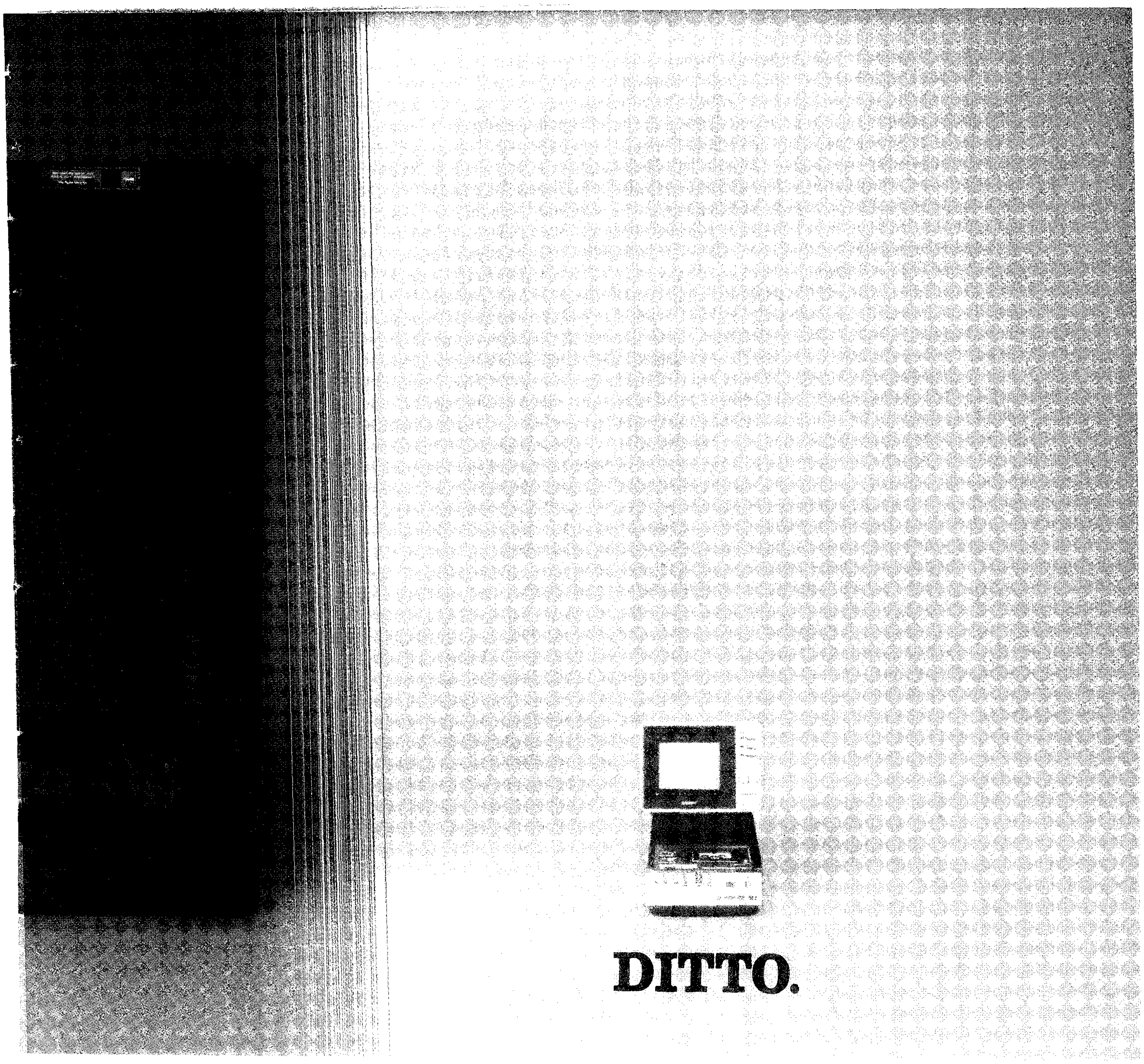

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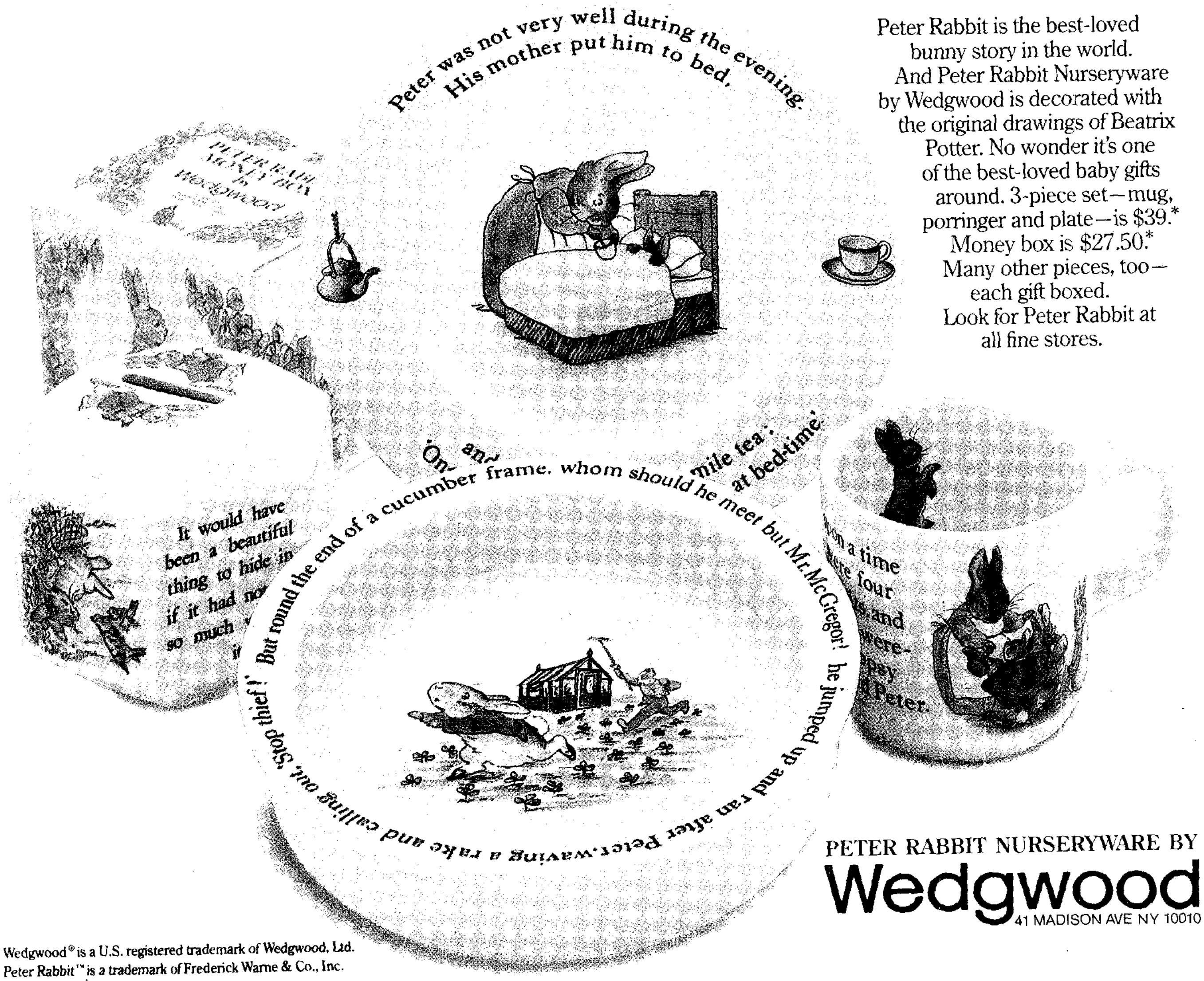
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wardly, always running from people," he continues. "I've tried hard at some things. When I didn't want to do no more, I didn't. I'm a sick individual. Before 1974, I was a nice guy. After 1974, I was a fugitive." Powers' sketch resembles a Jackson Pollock painting: a mass of tangled lines—in his case, names, schools, projects, dollar signs, the word "dignity." His life story is confusing, and the somnolent, sometimes incoherent manner in which Powers explains it baffles the class. "I have a style built from punishment," he says. "I can identify with punishment. I have a lot of creativity, but it's suppressed right now. I'm prideful, but I'm full of shame." The class members begin to glance about at one another, not quite sure whether he is serious or joking. When they realize that this is no joke, several cover their mouths to smother their laughter.

"I left out a lot, because I don't like laughter," Powers says.

"We're all adults, and any time you want to express yourself we're not about to laugh," William Mason says.

Powers does not respond. He continues, "I always had trouble in school." Teachers would strike him with rulers, wash his mouth out with soap, order him to a corner with a dunce cap, he says. "I've been in lots of programs. I don't like New York. I deal in metaphysical things."

Smith asks what Powers meant when he said punishment influenced him.

"I used to love the five-cent paper," Powers says. "Now everybody is talking about rebuilding New York. To me, I had to develop an understanding of who I was. I wondered how to encourage myself, and I realized I'd have to eat someone's heart. To deal with pain is a pleasure. This last war proved it."

Timothy Wilson asks why Powers feels he has nothing to offer.

"I enjoy people," Powers says. "But right now—see, I went to college, right? And I graduated. For me, the only thing to do was go on to graduate school. I cut my own throat. I have amnesia, is how I said it. Like you, I sound conservative. But I don't believe that too much. The world is somebody else."

"I think what Powers is trying to say is that we all have different ways of dealing with life," Smith says. "All he's saying is that he sees these problems in terms of pain."

Powers concurs. "You can get some growth out of pain," he says.

After the morning break, Smith asks

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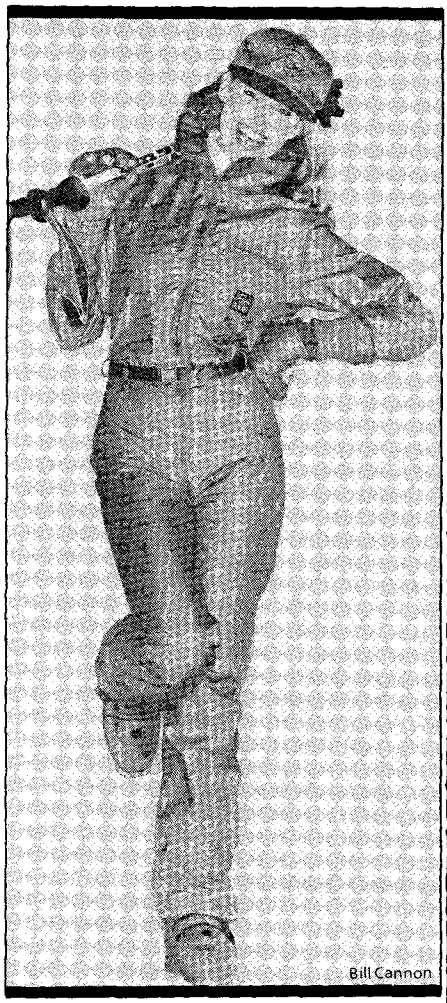

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the new students what Wildcat job they held before they came to the training center. Michael Mathews, who arrived after the break, says he was employed in the reproduction-and-collating department of the city's Human Resources Administration. The job was all right, he says, but he resented the fact that CETA and civil-service workers who did the same work were paid more. Most of all, he resented the lack of job security.

"None of us felt secure," Washington agrees.

That's not unusual, Smith says, trying to provide a larger context. "I don't have job security for the future. It's a very subjective thing. If the federal government stops funding Wildcat, I'm out of a job, too."

"Ever a time ten years ago where you felt, If I had a job like that I'd be secure?" John Painter asks.

"I was thrilled when I got a job as a messenger," says Smith, and he goes on to argue that insecurity and frustration are normal, and not insurmountable obstacles in the path to success. Like the people in his class, he was on the streets, unemployed, on drugs, on welfare, and in prison. And today he confronts new frustrations. He says that he's underpaid and that the training center is understaffed. There are personal frustrations, too. He says he procrastinates too much and does not budget money properly. Then he adds, "I have to overcome my fear of being responsible to a female. Twice I've been engaged, and twice I've reneged."

"Attaboy, champ!" John Painter calls out.

"Marriage is a rewarding experience," Smith says. "But it can be hell. I'm going to have to change the attitude I have. I'm just afraid." Fear is normal, he repeats. "You'd never believe it if you'd seen me a few years ago that I'd be up here now. The key thing—more than money and a raise—is job satisfaction. And I have job satisfaction. And that's who I am."

Michael Mathews is invited up front. He is a square-jawed, goateed, ebony-skinned man with a smooth manner, dressed in well-tailored dark slacks and a beige turtleneck. He was born in the Bronx in 1949, he says, and he and a sister were raised in part by their mother, a domestic worker, and in part by relatives in twelve different states. His last full-time job was in 1970-71, as a payroll clerk for the New York Telephone Company. He

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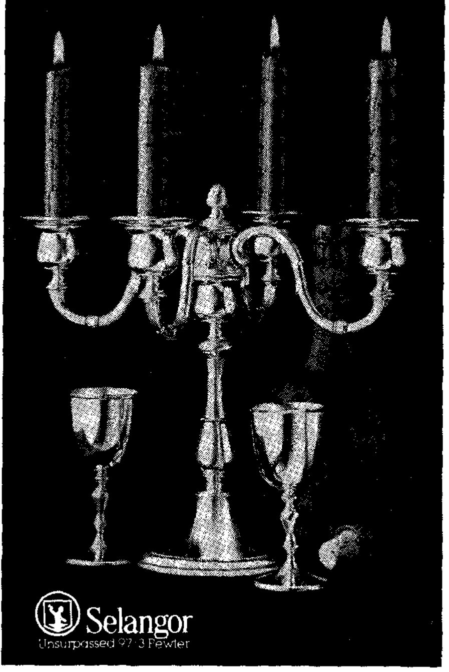

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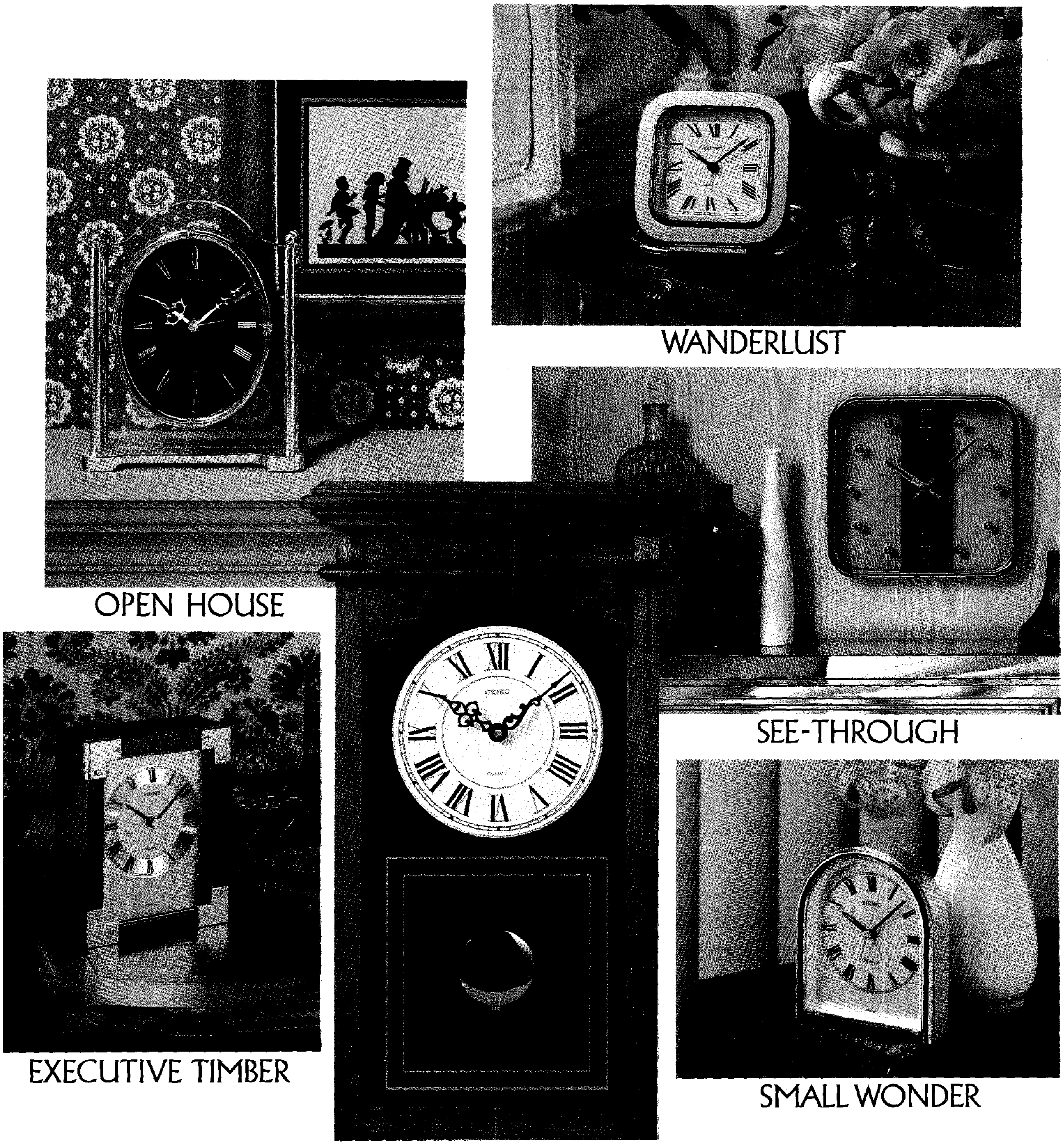
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Seiko Time Corporation, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019 spent much of the past ten years at the upstate Auburn Correctional Facility, for armed robbery and peddling drugs, and he earned a high-school-equivalency diploma there. He was an addict for several years. Now he hopes to learn hotel-and-motel management, in order to use his "ability to remember names and make people feel at home."

The fourth new recruit, Ivy Ford, explains that she was late because of a death in the family. She is just under five feet tall, a plump, cocoa-skinned woman of twenty-nine who parts her Afro in the middle. She has on large, circular earrings, jeans, and a bulky dark sweater. She says she was one of eight children, born in White Plains, and her family moved to Bedford-Stuyvesant when she was a teen-ager. There she slipped into the wrong circles, dropped out of school in the eleventh grade, messed around with drugs, was arrested for a felony (she does not say what), and at the age of seventeen was sent to prison for a year. When she got out of prison, she got hooked on heroin. Once, she was shot in the leg. "I was so high that I didn't notice," she says. She moved from job to job, entered a variety of training programs, and in 1976 met Howard Smith when she worked briefly as a messenger in a Wildcat job. She kept moving, kept hustling, kept shooting heroin. Finally, she entered a methadone treatment program. She says she has now reduced her daily intake from a hundred milligrams of methadone to five. "In October of 1979," she says, "I went back to Wildcat and started all over again." Her hope is to become a computer operator or analyst.

Smith compliments Ivy Ford and the others on their presentations. The class members begin to chatter and laugh among themselves as he inspects some papers. Suddenly, Aubrey Powers barks, "I'm for humor, but there's too much talk, too much laughing in class."

"Laughing is healthy," Herbert Washington says.

"I'm not looking for no contradiction, either!" Powers says. The other members of the class shrug and exchange glances.

After a moment of incredulous silence, the class breaks for lunch.

ONE day in class, John Painter asked, "Howard, anyone else you hung out with *doing good?*" The question was as revealing as the an-

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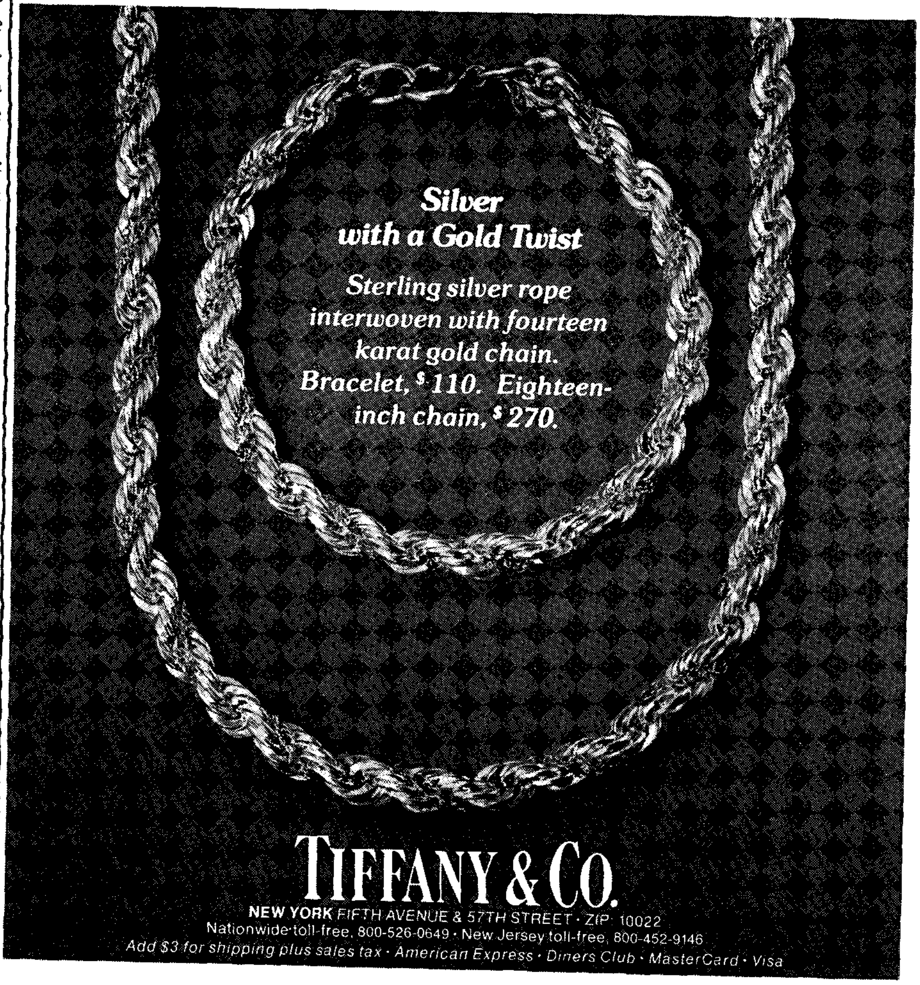

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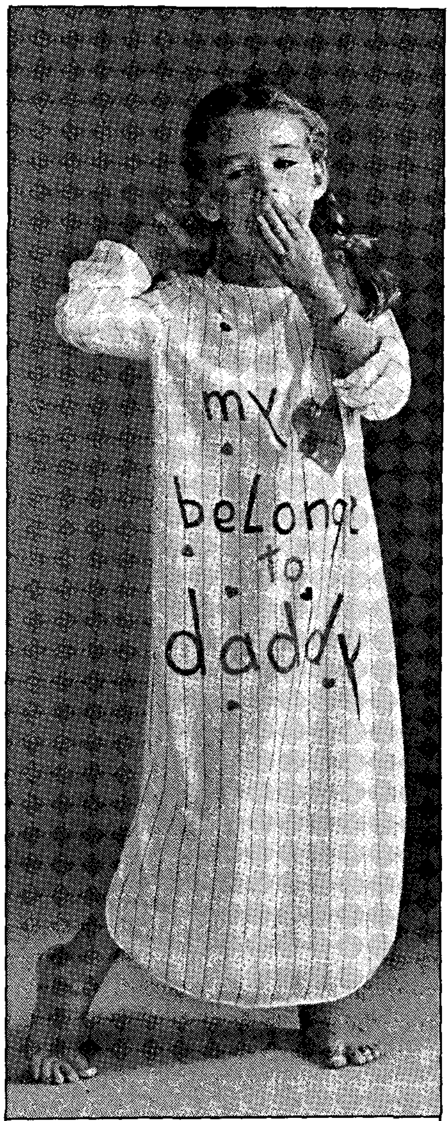

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swer. The life-skills course that Howard Smith teaches attempts to enlarge a student's understanding of society and the organized world of work—to give him an idea of how to get up on time, how to dress, how to talk, how to get a job, how to temper frustration. *But Painter was searching for people* to model himself after, for confirmation that Howard's success was not an aberration, that the effort the members of the class were making was worthwhile.

Similarly, when Smith told the class that I would soon be travelling to Appalachia and elsewhere to study similar training programs among rural whites and blacks, I was bombarded with questions: Were there white people who lived like them? Were they on welfare, too? Did they hustle? Did they have the same disappointments? The same family woes? Was it less hard for whites? For rural blacks? In sum, was anyone else, like them, doing poorly or feeling bad?

After sitting in on Smith's class for four months, I flew to Morgantown, West Virginia, the headquarters of the M.D.R.C.'s Appalachian supported-work experiment—the most rural of the twenty-one supported-work sites that the M.D.R.C. has supervised. The West Virginia A.F.L.-C.I.O. manages supported-work and other training programs through the Human Resource Development Foundation, or H.R.D.F., a local nonprofit corporation whose supported-work program is supervised by the M.D.R.C. Seven counties in the north-central part of the state, with a population of just under a quarter of a million, are included in the experiment. Fifteen per cent of the people live in hollows up to six miles from the nearest paved road. From 1975 through 1980, one thousand fifty-four supported workers entered the program, of whom about ninety per cent were white.

Density is but one of many differences between New York City and West Virginia. The biggest city in the seven counties is Morgantown, in Monongalia County; its population is twenty-seven thousand five hundred, and is shrinking. In Preston County, the most rural of the seven, the population density is just thirty-nine people per square mile. Unlike the cities of the North, where ghetto residents constantly shift addresses, almost seventy per cent of Preston County's twenty-five thousand residents have

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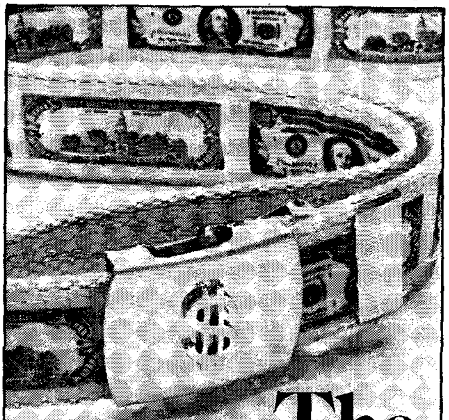

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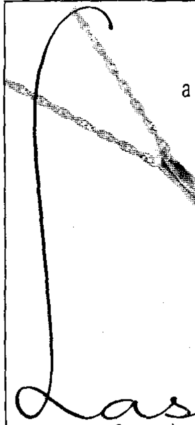

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lived in the same house all their lives; another twenty per cent of the people there have moved, but within the county. Upward mobility is relatively rare: male adults have, on the average, less than a ninth-grade education; only thirty-one per cent of them have completed high school; and the 1977 per-capita income of the county was $3,986, which was sixty-nine per cent of the national average ($5,751). In the same year, thirty-one per cent of the population was classified as poor, as opposed to eleven per cent of all Americans. And those who hold regular jobs usually work in coal mines, at lumber mills, on hog farms, or for a government agency. The houses tucked amid the rolling hills of Preston County are often trailer homes or wooden shacks resting on cinder blocks. Television antennas sprout from most houses; for many of the people, TV serves as the sole contact with the outside world. In the seven counties, the average mother receiving Aid to Families with Dependent Children (A.F.D.C.) has been on welfare more than six years—one of the longest average periods of any supported-work site in the nation. Welfare as a way of life is no easier to change among whites here than it is among blacks and Hispanics in the North. Jackquelyn Bishop, who was the chief recruiter for H.R.D.F. in West Virginia, recalls how she collected the monthly printouts of those on welfare and then walked from house to house banging on front doors and pleading with people to let her tell them about supported work. Most were friendly, she says, but she still couldn't reach them. Many didn't want to "move where the work is," she says. "They're happy where they live. But, unfortunately, there are no jobs." Others feared any disruption of their daily routine. They lived by habit, including the habit of welfare. "In many counties, there's no social stigma if you're poor," Mrs. Bishop says. "A lot of these people don't know they're poor. They're happy. I taught school in Webster County"—one of the seven—"and I had some welfare children. They thought I was strange. They didn't know what nail polish was. One day, a group of girls stood around the desk and stared at my fingers." Mrs. Bishop says that many of these poor whites, like Wildcat recruits, have never worked before. "They have poor work habits," she said. "Don't know how to get up in the morning. Don't know how to reg-

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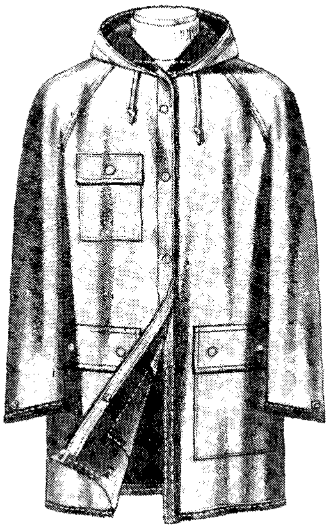

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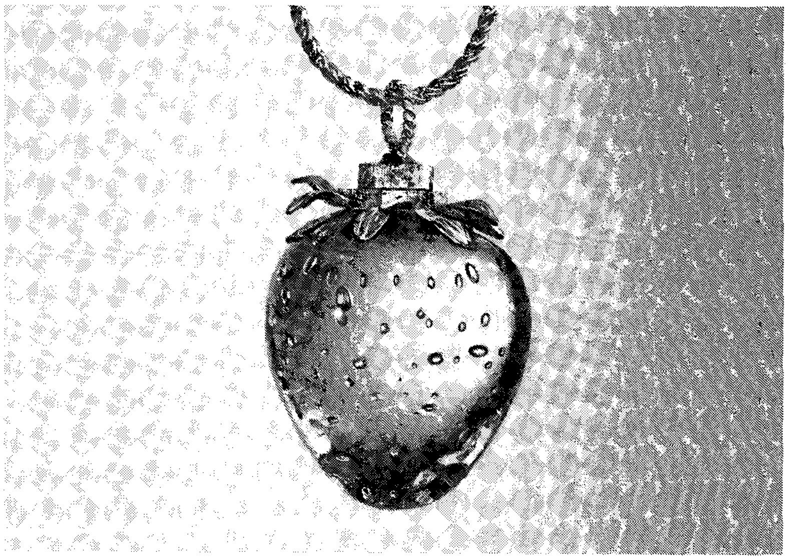

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ulate their life to go to work." Like most urban training programs, the H.R.D.F. program also competes with alcohol. Family problems haunt people here, too, with incest common. According to David Walker, a thirty-seven-year-old former Neighborhood Youth Corps instructor, who is the programs manager at the H.R.D.F., many residents of Preston County have the same surname, and "they all look alike." As in the North, alcohol, unemployment, family problems, frustration, and boredom generate violence in the home.

With few private jobs available, what supported-work jobs there are in Preston County are often with local government. The Preston County Community Action Agency, in a frame house in the hamlet of Kingwood, supplies two such jobs. Cheryl Hall (the names of all the trainees have been changed) travels twenty miles each way to her clerical job. A heavyset woman with a moon-shaped face and straight brown hair, she is twenty-eight and has two children. Her husband, Fred, who is in his forties, also works at the C.A.A. Cheryl Hall qualified for the program as a long-term welfare recipient; she has now been at her job—the first one she has ever held—for seven months. "When I got out of high school, I got married," she says. "No time to do much of anything." Two children quickly followed, tying her to the house. Though she went on welfare to support her family, she has contempt for many whites on welfare. "Trashy," she calls those who "walk in and stink and you can't see their faces." She goes on, "Welfare gives them everything. Welfare rebuilds the house." Unlike Jackquelyn Bishop, Cheryl Hall believes that welfare recipients are stigmatized. "Around here, when you're on welfare people consider you trash," she says. "Most of these people don't have education. Not willing to get it. I'm not saying all. I'm saying most of them." Later, she says, "Most people on welfare have two, three cars per family." Cheryl Hall is happy at the center, and happy to be working. "It's got me away from home, training me," she says. Like Pearl Dawson, in the Wildcat program, her motivation is high—and for the same reason: she hates welfare, and hates what it did to her. Her attendance is outstanding and, according to a written evaluation, "she is very willing and would make some employer a great worker."

Sam Clendenin's future seems less

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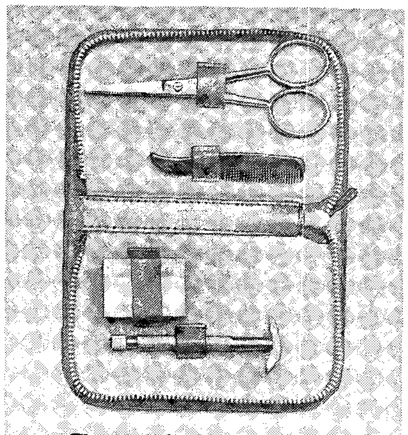

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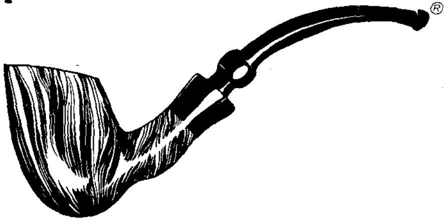

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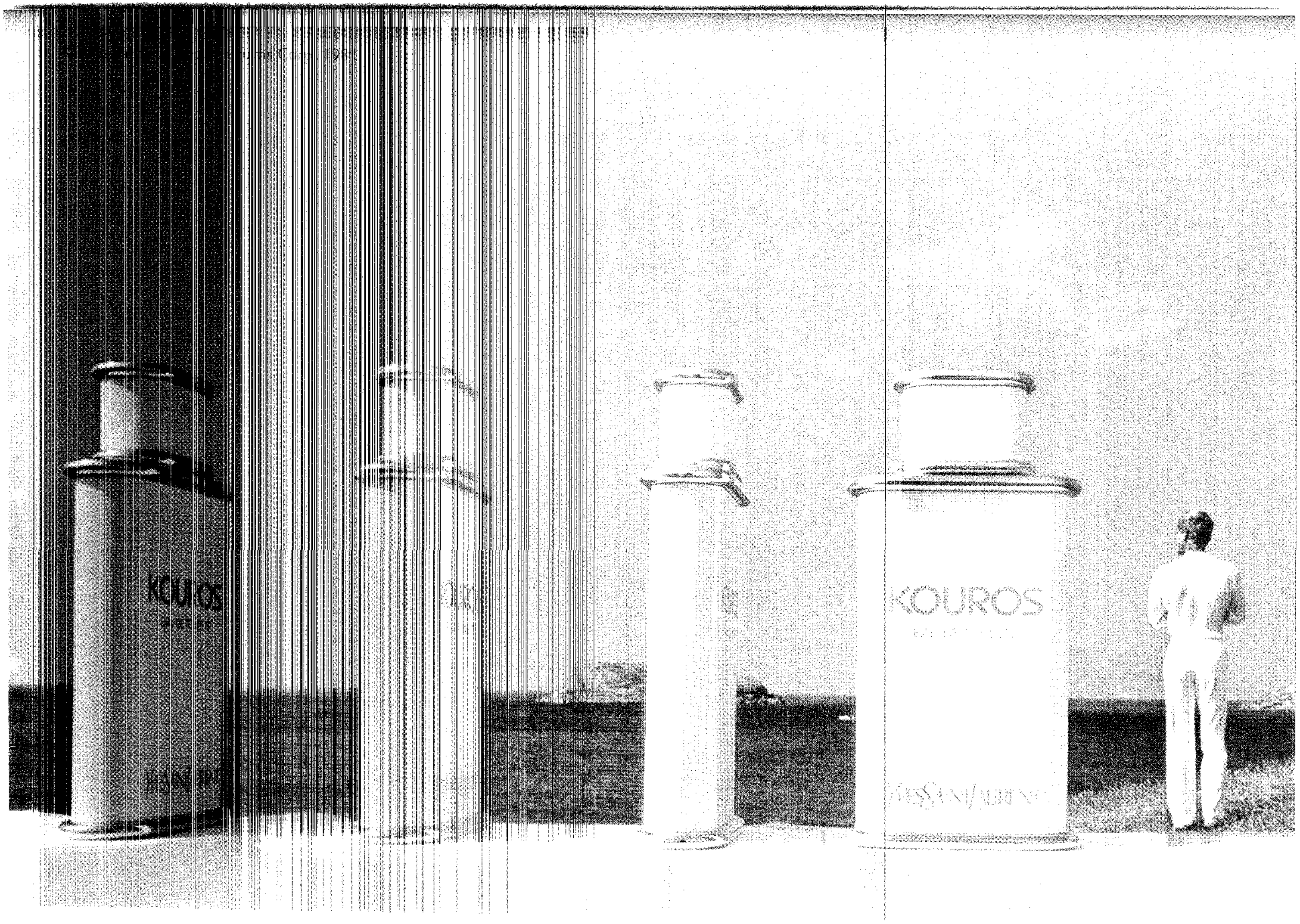
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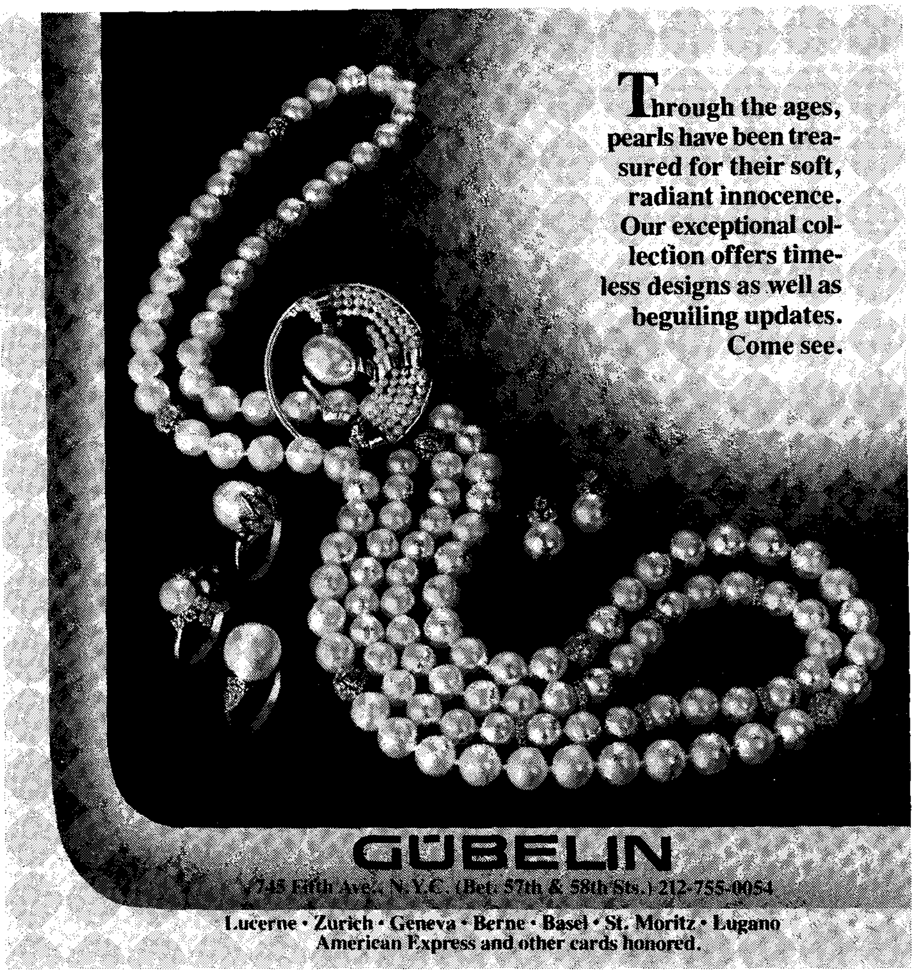
promising. Clendenin is a carpenter at the Community Action Agency in Kingwood. Four of his front teeth are missing, and the rest are decayed and blackened to the gums. He has shoulder-length dark hair, and he often wears a red bandanna around his head. Clendenin, who is now twenty-two, has a sixth-grade education and an I.Q. of sixty-five; he spells his own name with difficulty, and admits to having a drinking problem. He has been in jail seven or eight times, he says. "I was in there three times for drinking," he says. "Once for stealing. Once for breaking down a window. Once for being cruel to animals. And I just got out for being drunk again." Sam lives in a trailer home in Indian Rocks, close to his mother; he keeps a respectful distance from her, though. Recently, she went after him with a shotgun, and after a short chase she fired, nicking him. Clendenin's father abandoned his family—eighteen children in all—leaving his wife on welfare. Clendenin's parents, one local evaluator wrote, were "not really interested in his personal problems." Of his mother, Clendenin says, "She had to have eighteen kids"—to get more welfare. Although he has been supported by welfare, he shares Cheryl Hall's harsh attitude. "Some of them just don't want to work," he says of welfare recipients. "They can just live good on welfare." If Clendenin could quit drinking, his supervisors say, he might be a modest success as an employee when he leaves supported work. But the drudgery of his life is an invitation to drink. After work, he goes home and "sits around and watches television." Cheryl Hall, who looks out for him, says, "The only thing around here is a bowling alley and a lot of beer joints."

There are more distractions for Mary Paul, nineteen, who is a supported clerical worker at the H.R.D.F.'s state headquarters, in Morgantown. A skinny, freckle-faced girl with straight dirty-blond hair, she lives in a downtown trailer court with her son, Michael, who is two years old. Unlike eighty per cent of West Virginia's poor, she was not born in the state but moved here several years ago after an altercation with two police officers in Massachusetts, her native state. She qualified for the supported-work program as a mother on welfare. Unlike the members of the Wildcat program, Mary Paul earns about twice as much from the program as she received from welfare—she earns three hundred



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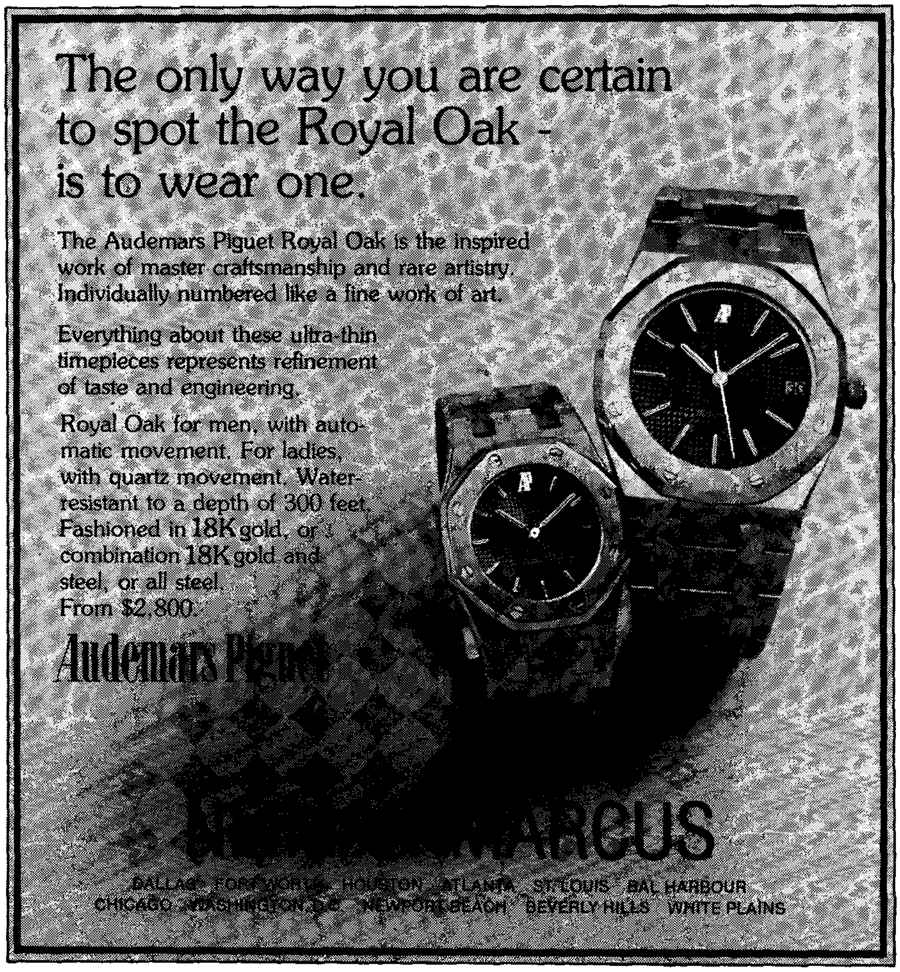

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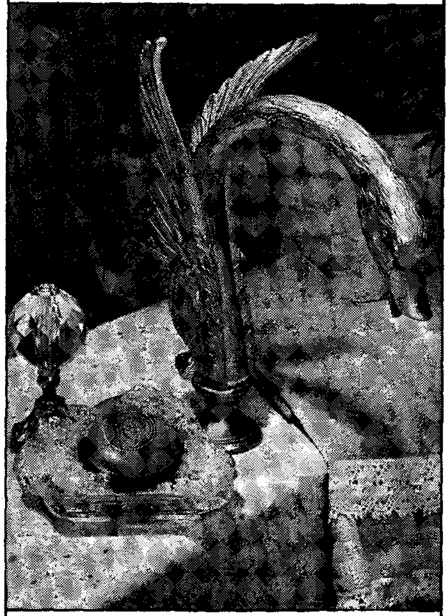

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and twenty dollars a month, and also gets sixty dollars a month in food stamps—but is still thirty dollars a month short of what she needs to live. She says her monthly expenses are a hundred dollars for rent, twenty-five dollars for home heating gas, eighteen dollars for electricity, forty dollars for gasoline for a 1969 Volkswagen, a hundred dollars for groceries, a hundred and twenty dollars for a babysitter to watch her son while she works, and seven dollars for her cable TV. She covers the difference by borrowing from her parents, who now live in the same trailer court, or from ten dollars a week she earns cleaning the house of an elderly man.

Mary Paul does not consider herself poor. "I'm happy," she says. "My son has nice clothes. As long as Michael looks normal and doesn't look shabby, I don't consider myself poor." Her husband used to drink and became so violent that she had him arrested. "Now he comes over to see the baby," she says. "At times, I forbid him to come over. He's dried up now and looks like a normal twenty-three-year-old." Her husband provides no child support, and depends on unemployment insurance and the largesse of his mother. Despite the absence of a father in the home, Mary Paul does not believe that Michael suffers. Of the boy's father, she says, "He's around enough. The kid knows who he is. I don't think it affects him at all. One of the reasons we separated was because of the fights. I can give him all the love like his father could give him. There's not as much confusion now." She has a firm hand. "If he needs a whipping, I give it to him," she says. "I don't beat him. But he gets cracked when he needs it."

Mary Paul likes supported work but does worry that her job is drawing her away from Michael. "I'd love to stay home," she says. "Pretty soon, my son's going to think I'm the babysitter." But that danger is outweighed by her distaste for welfare. "I don't want to be on welfare," she goes on. "They're too pushy, too nosy. They act like they should rule your life, know everything you do. For the little bit of money you get—no way that half the people in town who are on welfare are not doing something on the side." Welfare paid her a hundred and sixty-four dollars a month and seventy-four dollars in food stamps. "I lived in a four-room apartment, no running water, no bathroom, no heat except for a gas stove," she

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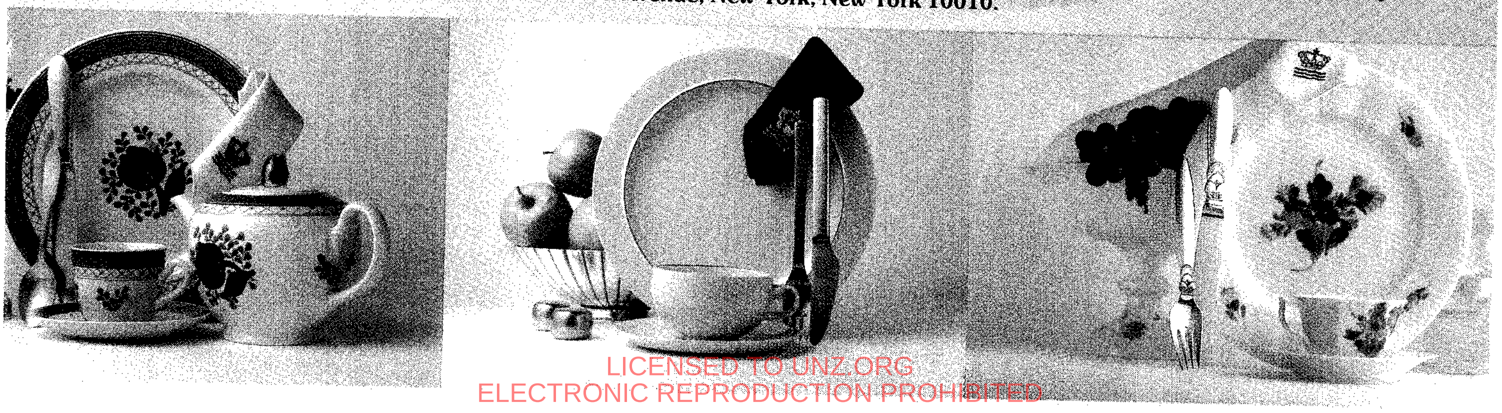

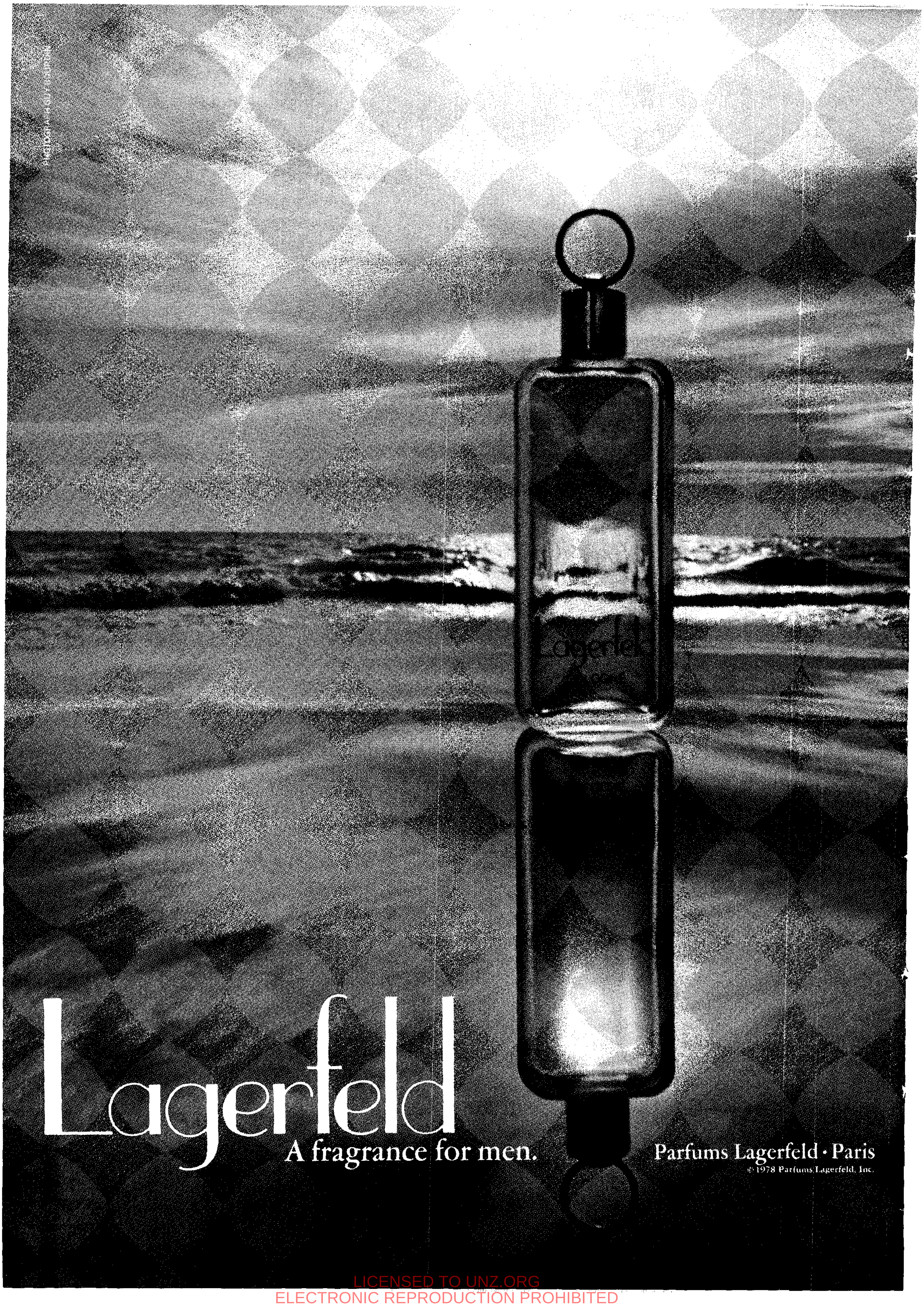
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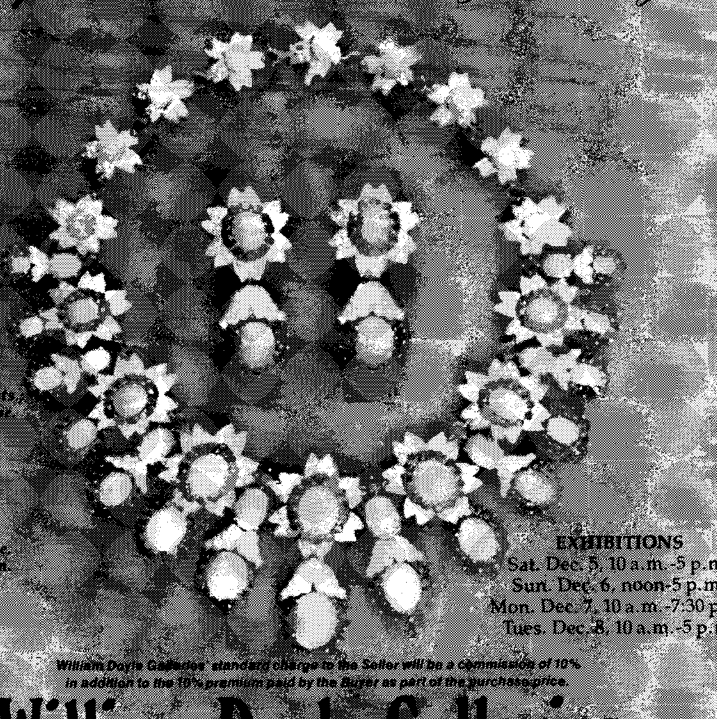
says. "That's where I lived. Now, if you had welfare come in to look and show them where you were living they'd tell you you'd have to find something else, because there was no running water. They don't approve of places you're living in, but they don't give you enough to live anyplace else but the dregs. If I had me a thing for the President to change on my say-so, it would be to straighten out the welfare system. Get people in there who know what they're doing. People who don't treat you like you're lower than them. I told a woman one time not to get excited, because if not for people like me she wouldn't have work. I said, 'You don't talk down to me. I don't have the same nice clothes, but everybody is equal. Even the potheads walking the street.' "

The bureaucracy bothers Mary Paul, but so does welfare cheating. "I know a few who just have a ball on it," she says. "I have a girl friend who likes to stay on welfare. She enjoys it. In fact, she was supposed to come here with me. She wouldn't." Mary Paul's attitude toward husbands is similar to her attitude toward welfare. "Before I started working, I was one-hundred-per-cent dependent on him," she says. "Even for a cigarette. Now I feel that if I can't earn it I don't need it. I don't want to be dependent."

The H.R.D.F.'s largest supported-work site is in downtown Fairmont, a city of twenty-three thousand residents twenty-one miles southwest of Morgantown. Since 1978, the program has owned and operated the Fairmont Hotel, a seven-story red brick building, which employs fifteen to twenty supported workers as waitresses, maintenance men, maids, and kitchen helpers. The hotel has fallen on hard times since a suburban shopping mall was built about ten years ago, draining downtown Fairmont of its commerce. With many boarded-up stores and only desultory street traffic, downtown is more or less a ghost town. Today, the hotel relies on about seventy elderly tenants and a handful of out-of-town salesmen who reserve rooms there for their one-day-a-week pilgrimages to Fairmont. Tensions between tenants and workers have been common. The guests, according to the hotel's manager, Claude Arnett, "do not appreciate supported workers." He adds, "A portion of the tenants don't appreciate having ex-convicts here. And because the supported workers are underskilled they make a lot of mistakes." Theft has dogged the pro-



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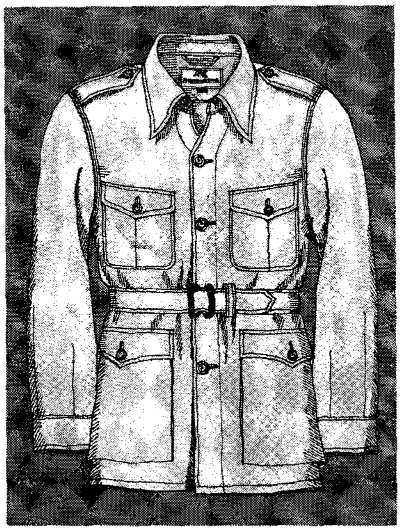

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gram. "At a conservative estimate, in the three years we've run the hotel we've lost about ten thousand dollars' worth of hand tools," says David Walker, who, like all the staff except three supervisors, is white.

Like the people enrolled in Wildcat, supported workers here are drawn from the ranks of ex-convicts, long-term welfare recipients, and delinquent high-school dropouts. (Ex-addicts, the fourth group represented in the Wildcat program, are not enrolled, since heroin addiction is rare in West Virginia.) The names, dress, and mannerisms may differ, but the attitudes and the behavior of these supported workers and the ones taught by Howard Smith are noticeably similar.

Mary Sue Boggs, who is forty, found her opportunity in the Fairmont Hotel. After completing the supported-work program there, in November of 1979, Mary became a cook in the hotel's dining room, where she works today. On her right biceps is a tattoo—a snake curling around a knife, with "TRUE TO DEATH" printed below. She has jet-black hair and a heavily made-up, bony face, which make her appear to be Indian. She grew up as one of two children in a poor family. She got pregnant in high school and dropped out to get married. She had five children before she and her husband, a truck driver, separated. He was disabled on the job, and provided no family support, so Mary Sue Boggs searched for work, but, lacking any basic skills and having young children to take care of at home, she found none, and applied for welfare. She was on welfare for four years. "When you're on welfare, they just think they own you," she says. "Act like it's coming out of their pocket. I even hated to go over there. When you're on welfare, you're like a prisoner. I'd rather be in jail. They look at you— I don't know how to explain it. They make you feel guilty." When she heard of the supported-work job at the hotel, she applied at once.

Although welfare kept Mary Sue Boggs alive, she believes that too many white welfare recipients are loafers. "A lot of them don't want to get off of it," she says. "I guess because they don't want to work. The young kids today would rather get pregnant and go on welfare. They do it just to keep from working. But I'll tell you, when they start raising kids they'll find out how hard it is."

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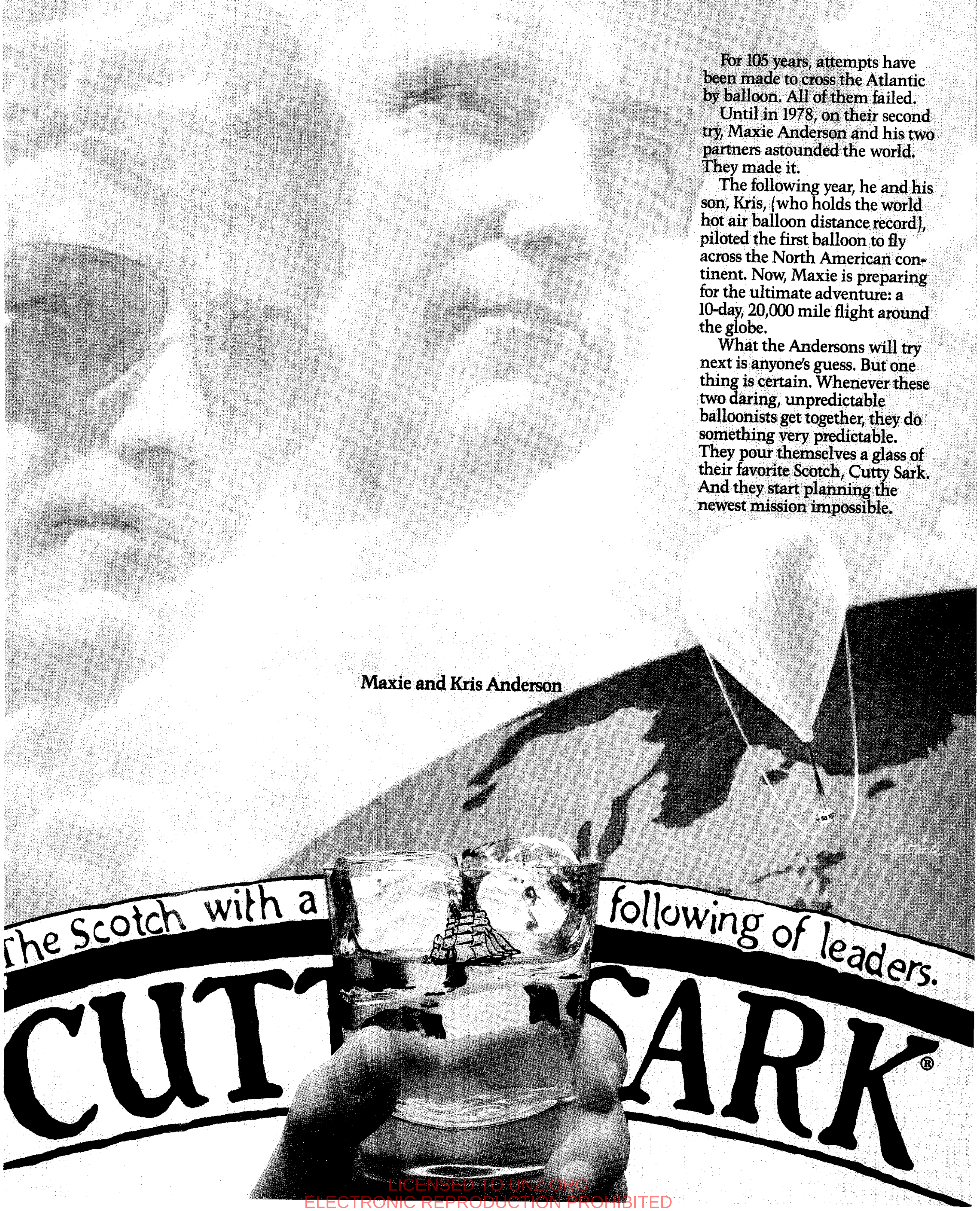

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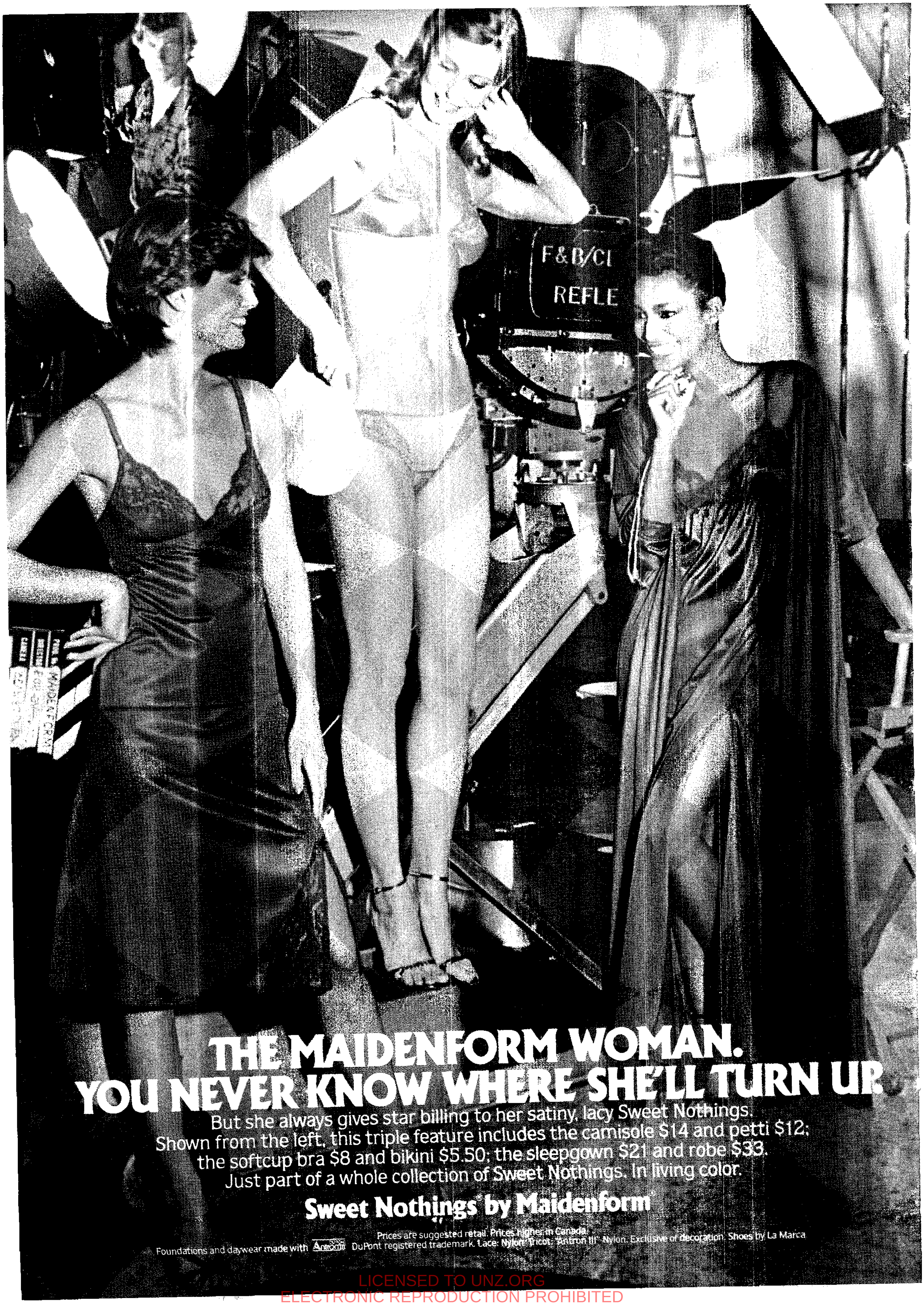

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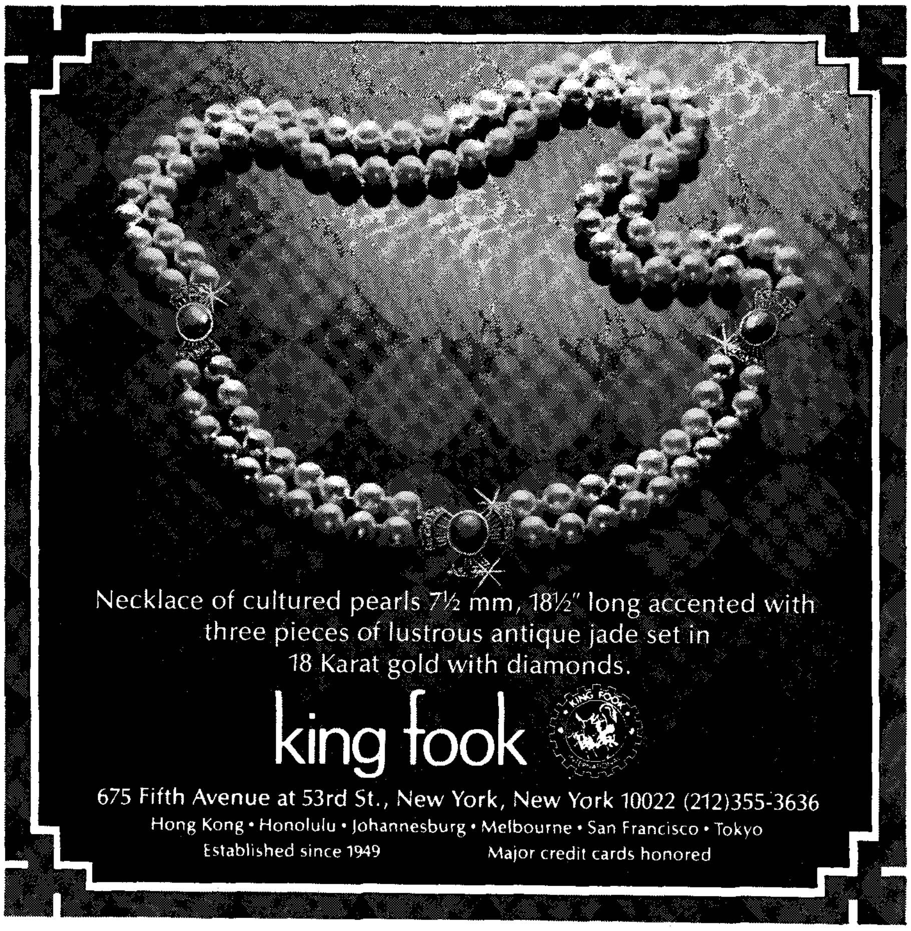
of four hundred and forty-six dollars does not cover expenses: ninety dollars for rent, twenty-five dollars for electricity, a hundred and ten dollars for home heating oil (in the winter), and two hundred and fifty dollars for food. To help make ends meet, her mother-in-law, who lives with her, contributes part of her Social Security check; her twenty-one-year-old son also contributes. Some months, the family skimps on food to pay bills. "I signed up for food stamps," Mary Sue Boggs says. "I want to see if I can get them. I won't go into that if my older boy gets in the mines."

Like Mary Sue Boggs, Lora Paranski, who is now twenty years old, dropped out of school and got married when she became pregnant. When she lost the support of her husband, who is now serving time in prison for armed robbery, she turned to welfare. Lora Paranski joined the hotel program as a kitchen helper five months ago. "I just needed a job and came down," she says. "My husband used to work for the program before we were married." She knows how difficult it is for mothers on welfare who have younger children. "People won't watch children till they're at least three or four years old, and it's hard to find babysitters," she says. She pays her sister to babysit for her two children. Her monthly salary is four hundred and forty dollars before taxes. She pays seventy dollars a month to rent a four-room house in downtown Fairmont (she hopes to buy the house someday); eighty dollars for her sister's baby-sitting; seven dollars and fifty cents for electricity; forty-eight dollars for heating gas (down from a hundred and six dollars, the figure before she insulated the windows with plastic); and the rest for food. To supplement her income, Lora Paranski does domestic work. "I do a little washing and cleaning house on the side," she says. This brings in about thirty dollars a week.

She was placed on probation for six months after a brush with the law, and spent one year on welfare. "I really felt bad," she recalls. "Like they owned me. They send you a check once a month and then food stamps once a month. You can't live off of that. And they send you food stamps about a week or so after you get your welfare check. So you can't save. You're borrowing money. So when you get your check you're paying back. I felt like I was trapped." Others on welfare don't feel that way, she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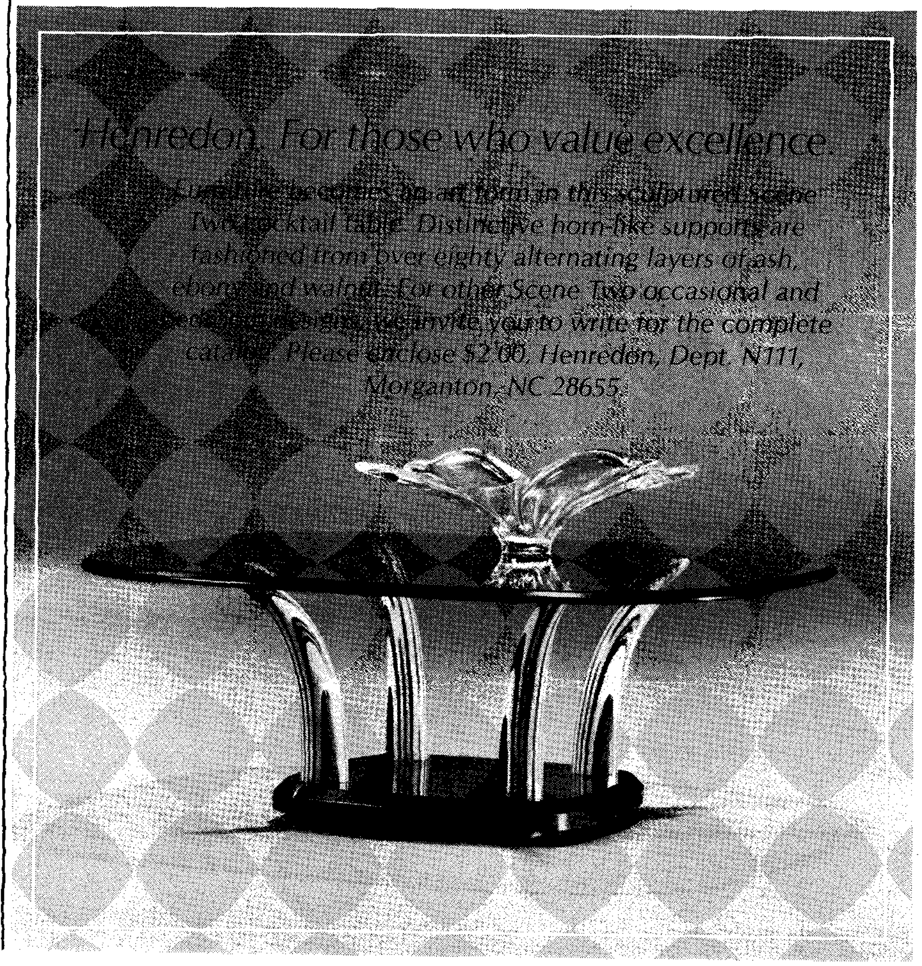
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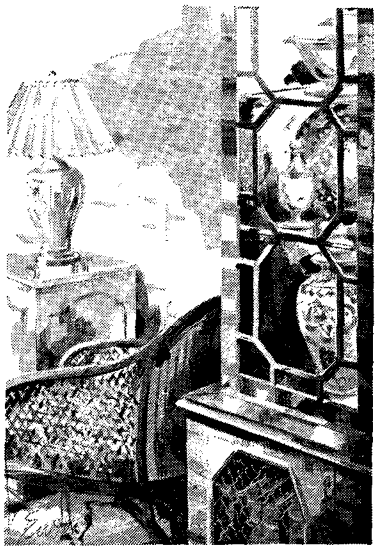

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says, echoing a view expressed by several members of the Wildcat program. "There's people I know in Fairmont just having babies to get more money. I wouldn't want a baby for that. They just say, 'I'll get more money if I have a baby.' They just want to lay around. I couldn't stand it." She sees a similar indolence in her brother-in-law, Cecil Breeden, who also works at the hotel. "He's hard to get out of bed in the morning," she says. "He's lazy."

When she is asked about her goals, Lora Paranski says, "I like to do carpenter work—to work on things like cement." Eventually, she would like to own a construction company. "I'm tired of being poor," she says. "I'd like to climb up that ladder and make it where rich people are. And if I have to climb up the ladder myself with my kids, I'm gonna do it. I've come a long way in a year. I plan to go further." Indeed, supervisors say that Lora Paranski's attendance and attitude have improved. David Walker says that she has the potential to climb the ladder, but he worries that she will slip off. She drinks, and she smokes too much marijuana, he explains, and sometimes she works as a prostitute. "She runs around with a wild crowd," he says.

Walter Roberts, who is twenty-two, has also moved with a wild crowd. The only black supported-work employee at the hotel, Roberts was referred to the program by a probation officer. ("I was caught with a pistol in my car," he explains.) A muscular five feet eight inches, Roberts is light-skinned, and has a thin mustache that droops just below his mouth, long sideburns, and two front teeth blackened to the gums. Roberts, who is one of five children, was born in Fairmont, and now lives down the street from his parents. After finishing high school, he worked at odd jobs, collected unemployment compensation, and hustled. Officially, Roberts did not work in the two years before he entered the program. "They wouldn't give me any welfare," he says. "I had two cars at the time, and my own house." Unofficially, money came in, because he owned a truck and hauled materials and garbage for people. "Also," he says, "I had a couple of girls staying with me. They helped me out a lot." He does not say whether their contributions came from work, welfare, or prostitution. He bought a house for three thousand dollars, as well as four used Cadillacs. "I have a girl who stays with me now," he says. "We got two kids. We're not married, 'cause she's on welfare. That's not the only reason. I'm not ready for it yet."

Roberts, though his household is partly supported by welfare, says he is unlike people on welfare, because he has ambition. "I know a lot of people, if they can get that welfare they're not worried about anything," he says. "Me, I want my money. A lot of people asking me how I can afford four cars. I tell them it all depends on what you do with your money. I feel a lot of them like being on welfare. They get a check. They get food stamps. They don't have to do anything."

Roberts says that being black is not a particular handicap. "I don't think it's a problem," he says. "Maybe with certain people. But you have that everywhere." He says better pay would change things a bit at the hotel. "A lot of them get the supported-work job because their parole officer makes them. I feel if they paid more they'd have better attendance." If a better-paying job comes along, Roberts says, he will probably leave. He now makes three dollars and thirty-five cents an hour, having recently been promoted to maintenance-crew chief. His goal is to "open up some type of business—maybe a customizing shop for cars."

Claude Arnett says of Roberts, "He's hard to understand. He's got some leadership ability. But he'll take issue with me." One day at work, Roberts suddenly flared up, and he was suspended for three days. But over the past few months he has been steady and reliable. "He's got a good chance to succeed," Arnett says, "if he can resist the lure of the quick buck."

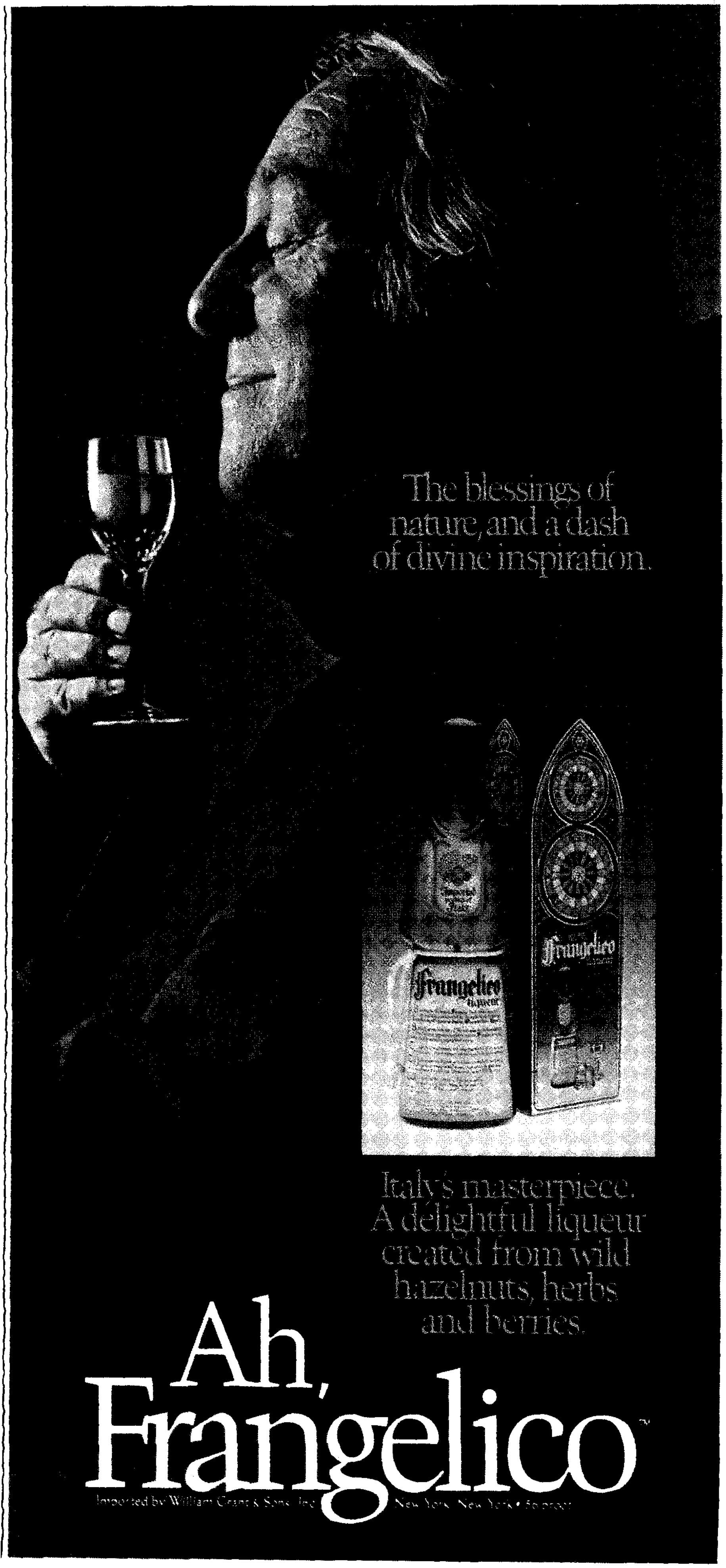
Cecil Breeden, twenty, is a member of Roberts' maintenance team and is Lora Paranski's brother-in-law. But, unlike them, he seems to lack the spark

of ambition. He speaks in a slow drawl, pausing often between words, his eyes usually fixed on the floor. He has dark-brown hair parted in the middle and falling to his shoulders. With two children and another on the way, the Breeden family survived on welfare before Cecil found work at the hotel. Welfare wasn't particularly good for him, he recalls. "It helps out, but it didn't give you a sense of responsibility," he says. Breeden is disdainful of friends who are satisfied with welfare. "Some people like that," he says. "This one guy I know, his wife's working. She quit her job after he was working. Then she got a job and he quit."

One of eight children, born in Fairmont, Cecil Breeden was two when his father died. His mother remarried and had three more children. Cecil wasn't happy at home, and dropped out of school in the tenth grade, after falling more than three grades behind in reading. He was laid off from his last two jobs, his marriage is shaky, and he feels uncomfortable with his current job and salary. He complains a lot. There are too few supervisors at the hotel, he says—only one in maintenance, rather than two or three—and the supervisors he does have are arbitrary. "In handbooks they gave us, they had holidays and stuff we get paid for," he says. "After a while, around Veterans Day, they decided we wouldn't get paid for them, though the handbook said we would." Breeden concedes that his attendance is bad—he has been absent or late thirty days out of just over a hundred workdays—but blames the supervisors, in part. "We sit down—me, Claude, and the counsellor—and we was having a little discussion about that," he says. "He said he'd meet me halfway if I tried. I told him I would. Next day, I saw him and he asked me *again* about it." Breeden felt pressured.

He is asked why, if he loses pay, he is absent and late so frequently.

He stares at the floor for a few moments and then, without lifting his head, says, "I was here almost every day. Some days, I'd call in sick. Some days, when I was sick, I'd tell my sister and she wouldn't write it down. One time, I took two sick days off because I was looking at another job. In September, there were some personal problems. I just didn't feel like coming in here. I came down and talked to the previous manager and he said he could get me time off if I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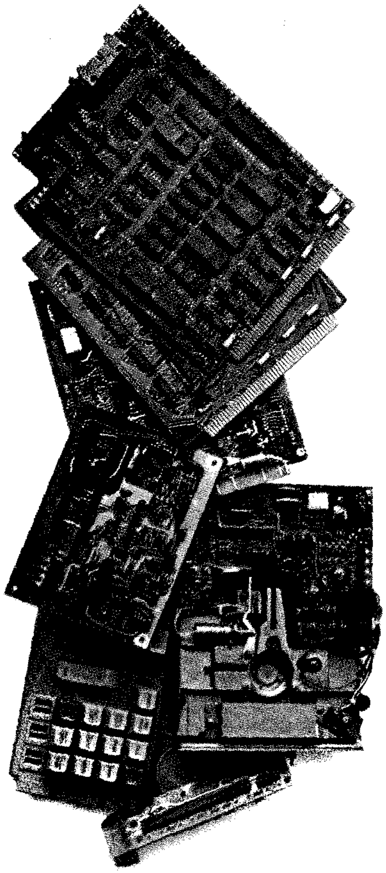

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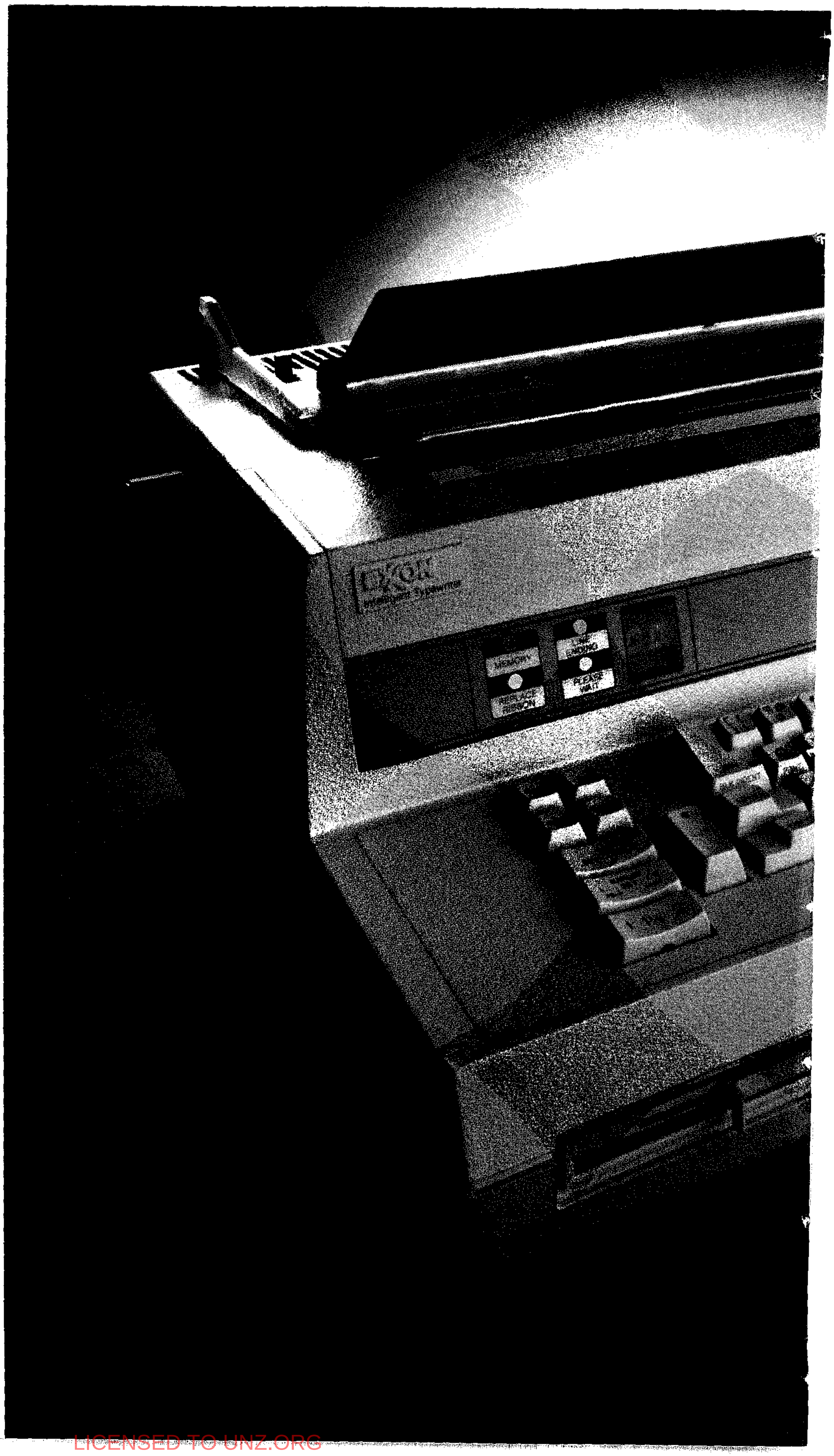

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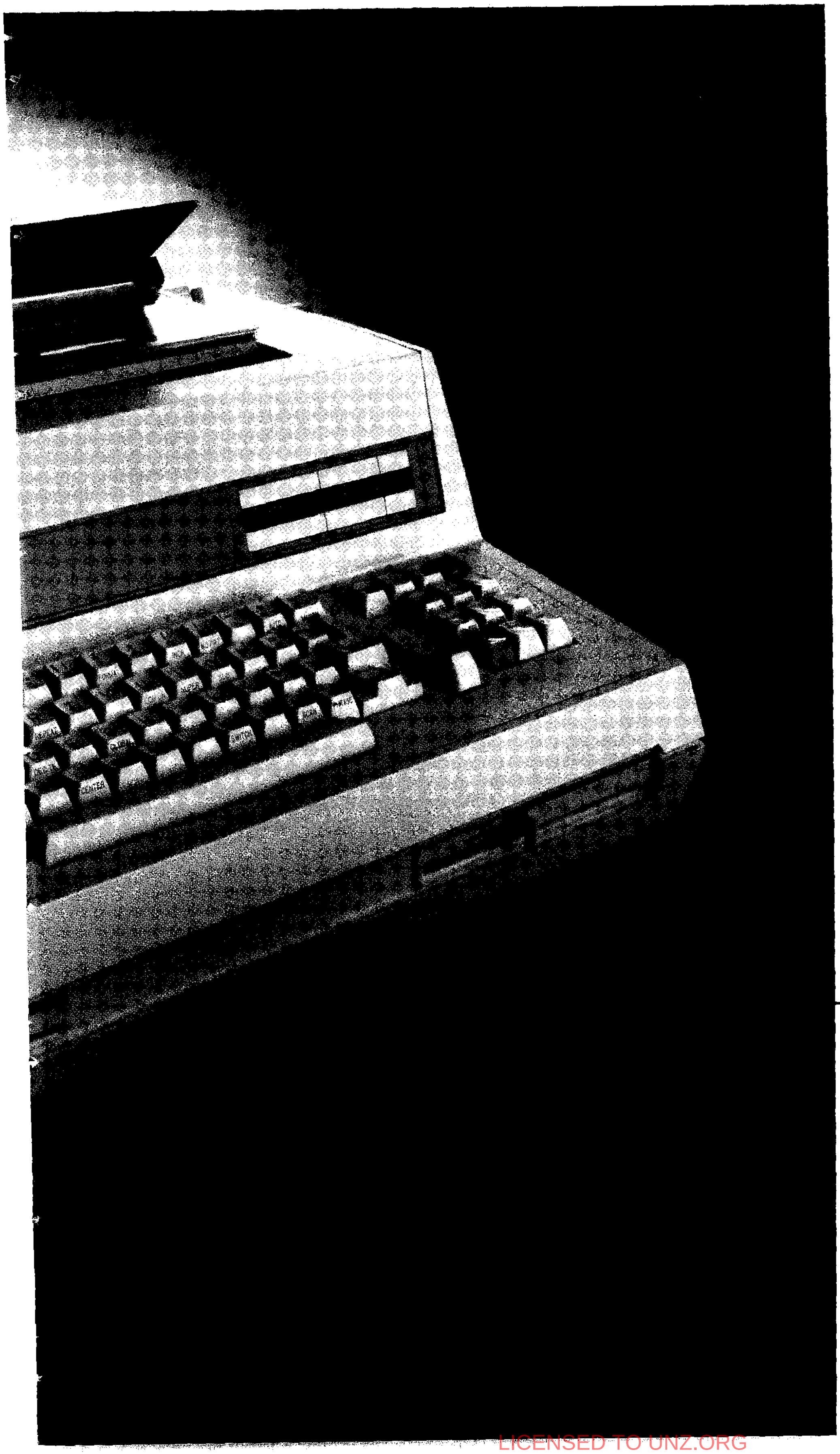

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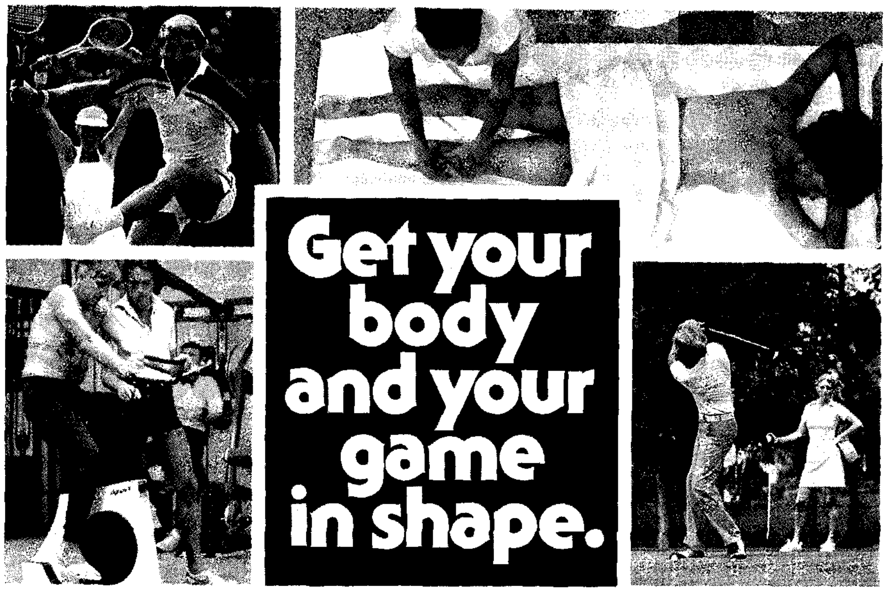
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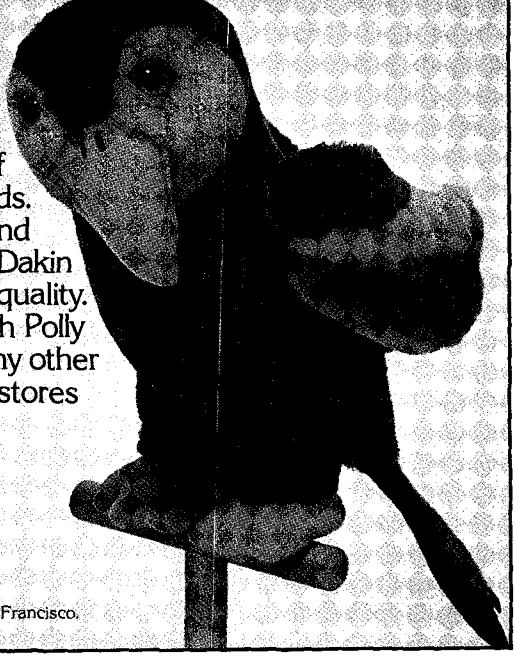

needed it. If Claude keeps pressing, I'll tell him what to do."

Claude Arnett offers a different perspective on Cecil's problems. "He didn't mind coming in five, ten minutes late every day," he says. "He wants to be excused. He didn't show up yesterday. Last week, he was late four days and absent one day. Whenever I sit down and try to help him and straighten him out, he listens, he talks good. But that's as far as it goes. He's really got something on his mind. Something's eating him bad, and I think it's his wife. He's downright jealous of his wife. He wanted me to change my electric time clock to the time on his alarm clock. He's way out."

Tolbert Pickens, who is forty-seven, is not hostile, like Breeden, or a hustler, like Roberts. He is simply passive, like Willy Joe. He has bad skin and bad teeth. A short man, Pickens has blanketed his body over the years with tattoos. "Everybody else was getting them," he explains. On one hand, the word "LOVE" is spelled out on four fingers; on the other hand, the word "HATE." The names of his son, his daughter, his former wife, and countless cousins are tattooed over both arms. From 1951 to 1964, Pickens commuted some two hundred miles between his job as a shipper's helper for a steel company in Lorain, Ohio, and his home in Fairmont, where he spent weekends. When business slackened, in 1964, he was laid off. He got a job as a truck driver with a small Fairmont company, but eventually the company went bankrupt. His difficulties, however, result from more than bad luck. He has been in and out of prison—most recently, for grand larceny. "I got all drunked up and took some junk laying over on the river," he says. He is an alcoholic, and has been for as long as he can remember. "Nothing to do, I guess," he says by way of explanation. "Sit around and watch TV. Some of your buddies come in and say, 'Drink with me.' You do."

Pickens' wife divorced him twenty years ago, taking their two children to Florida. "I heard she was remarried," he says. "The boy was twenty-two on January seventh. The girl'll be twenty-one the twenty-fourth of April." He neither sees nor supports them. "My wife, she wanted me to leave them alone," he says. "I still miss them. I used to send them money when they were young." He pauses, and then says, "I didn't think she was going to get a divorce. My mom

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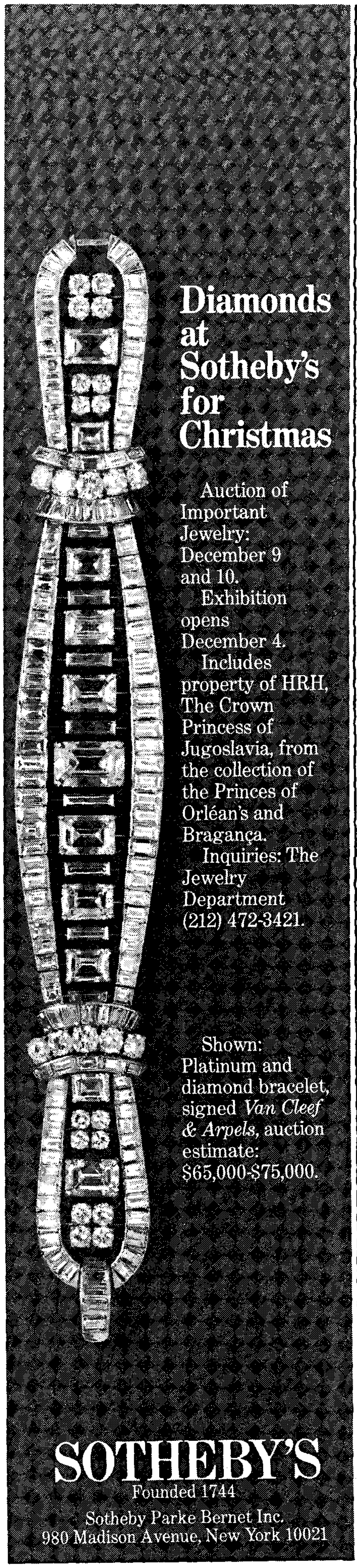

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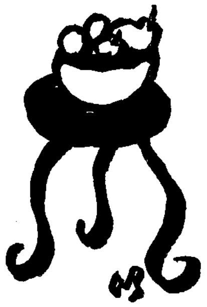
showed me it in the paper. All a surprise to me." He doesn't write to his children. "They wouldn't write back," he says. "I figure that if they want to see me they can. They're old enough. I shouldn't have to go to them."

Before Tolbert Pickens went to work at the hotel, he washed dishes for two dollars and ninety cents an hour at the Poky Dot Restaurant, in Fairmont. He is much happier today, painting and doing plumbing and electrical work around the hotel, where he also lives. "At night, I'll be here and a lady asks me to do something," he says. "I'm not supposed to, but I went to her room and fixed her TV. After working hours, you're not supposed to do it. But I like to help people out." One of his deep regrets is that he dropped out of school. "A big mistake," he says. "In A.A. meetings, they tell you to go to school, but I didn't go. I thought I was too old to go and sit in class. But there was older men than me going. I found that out later. A big mistake. Most jobs you can't get without high-school training."



Claude Arnett says that he likes Pickens, but offers a harsh judgment on his potential. "He'll never make it with another employer unless we straighten him up," he says. "And he's not very bright."

One former employee of whom Arnett is particularly proud is Joyce Haun, who is known as Susie. Susie is a high-school dropout who, after an unsuccessful marriage, supported herself and a daughter by working as a nurse's aide. She was able to make a decent living until her right knee collapsed in an accident. Seven depressing years on welfare followed. She learned of supported work through a doctor, and became one of the H.R.D.F. program's first recruits. When she graduated from the program, she was offered a position as assistant manager of the Forest Glen development—a mixed low-income and middle-income housing project in Fairmont. Since 1976, the development has been owned and managed by the H.R.D.F. One of Susie Haun's duties was to supervise ten supported workers employed there. Within seven months, she was promoted to manager. Today, at thirty-seven, she has lost forty pounds, is remarried, and earns a weekly salary of two hundred and eighty-six dollars. She also receives free housing and utilities as the live-in manager of another H.R.D.F.-owned project. She says it's "a far cry" from the hundred and twenty-four dollars a month she got in welfare payments.

Success has taught Susie Haun to be a tough taskmaster, like Claude Arnett. Seated in the Fairmont Hotel's dining room with Arnett and David Walker, she says that pride is often the missing ingredient that determines whether the ten supported workers she supervises will succeed or fail. "Most people are on welfare by choice, in my opinion," she says. "They're lazy. The problem with people on welfare is that they would rather sit at home. I think we should make them go to work if they're eligible—maybe because I know what H.R.D.F. can do for you, and they don't." Of her seven years on welfare, she says, "One of the fears you have when you're on welfare and you go through training is 'What if I lose the job?' "

"It's dependency," says Walker, who agrees with Susie Haun that there should be a work requirement for able-bodied persons on welfare.

"They get into security and hate to lose it," she continues, and she turns to Arnett. "When you sent me a letter that it was time to go out and search for a job, I was scared to death. You're afraid to let go, for fear of not being able to support your child."

Walker refers to the program's target population as "the disadvantaged," but, like Howard Smith, he believes that most people in the underclass are more than just poor—that they have behavioral difficulties requiring special help. "I think the people we're dealing with for the most part are at the bottom," he says. "In our A.F.D.C. group, we're dealing with people who've been on welfare at least twenty of the last twenty-four months. And many a hell of a lot more. I sincerely believe a lot of people are unemployed simply because they don't know how to get a job. No one ever took the time to tell them. They don't know how to present themselves. They don't have the self-confidence to look a guy in the eye and say, 'I'm a good man. Can you help me?' And many people from the rural counties don't have much contact with working or with the public. To come to Morgantown is a big trip, a big deal. I can't believe it. People from Preston County, for instance, never had to deal with blacks before. It's difficult for them to do it." Many lack education or skills, he says, and others have an attitude problem. "How to deal with a supervisor is often a problem," Walker says. "Mary Paul epitomizes that. She feels that people are picking on her."

Walker believes that self-confidence is often the key. One mother on welfare stayed with the program eighteen months and was frightened at the thought of leaving, he says. "She didn't believe anyone else would want her. I thought that after eighteen months we had built up her confidence. But there are a lot of other things. You've got to consider that we as an employer have been more tolerant than most employers would be." In his opinion, Consolidated Coal, which pays close to eighty-five dollars a day for work in the mines, wouldn't be so tolerant. "That's one of our problems," he says. "We're hesitant to write people off. Maybe we're wrong." Walker is as troubled by this dilemma as Howard Smith was over whether to flunk Willy Joe. Demand too much of people unaccustomed to regulations and discipline and you risk chasing them away, he says; demand too little and you risk not preparing them for the more rigorous world of work. A guaranteed job does not turn out to be the answer for everyone. Nor is preaching about the rewards of the work ethic and about punctuality. After years of poverty or hustling or dependency, people become inured to the demands of society. "Usually, they come from a family with no work experience," Susie Haun says. "And when they haven't been taught about work from an early age, not working comes to be a bad habit. A family habit."

Claude Arnett says that some supported workers have "real tough lives," and this view is shared by Homer Kincaid, a local labor leader and community organizer, who now serves as the director of the H.R.D.F. Kincaid, who is forty-seven years old, has long, thin, graying sideburns and a full mustache, and he speaks in a soft voice. "If you been a welfare recipient in West Virginia, it's sometimes because it's been passed down to you," he says. "The children of long-term welfare recipients have an attitude. In 1967, we recruited two brothers from a mining community for the Neighborhood Youth Corps. They didn't show up for two days. We sent out a counsellor to find out why. The

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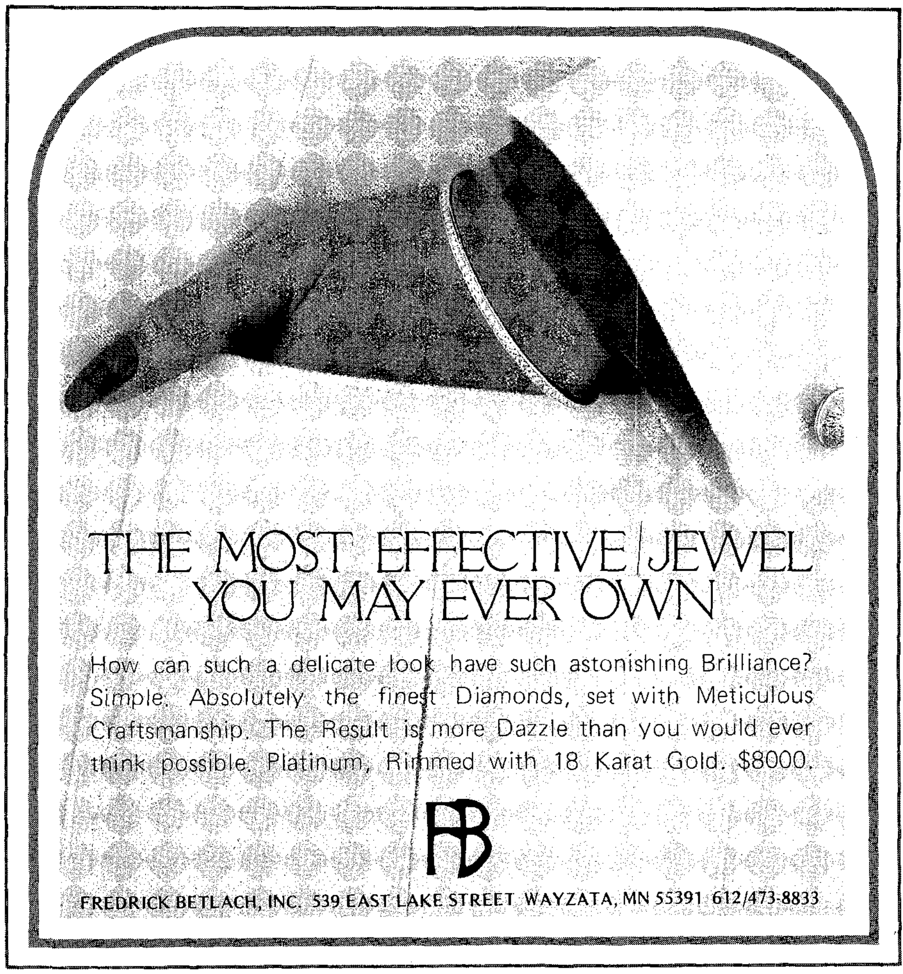

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counsellor asked them. They said, 'We signed up. We're waitin' for the check.' That's the kind of attitude we've had to face. I've had people get their first check and if there's an error made, or they think there is, the only way they know to deal with it is to say 'I quit!' " Others fear straying from their homes or communities. "We've had A.F.D.C. mothers, really good workers, who when they got out of supported work went right back into the shelter of their homes," he says. To someone lacking self-confidence, the home is safe; a job is threatening.

A violent home life imposes another obstacle. Kincaid says of some of his recruits, "They've grown up in violence. What they expect in life is that who's the toughest survives. In some communities, the family name is passed down as a no-gooder. They're branded. Even if a guy's done nothing, he's branded."

"And, because of the brand, no matter how much skill they have they don't get the job," Walker adds.

All the programs that the M.D.R.C. has supervised in recent years struggle with many problems, none of them easy to solve. In West Virginia, for example, there are too few job opportunities, so there is sometimes difficulty finding jobs for supported workers, particularly in Preston and Taylor Counties. With the exception of the H.R.D.F.'s hotel and housing projects, the work sites are so small and so scattered that supervision and such supported-work techniques as peer-group pressure, graduated stress, and close supervision become next to impossible. Without mass-transit facilities, travel to and from work is a hardship; to go from Morgantown to Wheeling, for instance, takes an hour and a half by car. "The price of gas really hurt us," Jackquelyn Bishop says. "A lot of people couldn't get in to interviews with us because of gas. It's bad enough for me to pay a dollar-thirty for gas. Imagine how it is for them!" The program reimburses workers at the rate of seventeen cents a mile, but only for the first ninety days of employment.

"But of all the barriers to employment," Homer Kincaid says, "lack of education is the greatest handicap." Referring to America's renewed reliance on coal production, he explains, "We're about to face an economic boom here in West Virginia. The coal companies are not going to accept people without skills when they can get a high-school grad. We have to give

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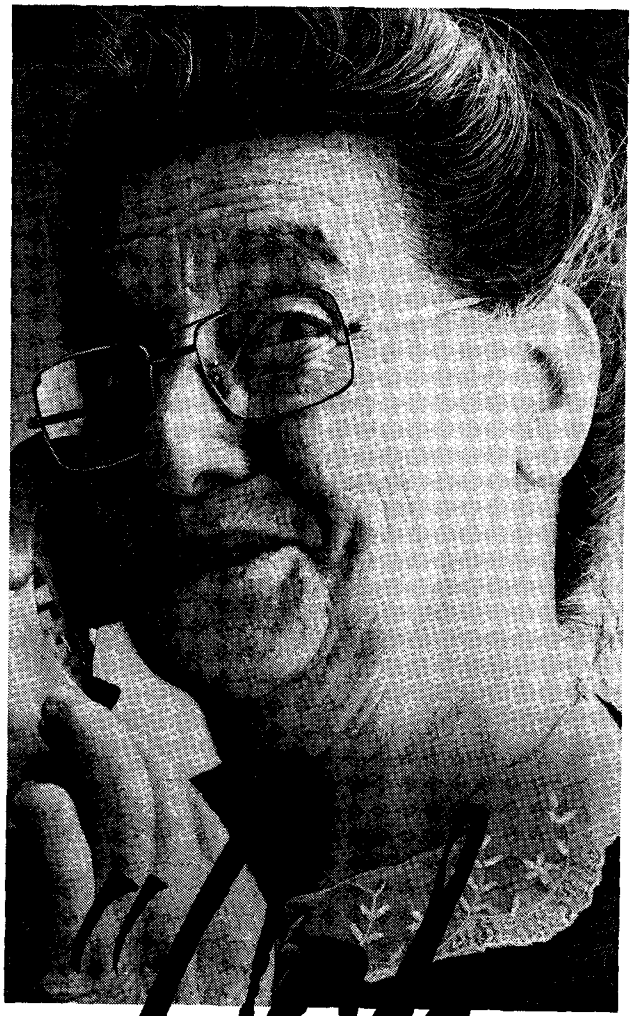

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them something more tangible. To get people into meaningful jobs will take more education and skills training."

Contributing to this problem, Walker says, is the design of the M.D.R.C.'s national supported-work program, which he feels is too rigid. Twelve months of supported work is simply too short a period for those lacking a high-school education. "You can't learn basic skills and education skills at the same time," he says. "And what of the illiterates? No program touches them. All programs screen them out."

Kincaid has no magic cure. He concedes that there is no readily apparent way of helping illiterates. "The cost is prohibitive," he says, because illiterates need individual instruction. Nor is there any quick and inexpensive way to reclaim the sixty-four per cent of the people who have enrolled and dropped out of this supported-work project in its first five years. Many illiterates and dropouts, Homer says, become "a class on welfare the rest of their lives—they are wards of the welfare system."

Over all, the results of the West Virginia program matched those of other supported-work programs throughout the nation. Of the one thousand fifty-four workers enrolled between April of 1975 and December of 1980, forty per cent were ex-offenders, thirty-seven per cent delinquent youths, and twenty-three per cent A.F.D.C. mothers. Almost four hundred completed the training program and graduated to regular, unsubsidized jobs. To understand why a majority left the program, the M.D.R.C. conducted interviews in 1978 and 1979 and issued reports, one of which said, "A sample of eighty-two participants who preferred to be unemployed rather than stay in the program had numerous reasons for their departure. The most often cited reasons, in order of frequency, were low wages, personal health problems, transportation difficulty caused by lack of vehicle or distance to the work sites, disappointment with what the program offered, and friction at work sites with H.R.D.F. supervisors." The most common cause of both suspensions and dismissals was absenteeism—forty-nine and twenty-seven per cent, respectively, compared with a national average of fifty-two and twenty-eight per cent. (The West Virginia numbers would have been higher if the program supervisors had suspended or dismissed workers in 1975, their first year of operation.) The M.D.R.C.'s analysis of the West Virginia program shows that through December of 1980 the greatest success was achieved with ex-offenders (thirty-eight per cent went on to unsubsidized employment); next came A.F.D.C. mothers (thirty-two per cent); and the least success was with young people (thirty-one per cent).

But "success" is a subjective word. One can choose to focus on the sixty-four per cent of those enrolled who failed to finish supported work or the thirty-six per cent who did finish and went on to full-time, unsubsidized jobs. It is the M.D.R.C.'s contention that normal definitions of success or failure should not be applied to the underclass—people so battered by years of neglect, habit, and hostility that they are difficult to reach. A 1979 M.D.R.C. evaluation of some of those who succeeded in West Virginia observed that, "while this post-program activity . . . may be absolutely low, it far surpasses any expectations based on previous trends or prior knowledge of the target area, its population, and its economy."

When I return to New York, the members of the Wildcat program are eager to learn about Appalachia. What were the people like? they ask. Are there differences between the rural and urban poor? Between blacks and whites? Or Hispanics and whites? Interrupting their questions, Howard Smith invites me to the lectern to give an impressionistic account to the class.

In appearance, I say, the Southern poor seem worse off than the poor in the North. In Appalachia, one of the first things a visitor notices is rotting teeth—"green tooth," as it's called there. While missing teeth are common in the North, decent dental hygiene is more prevalent. In general, health care is worse in the South, with fewer Medicaid services and other social programs. This in part reflects the different traditions of the two regions. Government, for all its flaws, is often thought of as an ally in Northern cities, and as a meddler in the South. Because of these varied traditions, welfare benefits and government support are usually less generous in the South, and, perhaps because of this, the infant mortality rate is steeper.

There are also differences in behavior. The M.D.R.C. has generally found that passivity, as opposed to hostility, is more pervasive in the South. Or as Anne Ward, the M.D.R.C.'s representative for urban Baltimore and rural West Virginia said, "I think the rural underclass seem more content with their lives. Life doesn't change much for these people. When I talk with kids in Baltimore— Their parents come from the South. They're very mobile. The people in West Virginia are not very mobile. They don't know that they should ask for more. They don't complain, women in particular, that they're only getting the minimum wage." Because of their passivity and fear of venturing from the familiar confines of the home, she says, "West Virginia has a terrible attendance and lateness problem. The myth is that blacks have no respect for time. These people are no different."

Life for a poor person in the South is different from what it is in the North, I tell the class. With less to do at night, people generally rise when the sun comes up in the morning and go to sleep when the sun goes down. With fewer strangers to contend with, shopkeepers often extend credit to their customers. Where ghettos exist, they rarely sprawl. Unlike the poor in the urban centers of the North and the South, the rural poor often live next door to more affluent families. In the hills of West Virginia, there are expansive red brick houses beside ramshackle trailer homes. Thus, class tensions are said to be less severe; so, too, are the pressures of rural life. Blue skies, fresh air, tranquil countryside, sparse population, less contact with the kind of wealth encountered, say, along Manhattan's Fifth Avenue soften stress.

One result of urban stress is more crime—particularly violent crime—in urban areas, where the majority of the underclass now live. Gary Walker, who is the M.D.R.C.'s senior vice-president and spends part of his time visiting M.D.R.C. sites throughout the nation, says, "Violence is one area of human behavior that can be analogized to the behavior of rats. In rat experiments, they've found that if you put rats in a crowded space you get more violence." Resentments build. A resident of Preston County on his way to work, for instance, encounters neither the strangers nor the opulent wealth that a Harlemite would on his way to work in midtown Manhattan.

What frightens citizens most about urban crime is its random nature. Ho-

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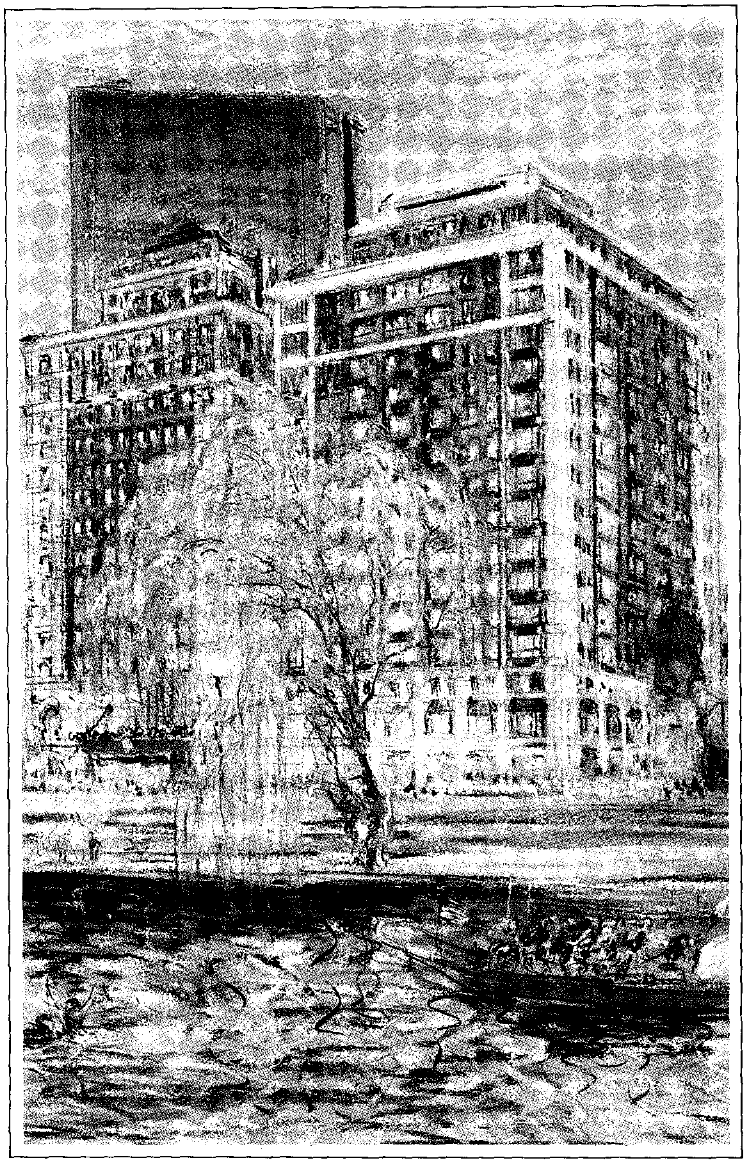

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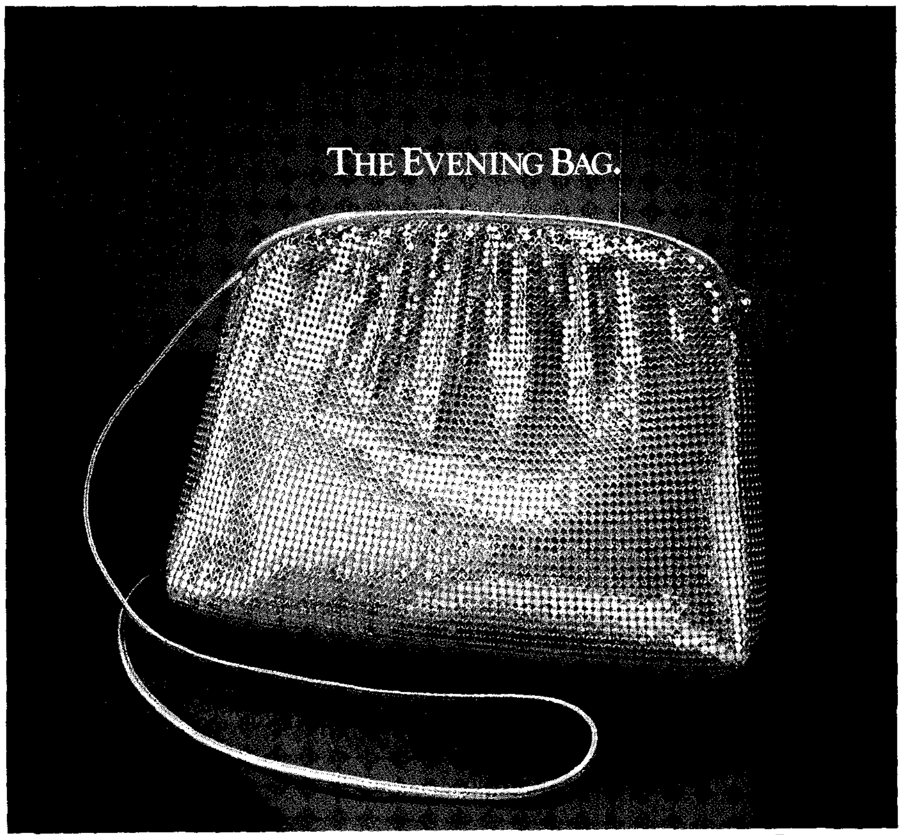

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micide rates are soaring everywhere, but a truly startling statistic is the geometric rise in murders by strangers. Pocketbooks and gold chains are grabbed in broad daylight along crowded thoroughfares; rapes and homicides have become almost commonplace. But random crime does not plague West Virginia in the same way. "People are closer," explains Homer Kincaid. "They know their neighbors. I go driving in Preston County, and the people wave. You find the crime rate not that great in rural counties. People are not afraid to talk to strangers. There's violence here, but you don't find severe crime. People are not afraid to walk down the road. Most crimes are from people getting high on alcohol. No one's coming into a community from the outside." While in cities disputes are more and more frequently settled with guns, in rural areas, Kincaid says, people resort to "fisticuffs."

In cities, an underground economy tends to flourish. Most members of the Wildcat program have side hustles—selling drugs or "hot" goods, running or playing numbers, running dances, cheating on welfare programs or food-stamp programs or methadone programs. Fewer rural supported workers have such hustles, and those who earn outside income tend to do so in what are considered less anti-social ways. M.D.R.C. officials report that fifteen per cent of all supported workers enjoy some illegal income—a figure that they think is low, because it is based on volunteered information. Indeed, there is some evidence that the underground economy is more extensive in smaller Southern cities than is commonly assumed. Terry Williams and William Kornblum, who are engaged in a research project on the underclass in New York City, Louisville, Cleveland, and Meridian, Mississippi, were surprised to find that Meridian, a city of fewer than fifty thousand inhabitants, ranked second among the four cities that they studied in illegal earnings among young people. (Cleveland ranked last.) The reason, they suggest in an unpublished study, is that poorer communities that have "accessibility to more affluent white and black patrons" have broader markets. They write, "The existence of a large naval base at the outskirts of Meridian has created a thriving market for drugs and sex in this small city. Thus we find that youth in Meridian do perceive opportunities for earnings in the illegal economy. We have a surprisingly

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large number of individual cases of youth who have been employed in drug dealing and prostitution."

While some of this illegal activity—particularly pimping, prostitution, drug peddling, street crime, and vandalism—debases the quality of city life, it must also be placed in a financial context. The underground economy is not monopolized by the underclass. The Internal Revenue Service, for instance, estimates that Americans, many of them affluent, cheat the government of eighteen billion dollars in annual tax revenues. One economist has estimated that the total underground economy—including maids and workers paid off the books, inflated expense accounts, pilfering, tax avoidance—could be as high as two hundred and fifty billion dollars a year.

Rural or urban, broken families are often an indicator of poverty. The number of families headed by single women goes up as income goes down. This is true among blacks and whites, within or outside of metropolitan areas. But the percentage of broken homes is greater among urban than among rural blacks, and greater among urban than among rural whites.

While children in the white underclass are more likely to grow up in a two-parent home, incest is more common in these families, according to people who work with the underclass in Preston County, West Virginia. The absence of stable family life remains a distinguishing trait of the underclass everywhere. In a national survey of all the teen-agers participating in its Youth Incentive Entitlement Pilot Projects in 1979, the M.D.R.C. found that 39.7 per cent of the whites lived with just their mothers; 48.3 per cent of the Hispanics lived with just their mothers; and 61.4 per cent of the blacks did. Nationally, only one quarter of all the teen-age participants lived with both parents.

The similarities between the rural and the urban underclass are striking. There is the same general lack of exposure to the world of work, the excessive violence in the home, the absence of role models, the same dependency on and rage at a degrading welfare system, the same lack of self-confidence. Cecil Breeden, in West Virginia, resents authority, just as John Hicks, of Wildcat, does. Mary Paul rages against the indignities of the welfare system, just as Pearl Dawson does. Teen-age motherhood becomes more prevalent, in the North and in the South.

Also, the stereotypes are alike. The Wildcat trainees sat in rapt attention when I told them of whites in Appalachia who denounced "trashy" welfare loafers or those "who live good on welfare" and rode about in their "fancy cars." They were surprised, and not a little amused, to hear of Sam Clendenin, in Preston County, being chased by his mother with a shotgun. The description of Tolbert Pickens' rotting teeth raised a few eyebrows, as did Cecil Breeden's hostility and his inability to get to work on time, or Lora Paranski's working as a prostitute. They heard of Pickens' alcoholism and passivity, of Susie Haun's former dependency on welfare.

Silence followed my presentation. Finally, Howard Smith said, "The most important thing I heard is that all races behave the same. Many people feel inferior. What was said is that whites, when in poverty, behave the same. It is not anything intrinsic to a certain race of people."

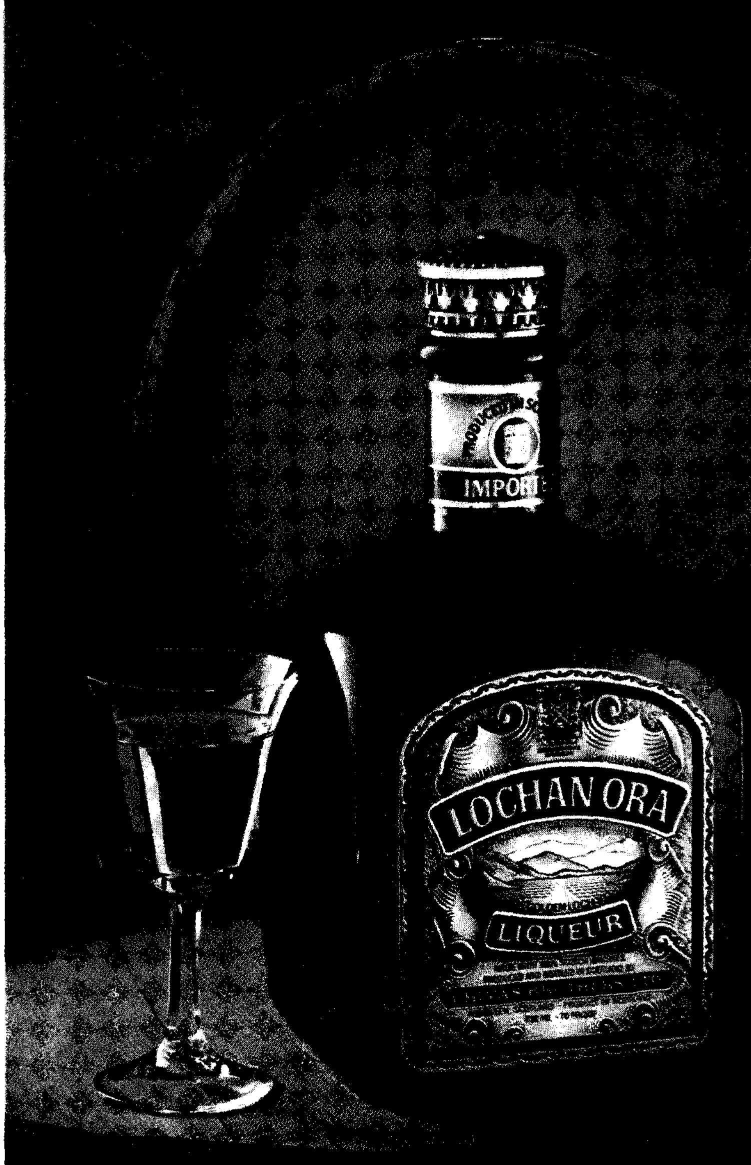
ALL participants in M.D.R.C. programs—white, black, and Hispanic; rural and urban—are taught that the standards of success in the world of work differ from those on the street. They are repeatedly told of the importance of having the right attitude. "If they are to be placed in permanent slots, we try to work on attitude," says Wilhelmina Baert, an instructor in a Manhattan skills-training program run by McGraw-Hill which is attended by four members of the Wildcat program, who were chosen because of their success in Wildcat's typing class. Mrs. Baert teaches very basic social skills, she says. "Be

pleasant. Try to show willingness when someone asks you to do a job. When we get to telephone training, we try to get the students to be pleasant, because the person on the other end doesn't see them. We try to get a good image across, because that's what counts."

As proof that attitude is what counts, Mrs. Baert and others point to the want ads in newspapers. Despite the bankruptcy of scores of manufacturing companies, the loss of jobs everywhere from the North to the Sun Belt, and statistics showing that eight and a half million people in this country are unemployed, Mrs. Baert and others say that thousands of jobs go begging. And they often blame the lack of a proper attitude as much as the lack of skills. "If you want a job, we can place you," says Melvin Rosen, the associate vice-president of Wildcat and the supervisor of its job-development staff. "Anybody who wants to work—even if he's unqualified—he can get a job. Motivation is much more important than skills."

Nevertheless, few dispute the notion that there is a "skills gap," with a blue-collar population vainly chasing white-collar jobs—what is known as structural unemployment. After studying this problem in 1979, the Carnegie Council on Policy Studies in Higher Education concluded that nationally "one-third of our youth are ill-educated, ill-employed, and ill-equipped to make their way in American society." New York City's largest private employer—the New York Telephone Company—reports that six of ten applicants fail the competency test it gives prospective employees. The Telephone Company, which hires something over three thousand people annually, says that it sees twelve to fifteen applicants for every candidate who meets the skills and attitude requirements.

The Wildcat Skills Training Center tries to give people the proper skills; Howard Smith's life-skills class works on developing the proper attitude. Four months into the seven-month training program I observed, poor attitudes claimed five more members of the class, in addition to John Hicks, William Penn, Henry Rivera, and Willy Joe—Gladys Miller, Ramon Lopez, John Painter, Herbert Washington, and Aubrey Powers. Seven months in a classroom proved enormously frustrating to many. With the exception of Aubrey Powers, they were all high-school dropouts. Many



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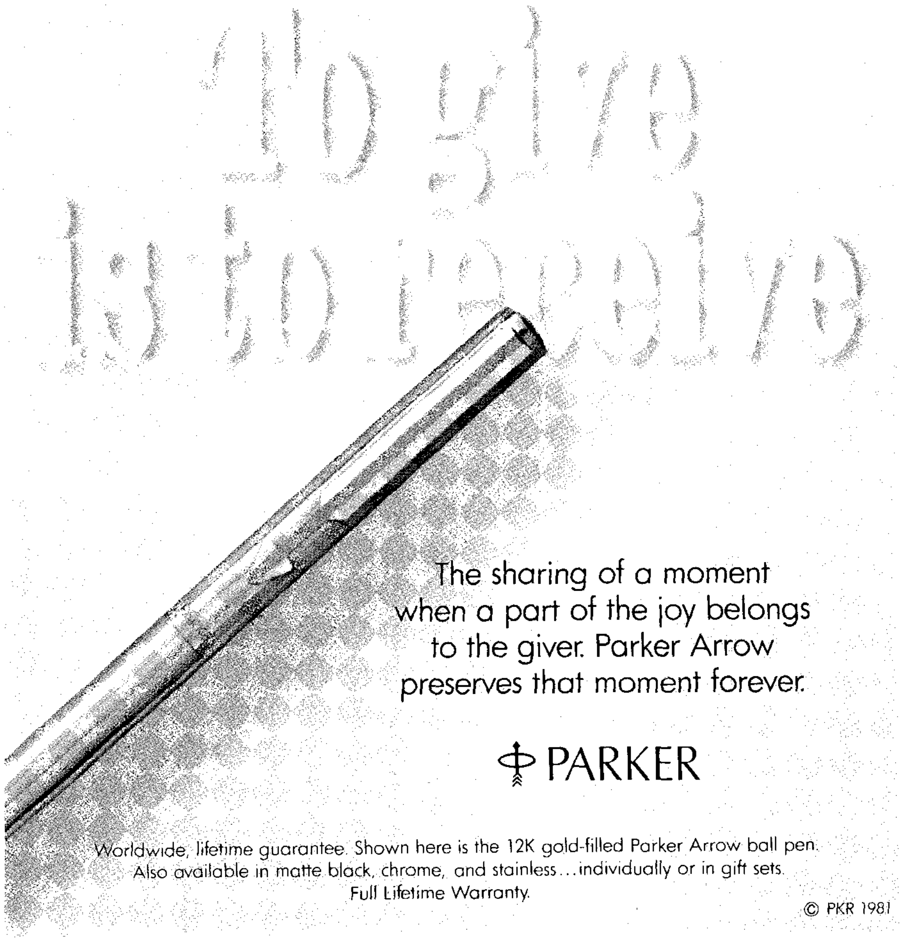

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had earned more money on the streets than they received at Wildcat; their Wildcat salary barely exceeded the money they could receive on welfare. And there was no job guarantee at the conclusion of their year of supported work. Not seeing immediate results, not knowing if all these classes would lead to a job, many began to feel that they were being exploited, taken advantage of. Their suspicion was compounded by impatience. "Many of our people were just getting out of the penitentiary or drug centers," Howard Smith said one day. "They weren't prepared for punctuality and attendance. They had just got half a foot into the work world. They're used to being in prison or at home with soap operas. Suddenly, they're bombarded with work requirements. It's unfair to them—and to us."

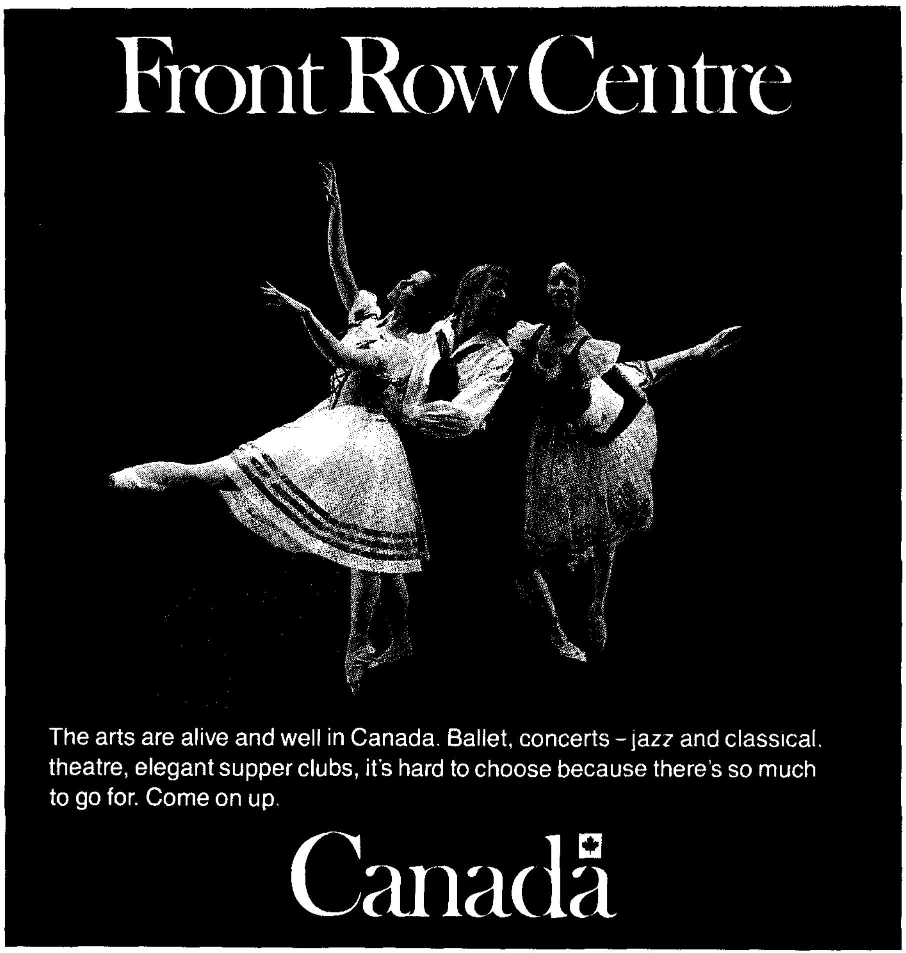
Just two months shy of the final graduation day, the Wildcat class I sat in on, whose enrollment at one time had been as high as twenty-two students, now had eleven. Nevertheless, Smith and the eleven students pushed on. For the remaining two months, Smith concentrated on practical lessons. He reviewed the six steps involved in writing a letter to apply for a job: "*Why* I am writing. *Where* I learned of the job or training program. *What* I can do. *Who* I am. *How* I can be reached. *When* I am available for an interview." He played a videotape recording of a black man identified as Mr. Jones on his way to meet a personnel officer. To steady his nerves, Jones went first to a bar, and he arrived for his appointment a few minutes late. The personnel officer immediately noticed that Jones' application was blank regarding his most recent employment and his criminal history. Asked about this, Jones responded evasively, "I had personal problems." During the interview, Jones rubbed his nose, shifted about in the chair, chewed bubble gum, and spoke in street slang. The people in Wildcat readily agreed that Jones failed to sell himself.

Smith hammered home the point that this was Jones' fault, not the system's, and launched a discussion of the do's and don'ts of going for an interview. Don't wear a sexy, low-cut dress, an enormous wig or hat, heavy perfume, cornrowed hair, a furious Afro, or a dashiki. Don't walk jitterbug style, take along a radio, lie about a criminal or narcotics record, or resort to street slang such as "my gig," "What's happening?," "cool," "You dig?," "I've got to pick up my juice" (methadone) or "I been upstate" (in prison). Among the do's: in responding to want ads, make sure to ask the address and time of the interview; during the interview, say "please" and "thank you," listen to the questions asked, be relaxed without acting too familiar, be steady and clasp your hands and cross your legs.

After watching actors being interviewed in job situations on videotape, the class members were invited to pretend that they were at actual interviews. These performances were videotaped and replayed for the class. At first, a few of the students resisted, but during the last several weeks all participated, analyzing and re-analyzing their performances and assessing each other. Sometimes Smith was the interviewer, hitting the students with hard, antagonistic questions. Sometimes he asked me, the only white person there, to act as a personnel officer. Sometimes he asked one of the class members to be the personnel officer. They wrote sample letters, reviewed the qualifications needed for various jobs, and asked hundreds of practical questions.

GRADUATION day is damp and overcast. After seven months of classes, the Wildcat students assemble in a conference room at Wildcat's main office. By now, the class has dwindled to ten. Leon Harris dropped out three weeks ago to take a hundred-and-fifty-dollar-a-week job with his brother in construction. "I wanted to start working as soon as possible," Harris later explained. Smith has another explanation. "He had applied for a grant from the government," he says. "He got it. He may be like so many people I know, travelling from one program to another. They hustle programs." Leon, Smith adds sympathetically, also had a personal tragedy. In May, his new baby died during delivery.

Joined by Wildcat officials, including the organization's president, Amalia Betanzos, the remaining members of the class convene around a set of card tables arranged in a horseshoe shape in a pale-yellow room without adornment. Hope Parker sits at one end. Personal and medical pressures—the grandfather with whom she lived was dying, her apartment was flooded, she had dental problems—got to be too much for her, Hope says, so two weeks ago she asked to return to her supported-work job, with the city's Human Resources Administra-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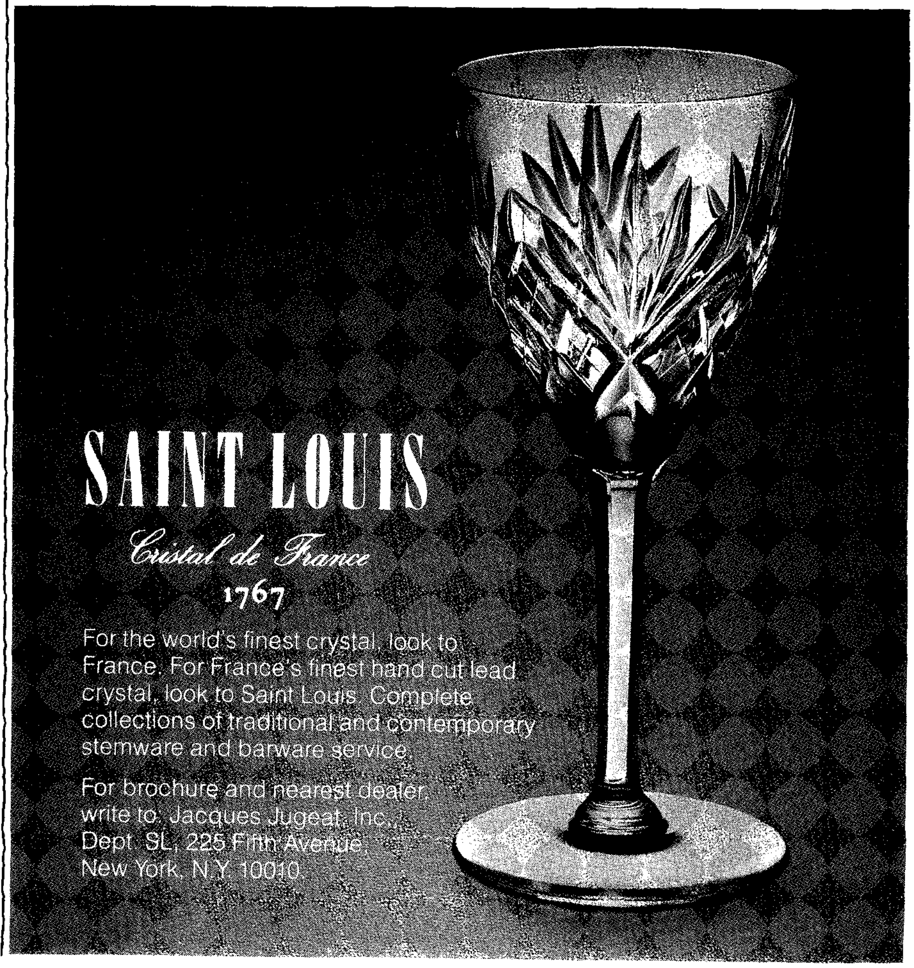
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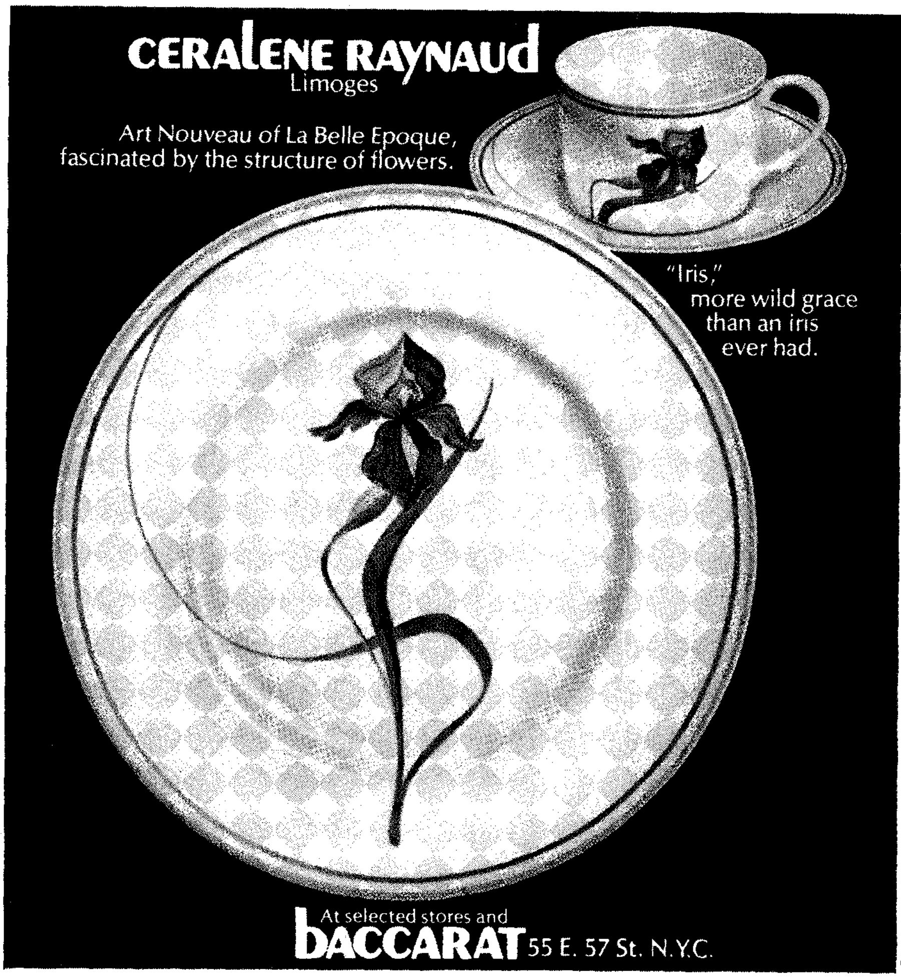
tion, before completing the course. Nevertheless, because she mastered the required skills, Wildcat has invited her to receive a diploma, even if, technically, she did not finish the course. In her spare time, Hope says, she reads the want ads and goes out on job interviews. "I been looking," she says dejectedly. "But unemployment is rising. I went to one place, and a lady made me feel that being twenty-nine is a sin. I went to four job interviews, and I'm getting tired. I got the skills. I can type forty-five words a minute without mistakes. But I got to get me some more skills to compete. I'm going to take shorthand." Tears welling in her eyes, her head down, Hope says, "I'm in the same place I was when I got here."

Denise Brown, who sits beside Hope, is only slightly less depressed. "I had a tough morning," she says. Her sister, who is eighteen years old and the mother of eighteen-month-old twins, ran away this morning, and could not be found. "I'm the oldest of the kids, and they tell me I have to take the twins or they'll separate them," she says, no doubt feeling that her life is repeating itself. As a child in Montreal, Denise had to look after her younger brothers and sisters. The sister's disappearance only adds to her depression about her own vain job search. She applied for a clerical position at CBS, but she has been waiting so long for a promised second interview that she is convinced that the job has been filled.

Next to Denise sits Michael Mathews, who enrolled in the eleventh week. Two weeks ago, Mel Rosen arranged an interview for him with a midtown-Manhattan branch of D'Agostino supermarkets. Michael was hired as a dispatcher, coördinating grocery deliveries. "He'll make it if he can give himself time to become acclimated and make positive friendships at D'Agostino," Smith says. If not, he'll return to drugs and the streets.

Next is Ivy Ford, who worked several years ago at Wildcat alongside another ex-addict—Howard Smith. She appears relaxed and self-confident. But Smith is not sure that she'll succeed. "She's playing so many games that she's ultimately the victim of her games," he says. "In many ways, she doesn't know the difference between the games she plays and reality. She'll come into class and if there's too much typing pressure suddenly she gets ill and has to go home. Her attendance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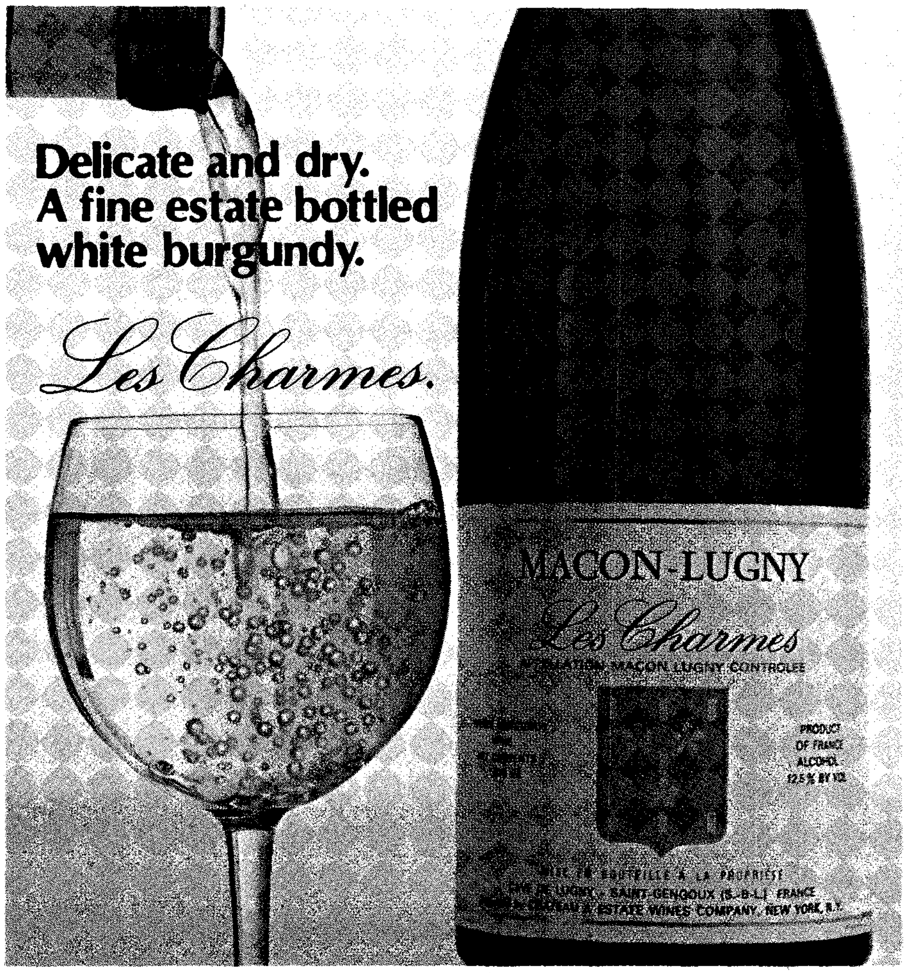
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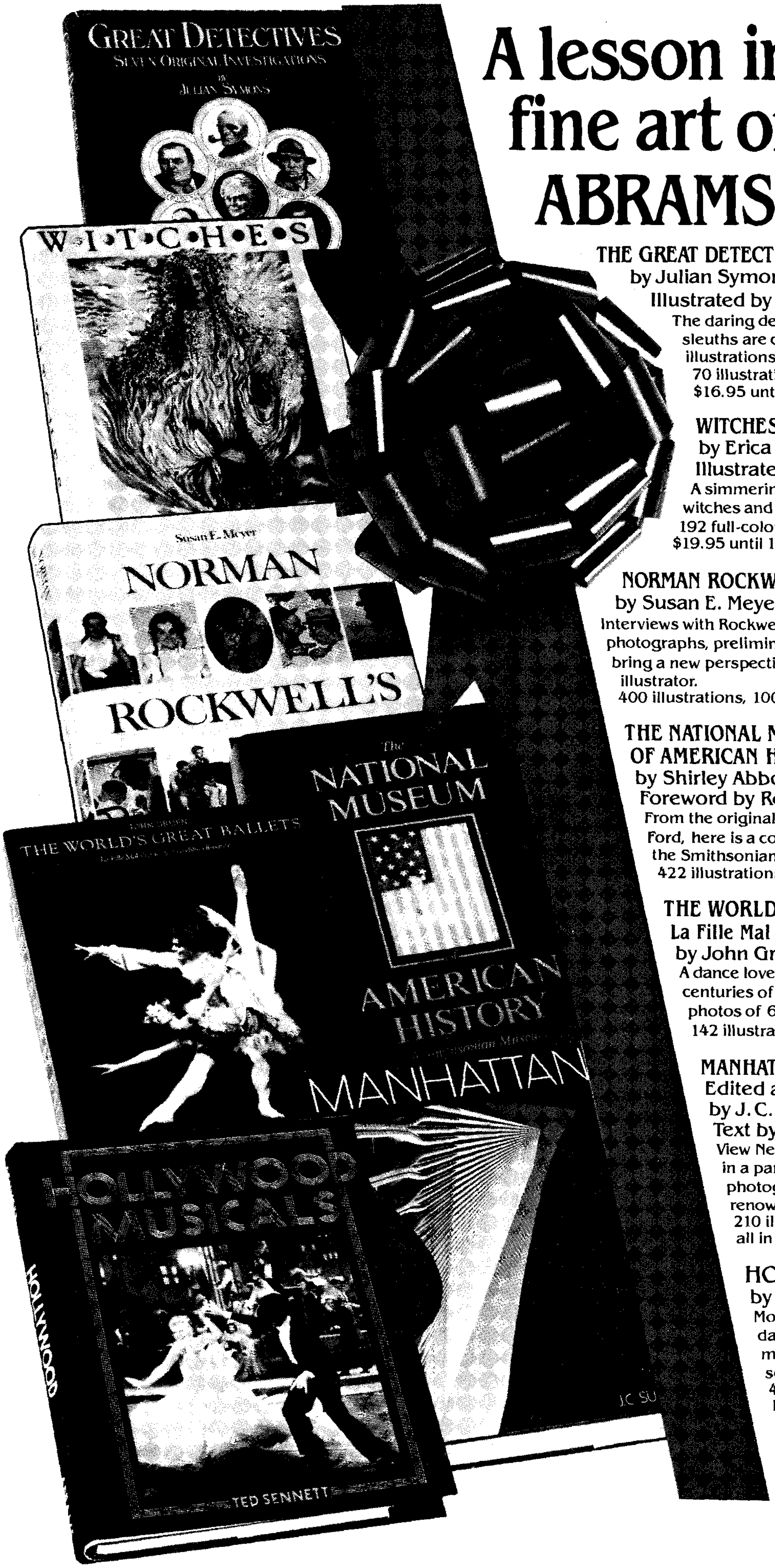
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was erratic during the week, but you always knew you'd see her on Friday." Friday was payday.

Smith is more hopeful about William Block, who sits beside Ivy. Block's attendance was sporadic. Yet he always phoned in, and supplied doctors' notes. "Despite being out a lot, he catches right up," Smith whispers. "He's a very reserved, very modest, very nice guy. I think he'll make it." Block seems to think so, too. Just this morning, he was interviewed for a clerical position, at four dollars and twenty-five cents an hour, with a company that manufactures police badges, and he believes he has a good chance of getting the job.

Next is Timothy Wilson, who of late has alternated between bravado and depression. Today, he seems depressed, and keeps to himself. "Tim's main stumbling block is his youth," Smith says. "He's never had the type of guidance and direction most young people need." Looking at Wilson, Smith crosses his fingers, silently wishing him good luck.

Finally, at the far end of the horseshoe table are William Mason and Pearl Dawson. Mason is the valedictorian speaker. "He's the type of person who will succeed," Smith flatly declares. He feels the same about Pearl Dawson, who has been judged the outstanding academic student in the class and today will receive an award of twenty-five dollars. Tomorrow, she has an interview with Montgomery Ward for a receptionist position. "The awards are nice," she says, "but it won't mean anything if there's no job." She offers no sympathy to those who are downcast. "If anybody should be depressed, it should be me," she says. "I'm older than anyone in the class, and I feel that if I don't get down and don't feel like I'm beating my head against the wall, they shouldn't, either. I could stay on welfare if that's the way I felt."

The only graduates not taking part in the ceremony are Carlos Rodriguez and Mohammed, who both have already found jobs; neither could leave his new job to attend the graduation ceremony.

The ceremony begins with remarks from Amalia Betanzos. "Your training class was the most difficult we've ever had at Wildcat," she says, and she recites a catalogue of woes—inadequate heat in the classrooms, a leaky ceiling, an eleven-day transit strike, and the resignation of Sally Grueskin. Nevertheless, Mrs. Betanzos says, Mel Rosen reported that "there is not a single person in this group who isn't qualified for a job."

One by one, the Wildcat teachers offer their congratulations. Then Howard Smith rises slowly and, with obvious emotion, says, "This will be the most memorable class for me." His eyes pass from face to face, and he continues, "Classes in the past had the best of conditions. Not this one. We first started out with twenty-two students. Everyone was full of hope, said what we were going to do. And yet you were—you are the ones that endured. If you watch any race, some runners start out with a burst of speed. Somewhere around the track they get a cramp, give up, lose sight of the goal. You're the ones that endured and finished the race. And though some of you don't have the reward of a job, I'm confident you will. There's always the intangible reward called self-esteem."

Each member of the class receives a diploma, after which William Mason delivers the valedictory address, in a deep voice that commands attention. "The turn of events here has left us with less people graduating," he says. "And it doesn't make me mad. It makes me sad. We winded up as friends. I must admit there were times I resented the rules and regulations. I'm glad I stuck it out. I had a lot of pushing and a lot of pulling. I now have a lot of education." He heaps praise on Wildcat, on his teachers, and on his colleagues, and concludes, "I'm leaving with more confidence in myself. I'm overcharged with confidence. Look out, world, here I come!"

EARLY in 1981, Howard Smith and the Wildcat Skills Training Center moved from their sunless offices on West Thirty-seventh Street to more comfortable quarters, at 241 Church Street, in lower Manhattan. By January of 1981—seven months after graduation—the twenty-six people who left Wildcat's program had taken several divergent paths.

William Mason had wanted to become a beautician, but he soon abandoned that plan. Failing to find work immediately, he shifted from one temporary job to another, and earned extra income by singing in local clubs. "They say they're not supposed to show prejudice because of previous convictions, but they did," he complained to me. Yet Mason did not give up. With the aid of an introduction from a nephew, on August 21st of

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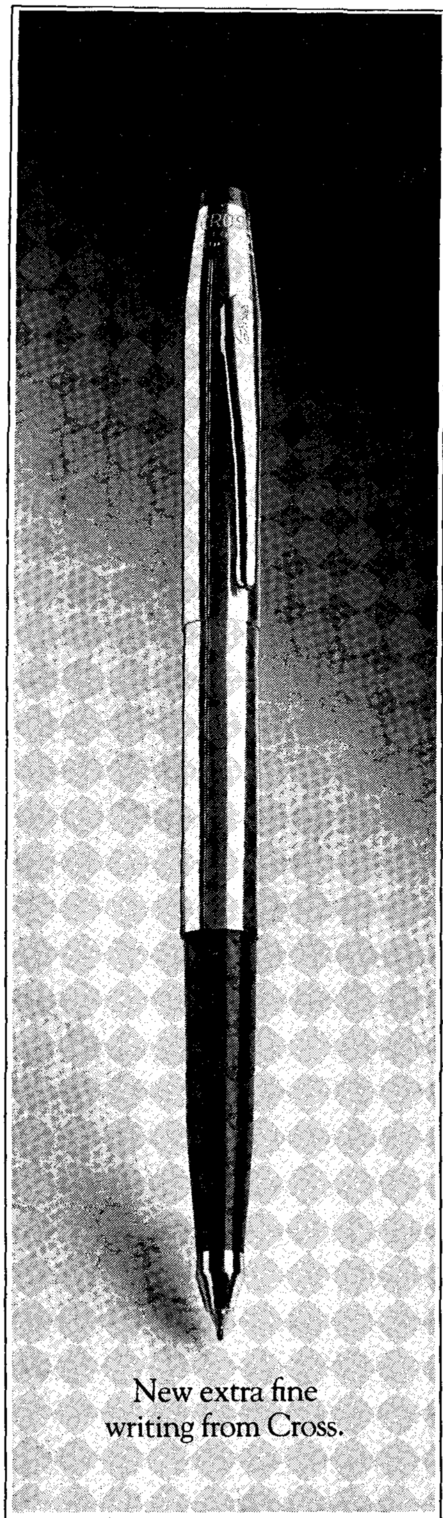

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1980 he started work as a private security guard for a federal public-housing complex in Brooklyn, at a salary of a hundred and twenty-five dollars a week. A few months later, he had risen to sergeant in the security force. By the end of the year, he was Lieutenant Mason, earning a hundred and sixty-one fifty a week, and commanding a force of sixteen men on the four-to-midnight shift. And Wildcat's job developers now called him to find work for their trainees. Still, Mason's entrepreneurial sights were fixed on bigger things—on opening, with his brother, a barbecued-chicken-and-ribs restaurant with an adjoining pool hall. "I'm ready to go into my own business," he said at the end of the year. He credited Wildcat with liberating and channelling his ambition. "They did a lot for me," he said. "They gave me a step back into society."

Carlos Rodriguez had got a hundred-and-fifty-dollar-a-week job as a cashier with Daitch-Shopwell, through the Wildcat job-development office, but he left it after several months. "I had an argument with the manager," said Rodriguez, who is a homosexual. "He didn't respect me. He used to make remarks about my personality, and I just told him where to go." Rodriguez studied the want ads. On September *10, 1980, he started a job as a clerical* worker with a nonprofit medical society. He worked in a Park Avenue office with thirty-two other people, earning a hundred and fifty dollars a week. "I love it," he said at the time. "They treat me nice here. With respect. It's interesting. I plan to stay here a while and get promoted." Not long after that, Rodriguez was dismissed. He told his friend Denise Brown, "I had problems with people there and their attitude." One day, they told him not to come in anymore, and paid him for the week. The next week, he went on unemployment.

Although Wildcat officials had predicted that Denise Brown would be sought after by employers, she did not get the job she had applied for at CBS, and spent months racing to job interviews. All led to dead ends. "I was discouraged at first," she said. She remembered her past. "Before Wildcat, I went into a terrible depression," she said one day. "It was loss of hope. I was so far gone the courts recommended me to see a psychiatrist. I felt like nothing. I felt dead. I felt like something was drained from my soul." She was beginning to feel the same way after Wildcat. But she struggled to retain her newly won self-confidence, and then her luck changed. A Wildcat job developer arranged an interview with an employment agency. On the basis of the interview and a typing test, Denise was offered a clerk-typist job with a national company; the salary was a hundred and thirty-one dollars and thirty-five cents a week. "I like what I'm doing a lot," Denise said in early 1981. She had received a ten-dollar-a-week raise and was expecting another. But her rewards were more than financial ones. "I'm getting a lot of experience here," she said. "I write my own letters. I answer letters. I'm kind of well known within the three insurance companies we deal with." Today, Denise is optimistic. "I don't get depressed anymore," she says. "I may get frustrated, but I've achieved a lot in the last two years."

Mohammed, heeding Howard Smith's warning that employers might reject a Muslim, gave his name as Jerome Patterson when he applied for a job with an architectural firm in Queens. He was hired as a draftsman-trainee at a hundred and forty dollars a week. Once he felt comfortable with his co-workers, Mohammed dropped his guard, and ceased to hide his *religion. "They know me as Mo-*hammed and as Jerome Patterson," he said at the end of the year. He was cheerful. He was soon to be a father. He and his wife had moved to a nice apartment in Queens. And he was pleased with his performance. The firm had given him a twenty-dollar-a-week raise. "This is a great opportunity here," he said. "This is a company that designs doors. I draw them—with the help of Fred, who's the boss here. Things are moving up for me."

Michael Mathews, who had got a job as a delivery dispatcher with the D'Agostino supermarket chain, was making a hundred and fifty dollars a week, twenty-five dollars more than he had earned in 1971, before going to prison. He held the job until November, when he was dismissed for undisclosed reasons. Mathews later said he quit. "I didn't exactly like the job," he says. "It was too much pressure for me. I couldn't trust the guy I was working for. He was on the shady side. I just left. I was getting into a CETA program." But before this happened his home telephone was disconnected, and Wildcat's job developers lost track of him. In December, Leon

Harris reported that he occasionally saw Mathews on the streets of Brooklyn, and he thought that Mathews had returned to hustling. A close friend from Wildcat thought that Mathews had returned to using and selling drugs. "He seemed like a nice person," this classmate said. "But then when you got to know him you saw he had things in his past, was a wanderer, was disorganized." In early February, however, Mathews did get a CETA job, and he began work as an office aide with a city agency. "I type. I file. I use a Dictaphone. I use the calculator. I answer the phones. I'm trusted with confidential material," he explained. (A friend, asking to remain anonymous, said Mathews was in fact only a messenger.) Mathews added, "But my job is being cut by the Reagan budget cuts." However, Mathews says he was told that the city agency planned to keep him on as a "provisional" after federal CETA funds were terminated.

Pearl Dawson, the Wildcat class's "outstanding academic student," spent several months searching for the right job. She got nervous. She had survived alcoholism, a manslaughter conviction, and a stay on welfare. She began to worry about losing her confidence again. But finally a Wildcat job developer arranged an interview that paid off. In August, Pearl Dawson was hired by the City University as a financial aide, earning two hundred and nine dollars a week. Her job includes typing, filing, and using a computer terminal. Within two months, her weekly salary jumped to two hundred and fifty dollars. Her voice brimming with pride, she told me recently, "Truly, I enjoy it."

Ivy Ford graduated from the Wildcat program, but her first several months in the job market were not encouraging. In August, she was fired from a hundred-and-seventy-five-dollar-a-week job as a secretary with a small manufacturer in the Bronx. She says she was told that the employee she had replaced decided to come back. Wildcat records show that her next job was as a typist with a plumbing company, at a hundred and thirty-five dollars a week, and that she was fired again. She says that it was only a temporary job. In October, she started as a clerk with a city agency, at a hundred and fifty-nine dollars a week. She was also pregnant. In December, Ivy Ford entered a hospital for an operation, and later lost the baby. By the end of the year, she was back at work, her pay had been raised to a hundred and

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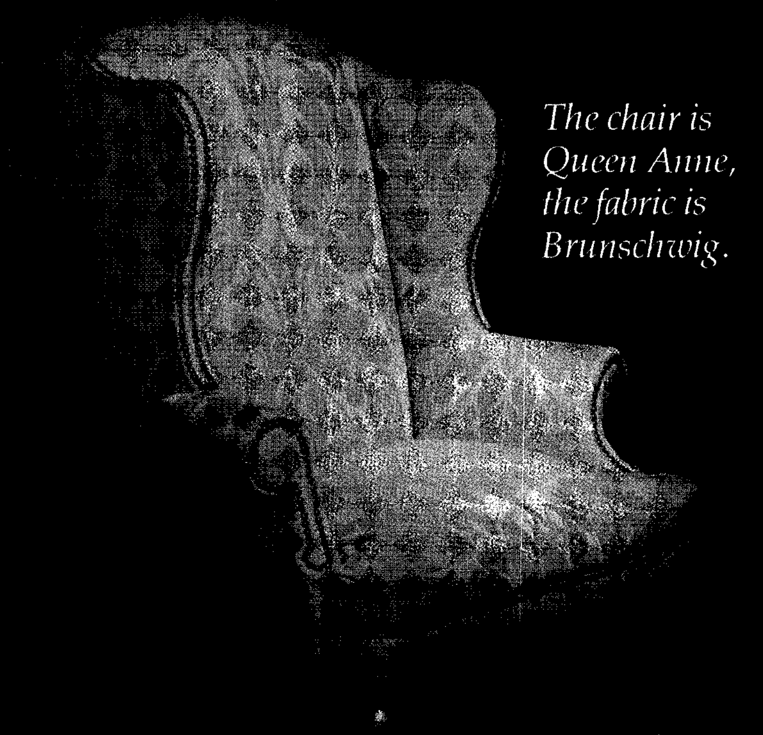

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seventy-five dollars a week, and she had been given new responsibilities—keeping time records and making out payroll checks. "It's nice. It's more money," she told me. She had moved to an apartment in Manhattan, and said she no longer received a daily methadone dosage. She said her sights were now on becoming a legal secretary.

Timothy Wilson, the youngest member of the Wildcat class, found job-hunting tough. With assistance from a Wildcat job developer, he started work as a clerk-typist for a small firm on June 30, 1980, but before he could build up any seniority or benefits bad luck intervened. "I got sick," Wilson told me, explaining that he was in a hospital for two weeks. Someone else had been hired to fill his job by the time he came out. On his own, Wilson got a job sweeping and making sandwiches at an Arby's fast-food restaurant. He left after three weeks, when a vocational firm put him in touch with the New York Telephone Company. Wilson recalls how he used what he had learned in life skills for his first interview there. "I learned how to look for a job, how to mail in for a job, how to present yourself, and how to keep a job," he says. "When I went for this job, I had no problem. I always had problems on how to do interviews before Howard taught us little things like how to shake hands, how to sit down and cross our legs and put our hands together." Wilson started as a clerk and word processor in October, at a salary of a hundred and eighty dollars a week. By the end of the year, he said, he was typing eighty-five words a minute, expecting a raise, and getting along well with his supervisor and his fellow-employees. "The job I got a lot of people wish they had," he said. But his real goal was to become a comedian-mime. "In the summer, I'm going to get me a job from four to ten or twelve, and take my act to the streets. At first, I started it as a hustle. Now I'm perfecting it as a professional. I do Bruce Lee in slow motion. No other pantomime does this." On weekends, Wilson and Stephanie Long, a former addict whom he met at a drug-rehabilitation center and to whom he is now engaged, entertain pedestrians along Sixth Avenue.

The nervousness and insecurity that Hope Parker expressed on graduation day persisted until August, when she joined a city agency as a typist. At the end of the year, she was still working

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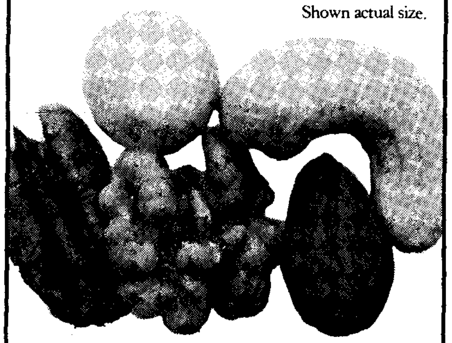

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there, in an office with seven others, typing, filing, handling financial records, and answering the phone. She had yet to receive a raise from her starting salary of a hundred and thirty-five dollars a week, but she expected one and was content. Although Hope had rarely spoken in life skills, she had now become outgoing and enthusiastic. "Knowing I can do something for myself besides welfare has given me a lot of motivation," she said. She has moved from the Coney Island apartment she shared with her grandfather to a three-room apartment in Flatbush. And though she still did not look back fondly on the life-skills class, which reminded her of group therapy, Hope Parker thought that the training she had received at Wildcat was invaluable. "I was down in the dumps," she said. "It was a period when I felt I had nowhere to go except Wildcat." Hope plans to stay with the city and grow, "so I won't have to go back to drugs or go on welfare."

William Block, who strove to overcome ill health, alcoholism, and fears that employers would blackball him as a former convict, got a job—with the help of a Wildcat job developer—at a dry cleaner's, in Manhattan. The weekly salary was a hundred and twenty-four dollars, or nine dollars more than he had been earning at Wildcat at graduation. According to Wildcat's records, Block worked there just under two weeks. One day, he simply didn't appear for work—didn't call, didn't pick up his pay. Wildcat's job-development office sent Mailgrams to his home. They went unanswered. He had no telephone to call. "We don't know where he is," Mel Rosen said at the end of the year.

Sixteen members of the class did not graduate, and they, like the others, have had varying degrees of success. Phillip Rivers, after being absent thirty-two per cent of the time, was dismissed from the program in January of 1980. Wildcat kept track of him, and records show that at the end of 1980 he was earning a hundred and twenty-eight dollars a week as a messenger for a private firm.

Earl Billings was late sixty-six per cent of the time, according to Wildcat records, and he was dismissed from the training center after one month. Wildcat tried to find him, but Billings, like many poor people, was not listed in the telephone book or with credit agencies, and shifted residences fre-

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quently. Wildcat officials do not know where he is.

Larry Pearl was dismissed from Wildcat for poor attendance and a surly attitude. Wildcat's records indicate that he earned three dollars and seventy-five cents an hour as a mail clerk with the city's Department of Social Services through June of 1980. He left that job on July 3rd. A Wildcat job developer arranged an interview for him for another position, but Pearl did not appear. He did not respond to Mailgrams.

Liza Lance quit the class. At the time, Howard Smith said, "She doesn't feel she can make it. She feels that everyone in the class is smarter than she is." At the end of 1980, Wildcat's records show, she was earning a hundred and thirty dollars a week working for a company that manufactures dolls.

Ronald Brooks left Wildcat because, having been arrested, he had been absent a quarter of the time. Mel Rosen reported that Wildcat found a job for Brooks but that he turned it down. Rosen said Brooks lacked motivation. Wildcat records show that at the end of 1980 Brooks was working as a shipping clerk, at a hundred and twenty-five dollars a week.

Stanley Lawrence was dismissed for poor attendance. Wildcat pursued him, and finally arranged an interview with one of its job developers for 9 A.M. on June 24, 1980. At 12:45 P.M., Lawrence was found wandering the halls of the main office, claiming that he had slept late. Another appointment was scheduled for the next day; again he did not show up. His Wildcat record is blank until September 8th, when he was hired as a clerk by a sportswear store. He left after one week. On September 15th, Wildcat found him another job, this time as a stock clerk. He was fired the first day. On October 7th, he began work as a messenger, but he left after a few days. Wildcat lost touch with him soon after that.

Herbert Washington, who had not worked steadily since 1970, simply stopped coming to the class after a few weeks. Wildcat sent Mailgrams to his apartment inviting him to come in for job counselling. They were returned unopened, with the message that no one of that name lived there. Wildcat does not know what became of Washington.

Aubrey Powers was sent back to Wildcat's main office in March, for psychiatric help. He was judged to be a

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paranoid personality and potentially "very dangerous." Wildcat's psychological counsellor met regularly with him and, in April, reported that he was working in the office and "doing fine." Soon thereafter, however, Powers was referred by the counsellor to Bellevue Hospital for mental observation, but he did not keep the appointment arranged for him there, nor did he return to Wildcat.

Gladys Miller, frustrated and bored with the drudgery of classroom work, returned to her supported-work job as a messenger with a city agency. When her year of supported work was up, the agency gave her a full-time job. At the end of 1980, she remained a messenger but had hopes of moving up to a better position. "I'm taking a test in March for an office-aide position," she said.

Ramon Lopez, who, like Gladys Miller, decided to leave the training center in the spring, because he was bored, and "nothing was moving there," and who had hated public school because teachers made him feel "dumb," returned to his supported-work job, as a printer for a city agency. In August, the agency put him on its full-time payroll, at a hundred and fifty-four dollars a week. "I'm doing O.K.," he said at the end of the year. "I duplicate copies. It's a job."

Henry Rivera, unlike his friend Ramon, did not survive the first ten weeks at the training center. Nor did he succeed after returning to his supported-work job, as a filing clerk with the city's Human Resources Administration. Rivera was fired for poor attendance on May 15, 1980, the day after his thirty-seventh birthday. He had trouble understanding and speaking English. He had also never ended his dependence on drugs. The two factors may explain why, in the course of his thirty-seven years, Rivera had never held a regular job. After he was dismissed from his supported-work job, Wildcat called him in for a job interview. Wildcat records indicate that they sent Mailgrams to Henry's home. They went unanswered. Wildcat lost track of him. At least two former members of BT-27 claim to have seen Rivera on the streets of Brooklyn, and say he is now a numbers runner. They think he is secretly living with the mother of his child, who receives welfare.

John Painter, who was suspended from the training center in April, after repeated admonitions about attendance and lateness—Wildcat records showed that he had been absent one out of every five days and late forty-nine per cent of the time—started work as a typist with an employment agency on April 29th, earning a hundred and thirty-five dollars a week, but he quit before the week was out. As often happens to those on parole, he was soon arrested for suspicion of committing a crime. He was later found not guilty and was released. But no doubt this incident reinforced his cynicism and his impression that cops were "punks." Painter hung around the house of his adoptive parents, in Jamaica, Queens, ignoring Wildcat Mailgrams and calls from his parole officer. In June, he got a job with a caterer at John F. Kennedy International Airport. "He seemed to like it," I was told by Dolores Painter, whose husband is a superintendent in the Postal Service and was the brother of Painter's natural mother, who died when he was an infant. In any event, Painter continued to ignore his parole obligations. The parole officer, a woman, was nice, Mrs. Painter said. "What I didn't know at the time was that while Painter was at Wildcat, he was arrested for armed robbery. The parole officer, instead of sending him back to prison, Mrs. Painter said, gave him a break and let him continue at the training center. Mrs. Painter warned him that his parole officer's patience was wearing thin, but he laughed it off. "He just didn't follow rules and regulations," she said. In August, the parole officer had Painter arrested and sent back to prison, in Virginia, where he has another year and a half to serve.

In January of 1981, Mrs. Painter, who had just returned from Virginia, where she visited John Painter in prison, said, "I said to him, 'Honey, you'd be surprised how many people would be jealous you had this chance. Your parole officer turned the other cheek.' I told him I was surprised she didn't clamp him in the clinker sooner. He just laughed. This was his second chance at life. I said, 'Make the most of it.' He didn't. One teacher summed it all up one day. Said he was 'too smart, and one day he's going to outsmart himself.' I told him, 'You are back in jail because of what you did. Don't blame no one else.' "

When Leon Harris left the training center, in May, he was hired by his brother as a builder's helper for a real-estate company, at a hundred and fifty dollars a week. Harris worked there

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for two months. In August, his Wildcat mentor, William Mason, hired him as a private security guard, starting at three dollars and ten cents an hour. By the end of the year, Harris had received a raise and was working the four-to-midnight shift under Lieutenant Mason. Of the job, he says, "It's pretty nice." Of Wildcat, he says, "It taught us a lot. To deal with myself. To deal with society and learn society." He says he no longer hustles on the side and still has the same career goal. "I really want to be a counsellor, dealing with people," he said. "I'm scouting around to see if I can find a place in a hospital or a school."

John Hicks, who was suspended from the training center in early March, returned to his supported-work site, with United Neighborhood Houses, on East Fifteenth Street. Instead of taking the civil-service exam or going to college, as he had vowed to, Hicks told a Wildcat job developer that he wanted to become a carpenter, and Wildcat helped place him in a carpenter-trainee program in June. He quit after three weeks, claiming that the sawdust was getting in his lungs. Wildcat checked, and found that, according to Hicks' supervisors, his attendance had been undependable. Wildcat's records show that Hicks then applied for welfare. "The last we heard was that he went to welfare and said we did not give him a job," Margre Torres, of Wildcat's job-development staff, recalled early in 1981. "We did give him a job. Welfare called here and we told them." She assumed that Hicks had been turned down by welfare. Wildcat subsequently sent Mailgrams to his home, in Queens, but received no response. By the end of the year, his phone had been disconnected.

William Penn, after being dropped from the training center for excessive drinking and poor attendance, returned to his supported-work job—building parade barricades for the Police Department. He worked there until August 29, 1980, when his year of supported work came to an end. Penn started work on October 17th with a messenger service, earning a hundred and twenty-four dollars a week. By the end of the year, he no longer worked there, and could not be tracked down. One member of the class said she had seen him on the streets of their Brooklyn neighborhood hawking what she assumed were stolen goods—clothes, jewelry, gloves,

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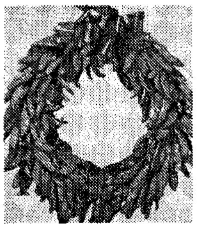

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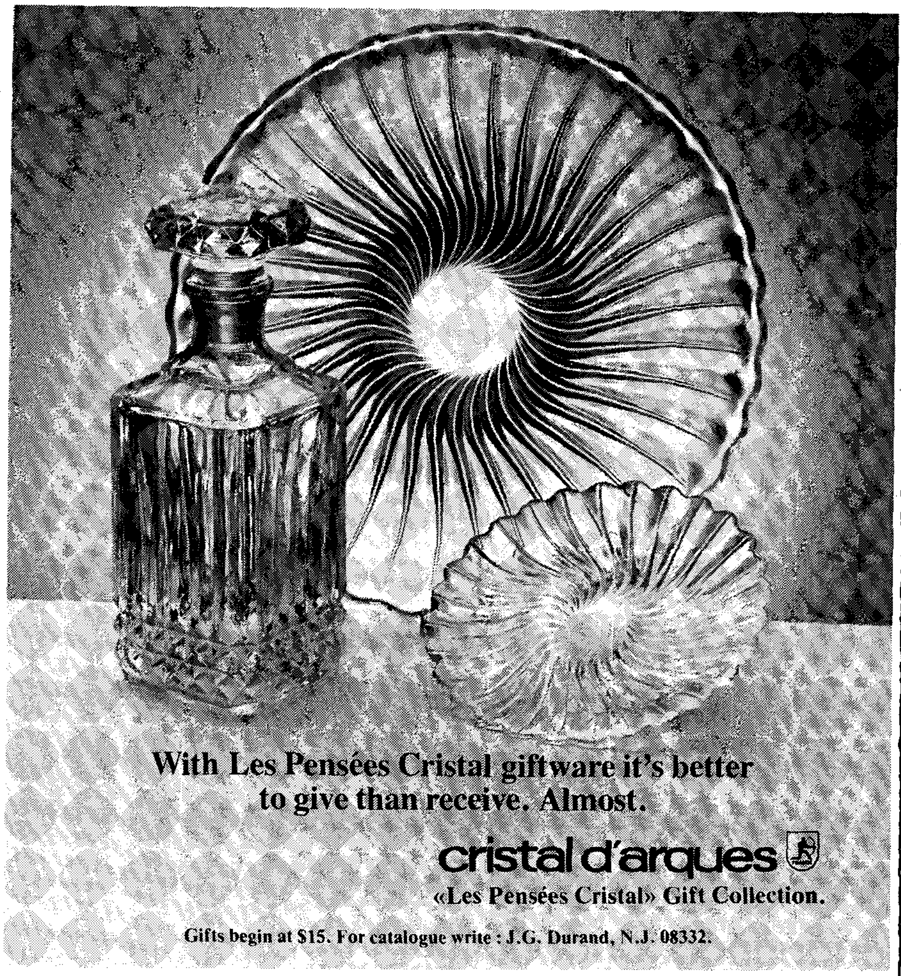

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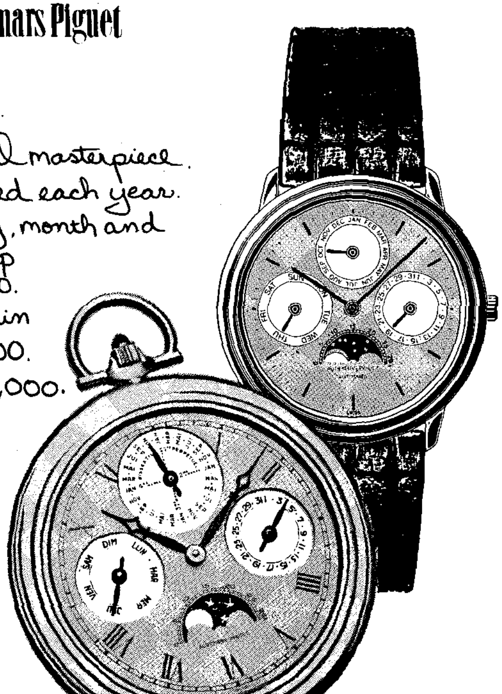

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incense. Willy Joe, a close friend of his, said, "I don't think he's doing too good. He's going through pressures right now. He's not treating himself right. His attitude has changed. He's getting colder and bitter." Another friend said that Penn was not living at home with his parents but that his father, who retired recently from a private sanitation job, was "probably helping him out." The friend said that Penn also was supported by the woman he lives with, who receives welfare.

When Willy Joe failed to receive a ten-week Wildcat certificate, he was sent on to a supported-work site—he built police barricades alongside Penn. He had several interviews scheduled for a possible job in a restaurant kitchen, his stated goal, but did not keep them. On June 27th, Joe started work at a branch of Nathan's in Brooklyn. He was paid a hundred and twenty-four dollars weekly, and in January of 1981 he told me, "I worked as a grill man. But I got fired 'cause I missed one day. I overslept that day. See, we had a new general manager." Wildcat's records show that Joe was fired in August because of repeated absences. Soon afterward, Joe was mugged, for the second time in 1980, and required three stitches to close a head wound. Rage began to build. He said he could feel himself becoming "a cold person again," and went on, "I said, 'Damn. I'm out here to earn a living.' I thought of putting a pistol in my hand and sticking up something and getting a thousand dollars and just laying back. Or just having a pistol to protect myself and take a life. But I thought, 'No, that's thinking wrong.' I think the Lord helped me." Willy Joe was studying the Koran. Striving to improve himself, he left the young woman who was so dependent on him, and moved from East New York to Crown Heights, in Brooklyn. Soon afterward, in the fall, he started hawking hats and gloves from a small cart that he wheeled around downtown Brooklyn. The goods he sold were bought wholesale in the garment district by his boss, he said, and he earned a hundred and fifty dollars weekly in this off-the-books business. Because Joe worked in the underground economy, he continued to feel outside organized society. "I don't have no birth certificate," he said. "So I don't have no Social Security card." He said he had tried to get a birth certificate, but had been unsuccessful so far. Without identification, he can't cash checks.

At the end of 1980, Joe was still working the cart. And he was contemplating a reunion with the former girlfriend who treated him "like her god." He said, "I was with her today. She seems like she's ready to change." As for their daughter, he said he had not seen her "in a long time," and that she was still staying with her grandmother. Joe also said he had still not seen or heard anything about the woman somewhere in Trenton who is the mother of his son.

Despite these concerns, Joe said he no longer felt "crushed." Religion provided greater inner peace. He went on, "I got my thinking together. I now got my mind on what I want to do and how I'm going to do it." He said he hoped to become a male nurse. Just a few days before, a friend had told him that the job paid well and provided ample benefits. Joe said he had a lead for such a position. "I wrote down the phone number. I didn't have a chance to call them today." Becoming a nurse was a means to an end. His true dream, Joe said, was to save money and buy some land down South. He added, "I want to build a house and do some farming down there."

—KEN AULETTA

(*This is the second part of a three-part article.*)

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Headlines and news stories scream of Afghanistan, Vietnam, Cambodia, Ireland, and our attention is drawn to the complexities of life in some of these war-torn areas. We note each and every day the acts of terrorism that take place. We instinctively admire the woman who goes to war beside her husband wearing a small chain of delicate silver or gold wrapped around her neck with amulets of turquoise, ivory, lapis and jade.

We see her load her rifle on the six o'clock news and brush her luxuriant hair back from her forehead. We see her practical, padded cotton jacket that keeps her warm in the high mountain country. We check the loose-fitting pants with narrow legs that keep her from flailing on the mountains' rocks or jungle. When the wind is blowing, we notice her gay little cap that ties under the chin.—*Take 5, a Canadian fashion magazine.*

When the firing stops, we envy her her pale complexion, drained of blood.

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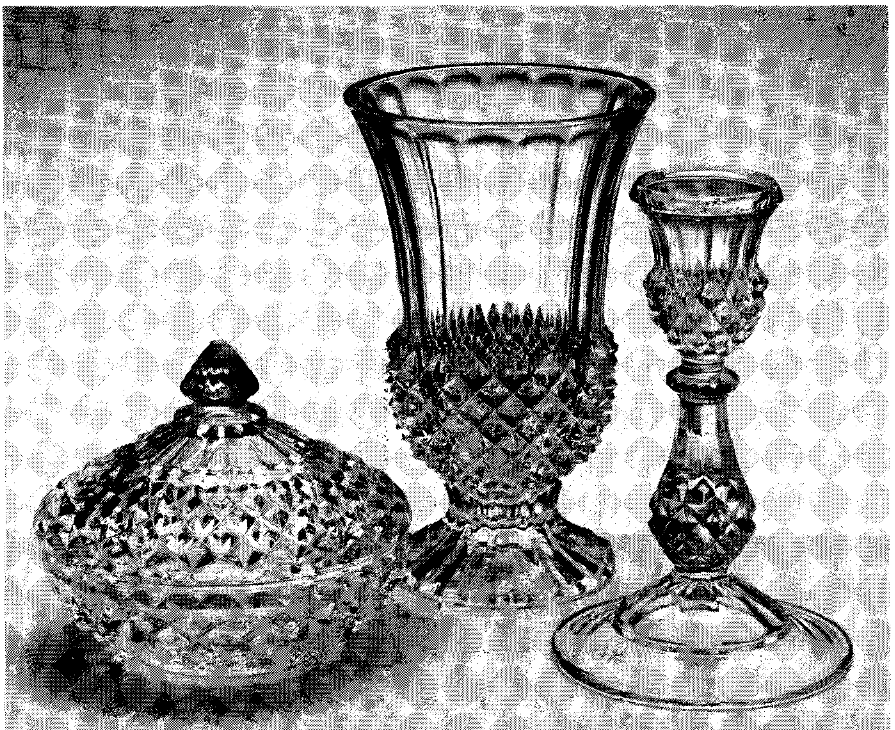

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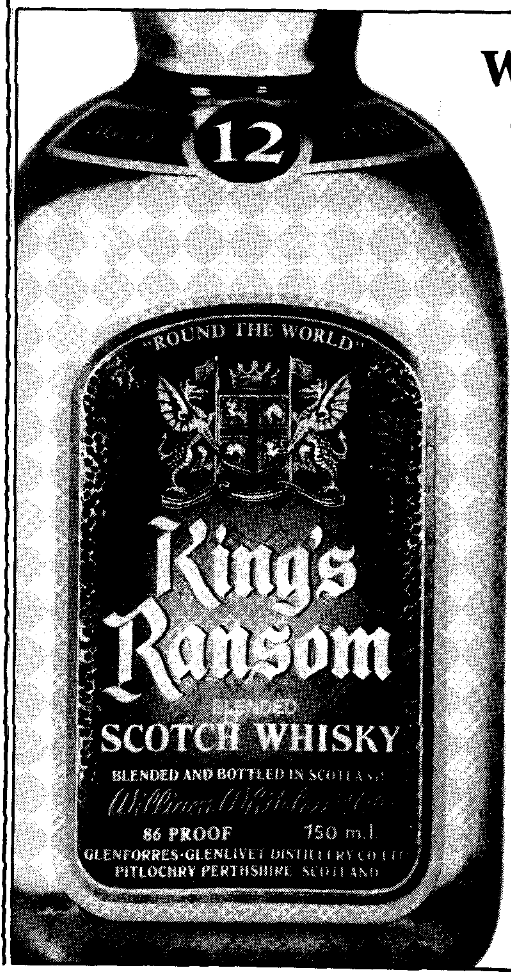
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Swamp

THE ironically titled "Southern Comfort" draws you into the eerily beautiful Louisiana bayou country and then has you running for your life in circles—a classic nightmare situation. The green-gray marshlands are a maze, with moss-bearded cypresses that rise up out of the stagnant water and reflect themselves. Everything about this terrain is mucky and primordial, and the director, Walter Hill, tests himself and his cinematographer, Andrew Laszlo: this is a movie with one set—it all takes place in the bayous (and in a bayou village), and it's almost all in the same color range. The look is Barbizon School, slightly distorted by the locale itself, which is just naturally kinky. And right near the beginning Ry Cooder's guitar music is pretty yet just a little intimidating; it's out of your control.

A National Guard squad of nine—a motley group of civilians doing weekend service, along with one experienced man, a sergeant—is sent into the area on overnight training maneuvers, with dummy ammunition. When the Guardsmen are all together, at the start, bitching and joking, the movie has a crackling liveliness, and the men are feeling sporty and high when they see three little canoes that belong to Cajun hunters and trappers. They've come to a body of water that isn't on their map, and they don't want to slog through the mud and retrace their steps, so they appropriate the canoes, leaving a note saying that the boats will be returned—though chances are that the Cajuns can't read English. The Cajuns come back and see the Guardsmen paddling off, and they're incensed. The Guardsmen shout at them to read the note, and then one of them, a prankish yokel playing soldier, moronically turns his machine gun on the gesticulating men and fires a salvo of blanks; the Cajuns return the fire with a real bullet, and the sergeant is struck in the head.

From then on, the Guardsmen are toyed with, hunted down, ambushed. "Southern Comfort" is about their different responses to the challenge. Set in the winter of 1973, it's a contemporary film in the genre of "The Lost Patrol." It's also a survival-game movie—a variation on "The Most Dangerous Game" and "Deliverance" in which almost defenseless men who manage to lose their compass in the water, along with their map and their radio, become the prey of hunters. And watching the dissension among the squad as some of them turn vengeful or go mad and one after another is picked off is rather like seeing Agatha Christie's "Ten Little Indians" set outdoors in a Deep South version of Vietnam. At the end, hardly anyone is left alive.

Hill uses the locale for its paranoia-inducing strangeness (it's like a landscape dreamed up by Max Ernst), and he uses the men to demonstrate what he thinks it takes to survive. The squad may suggest the ethnically balanced platoons in Second World War movies, but in those movies the men were an ethnic composite in order to affirm that members of various races and religions were united in the war effort. Hill uses a mixed group so that he can show how the more rational and intelligent are endangered by the actions of the hotheads and crazies. He pulls you into the morass that his characters are in; you feel that the world—this bog they're in—is physically against them. (The film's setting is supposed to be Louisiana's Atchafalaya Basin, an eight-hundred-thousand-acre swampland, but because of problems of road access to the Basin it was shot in the Caddo Lake region of Louisiana and eastern Texas.)

The main roles are played by Keith Carradine, as a likable, educated fellow who works in his father's bank in Baton Rouge, and Powers Boothe, as a Texan who has just moved to Louisiana—a man who grew up among rednecks but studied and became a chemical engineer, and is disgusted by the ignorance and folly of the redneck clowns in the squad, who are risking his life. Carradine and Boothe could not be more different, in terms of presence and what makes them attractive. Carradine is blond, slender, relaxed—he really is "easy." Boothe is sullen, a brooder with a dark, heavy spirit. As the Reverend Jim Jones in the TV film "The Guyana Tragedy" and as the anti-union loner and fink in the abominable TV series "Skag," Boothe showed his acting skill, and he also showed that he knows how to use a dead stare and a slight curl of the lips to woo the audience. He stands out: his heavy-lidded, sensual presence, his "haunted" look, and his potential for violence make you think "star." His lumpen facial planes recall Elvis Presley; his cheeks look swollen, as if from spiritual toothache. It's a smoldering, cocksure camera face, and it prepares us for more than Boothe gets to do in "Southern Comfort." So does the script: the moviemakers give him a strong will and the name "Hardin" (male writers will be boys); they set him up as the outsider, the mystery man, and he announces that he means to fight his way out—that he means to live. We're led to expect something explosive. Then they don't supply the scene he needs, the scene that the whole movie appears to be leading up to. We feel somewhat cheated.

The rapport between Carradine and Boothe isn't overdone—the two bond instinctively, helping each other out. The sequence in which they take refuge in a Cajun village that is having a celebration, with a feast and dancing, is a shift in tempo and style that's a wonderful extension of the paranoid-nightmare atmosphere. Trying to escape the Cajun killers who are after them, the two men enter this communal gathering without knowing the rules, and they look to the Cajun faces, which won't show an expression—won't give them their bearings. This sequence is edited to Cajun dance music, with frequent cuts to the great moonface of a man singing in an unintelligible French patois, and you get the feeling of a closed folk society; these two invaders have no more clue to interpreting it than if they were from Mars.

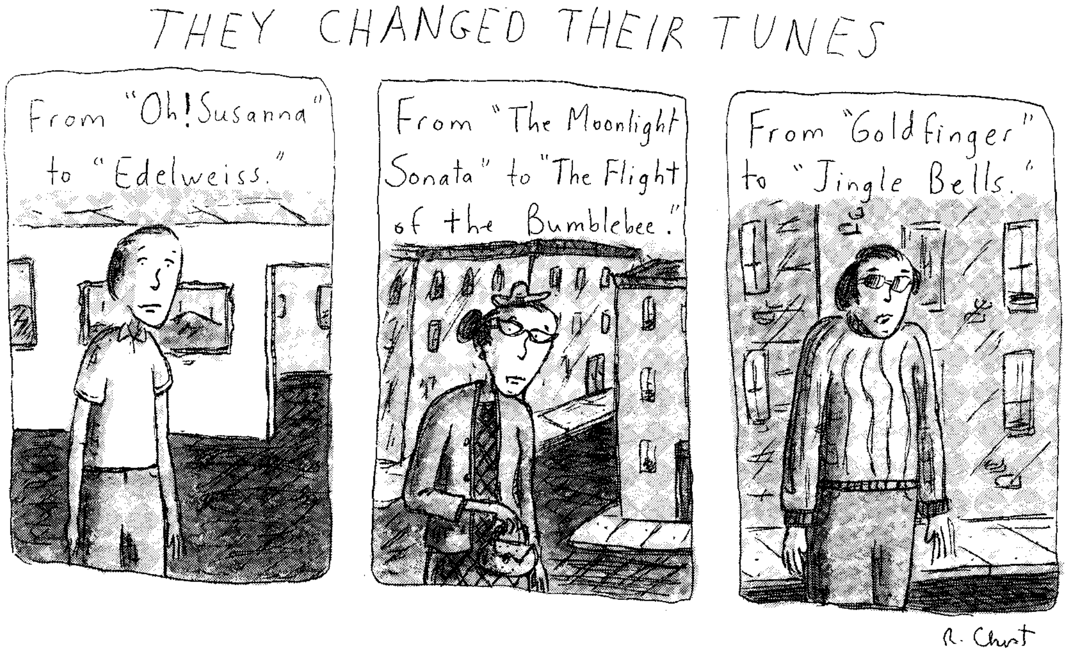
As an action director, Walter Hill has a dazzling competence. "Southern Comfort" comes across with such immediacy that it had a near-hypnotic hold on me and I felt startled—brought up short—when it ended. The picture is limited by its structure, though, and by its ideas. Hill's previous film, the 1980 "The Long Riders," which was about Jesse and Frank James and the Cole Younger gang, had the look of loving, reverent authenticity; it was like a series of daguerreotypes examined closely. But Hill, who means to go beyond motivation and to reveal what a man is by how he handles himself in action, didn't help the audience understand why the sets of brothers had become robbers, or why they hated the railroads, or why they had become folk heroes; nothing was built up to, not even the Northfield Raid that smashed the outlaw bands. “The Long Riders” had everything it needed to be a great Western except that the center of the picture, the mythic framework that would have supplied the tension, was missing; to put it crudely, the film had no angle on the outlaws—it had no hook. And so Hill's extraordinary taste and craftsmanship came across as consciously elegiac and a shade dull. The picture didn't have the unifying visceral force of Hill's 1979 “The Warriors,” which was all hook. “Southern Comfort” is all hook, too. This picture is visceral, or it isn't anything, because the characters don't have the depth to stay with you.

Movies with a neat “classic” structure are always a problem: they look too set up. This movie is built like a trap; it's an infernal machine that closes in on the characters, who are designed to be trapped. Each character seems to shed his anonymity and be given an identity just before he's picked off. But we're not sure why Hill is making the movie—except to make a movie. It's an intense experience if you're drawn in—you may find it darkly magical, perhaps even threatening—yet afterward you're likely to keep thinking of ways it could have been better. This may be partly because the start is so good that it raises your expectations and then there's a sag in the middle, and also because the end *does* bring you up short—by a few frames, at least. It's too fast; it's abrupt, and you're left slightly dazed.

Hill was, of course, making a Vietnam parable, and that limited him, because it meant that the Guardsmen have to die ingloriously. In structure, “Southern Comfort” is very similar to “The Warriors”—in each, a group of men tries to make it home through the territory of hostile natives. But in “The Warriors” the group was heroic, and it suffered few losses. Here we're put in the position of watching buffoons and psychotics get themselves killed. In “The Warriors,” which was made in raw comic-book frames, the conception ruled out characterization in the usual sense. Here we want more of it than we get. The picture doesn't cry out “Parable!” and chances are that people seeing it will be too engrossed in the smashingly edited atrocities even to think about the Vietnam analogy until they get out of the theatre. But having that in his mind must have determined how Hill planned the situations, and how the scriptwriters—Michael Kane and then Hill and his producer, David Giler—conceived the characters. The movie says a fair amount about how confused the American soldiers must have been in that paddy-field terrain, and about how, unable to distinguish friend from foe, they began to see everyone as an enemy. But it doesn't say anything about the policies that sent them there. They didn't get themselves into the mess, like the men in the movie. And that's where the movie may rub you wrong: the provocation that the Guardsmen give the Cajuns isn't commensurate with the Cajuns' brutal revenge. You can believe it when Hardin says, “They must be hunting us just for the fun of it.” You can believe that the Cajuns might want to teach these jokers a lesson, but not that they'd also kill them off. In order to put together a gripping action film with an absurdist tone, the moviemakers bring on a series of punishments that are way out of proportion. The Cajuns destroy the Guardsmen in retaliation for a fool's prank—that's a long way from what happened to the American soldiers in Vietnam.

“Southern Comfort” has a fine bunch of actors, but a few weeks after seeing it I don't have a very clear memory of the individual performances, except for T. K. Carter as the snappy, live-wire dope dealer and Carlos Brown as the high-school teacher who goes berserk, while more than a year and a half after seeing “The Long Riders,” which made me grumble and shift about restlessly, I have exact impressions of the deep humor of David Carradine's performance as the mangy, melancholy Cole, and of Pamela Reed's performance as the brazen-faced Belle Starr, of Fran Ryan, James Whitmore, Jr., and red-haired Amy Stryker—and, of course, of the bloodied outlaw families escaping from the disaster at Northfield. “Southern Comfort” is a much better movie, but you don't take as much away with you. Hill works here like a modest Peckinpah. The traps are sprung, the brutalities are consummated, but he doesn't try for the flamboyant high notes of some of his other movies. He's not driven, like Peckinpah.

The limitation of “Southern Comfort” is that Hill works inside an action-movie format that belongs to the studio-factory era. And his ideas—his macho-existential version of the survival of the fittest, by which he means the cool and intelligent—belong to that format. There's nothing underneath his characters' macho masks. Each person is sketched in a few bold strokes—just enough to give us a stake in what's going on. Peckinpah's films are full of exacerbated human emotions—bursts of rancor and shame, great quantities of disgust, and some-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times even greater quantities of affection. He fills the old forms to overflowing or bursts them. Hill accepts the conventions and doesn't bring them new meaning—merely ideas. He aestheticizes action, with techniques adapted from Peckinpah and Arthur Penn and the early masters of the genre. Hill is himself a new master, but, partly because there were so many good, shallow action films made in the studio period, a movie like "Southern Comfort" no longer seems enough.

The action film is a terrible vehicle in which to try to probe anything political, because it has to deliver shocks on schedule. And it colors anything political by its own brand of action politics. The viewer gets the feeling that the world is irredeemably violent: in a Clint Eastwood film, Eastwood can't go into a diner and ask for a glass of water without someone's picking a fight with him. Action movies say that the world is always threatening your manhood every minute of the day. In the forties, action directors used the anti-Nazi theme for hollow and sadistic violence; in the late sixties and early seventies, they used the anti-Vietnam War theme the same way (and we became the Nazis). In recent years, action directors have been using "survival." In other eras, the wilderness was sentimentalized as innocent. Now even nature is malevolent, and Walter Hill presents us with the world as swamp where vengeful, sneaky Arcadians slaughter vengeful idiot Guardsmen, and where the passport to survival is a college education—i.e., superior intelligence, demonstrated in faster, more powerful action. The idea that a man is defined in action (essentially, by how good a fighter he is) comes out of a boys'-book world divided into the brave and the cowardly. It's an aesthetic and moral standard that had a romantic charm in the days when Gary Cooper was young. "Southern Comfort" is a beautiful and affecting piece of moviemaking. It's also horse manure.

"Ticket to Heaven" has a hot dramatic subject. On a trip to San Francisco, the hero, David (Nick Mancuso), a young Toronto schoolteacher, a liberal nonbeliever from a Jewish background, is sucked into a religious cult that worships its Oriental founder. The film calls this sect Heavenly Children, and these Children refer to the founder as Father. At the beginning, David is somewhat depressed and at loose ends, because the woman he has been living with has broken things off, but he's a big, handsome fellow with a bruiser's strong jaw. Mancuso suggests a dark, young Burt Lancaster; he has that overcast intensity. And at first, after David is tricked into spending a few days at the group's farm camp, all he wants is to get out. But once he opens up and talks about his life, as he sits with the group around the campfire, they've got him, and he starts going to pieces. Deprived of sleep, of food, and of any solitude for reflection, he gradually shrinks into a despairing masochist. Lancaster disappears: tormented, David looks more like Anthony Hopkins. Soon he has shrunk down to a smiling child-zombie panhandler, part of a team selling flowers on the streets. It's a plausible metamorphosis: David's independent spirit is visibly drained away, and he becomes passive and obedient—a pod person. His greatest excitement is joining with the others in the chant "Bring in the money! Stay awake! Smash out Satan!"

Maybe because this is the Canadian director Ralph L. Thomas's first theatrical feature, and his background is in journalism and documentary, the film is somewhat tentative—it's careful. Thomas sets things up without any frills (or much texture), and we have time to think about the way that David's forcible conversion parodies conversions to the established, more reputable faiths and about how this cult takes off from the counterculture movement. It uses the idealism of the disaffected remnants of the counterculture, and the confessional, therapeutic "sharing" of the human-potential movement, and the tax benefits of being a church. The Children are building an ideal world; they don't have to give it any thought—all the answers are in Father's book. If anyone has any doubts, that proves he's weak, and the group hammers away at him until he's strong again. David is told that "a questioning mind is Satan's mind." Although the movie doesn't make it explicit, it seems fairly clear that these clean-cut Heavenly Children lose all desire for sex. Even if they had the time or energy or privacy for sexual encounters, the enthusiastic voices always raised in song would douse any impulse toward pleasure; at dawn the whole cheery group is warbling "When the Red, Red Robin Comes Bob, Bob, Bobbin' Along."

The strapping, handsome David becomes so passive that the center of the movie doesn't hold; he turns into just

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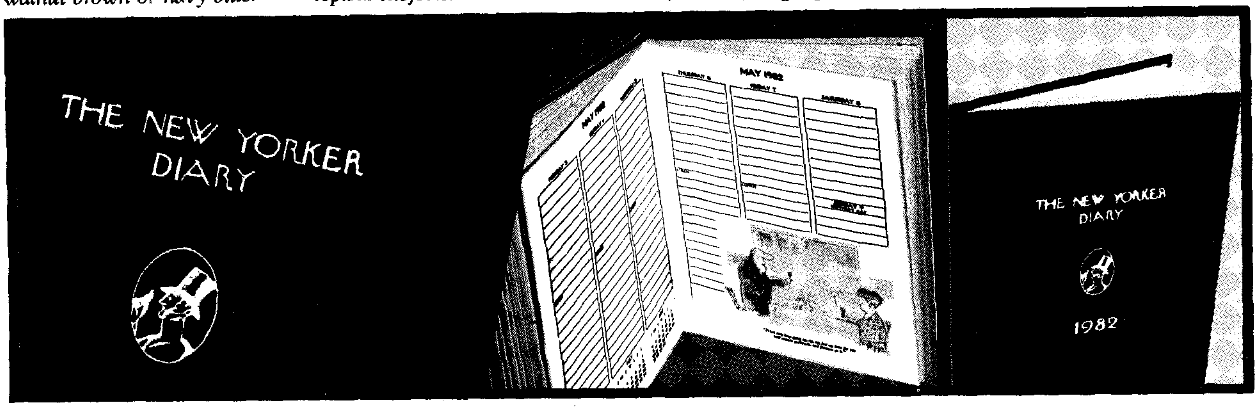

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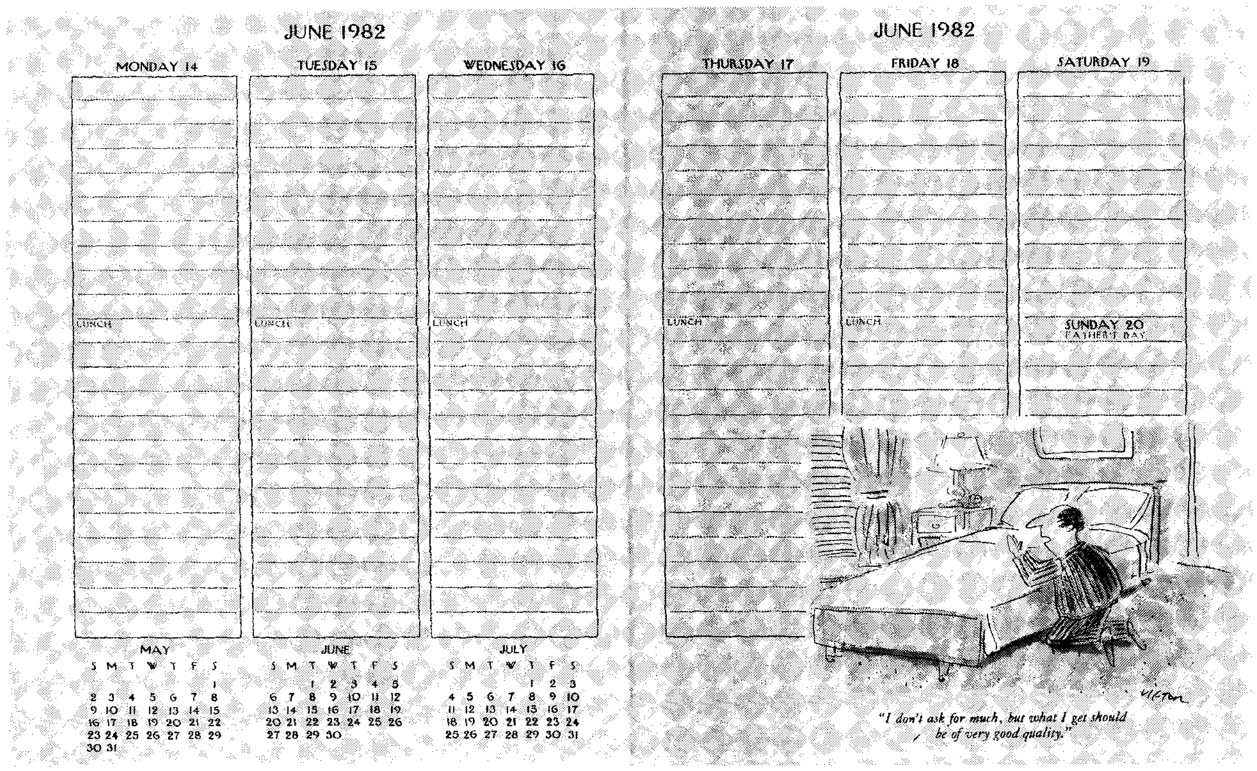

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one more mindlessly conformist saintly fool. Though this structural weakness is built into the material, an actor more experienced than Mancuso might have been so varied—so unusual—at the start that we would have had an acute sense of loss each time we saw him glassy-eyed. But Mancuso doesn't endow David with a great deal of personality to start with (and, possibly, those most accessible to cults don't have very distinctive personalities). Fortunately, the movie, which is based on Josh Freed's 1978 newspaper series and his 1980 book "Moonwebs," has provided a secondary hero, Larry (Saul Rubinek), who has been David's friend from childhood. Larry goes to the cult's retreat in the woods—it's really a psychotherapeutic concentration camp—in an effort to get to David and talk with him. If at first we empathized with David and then pulled back as we saw him surrender his mind, now we get a look at the Heavenly Children through Larry's bright, brimming eyes that register double takes. Larry—a would-be stand-up comic who holds down a job as an accountant but performs wherever he can—is small and dark, with a wry, affectionate manner. The author Josh Freed helped rescue a friend from the Moonies, and movie stand-ins for authors are generally the worst roles, but Rubinek makes Larry more vivid than David ever is. Larry has a schlumpy kind of simplicity: you can believe that he'll do his damnedest to rescue David. He also rescues the movie, by lightening its tone—he's warm and funny when he's trying to put on the group leaders. After he has seen enough, he sneaks away and goes to David's family and friends and old girlfriend back in Toronto, and they all get together on a kidnap plot. Gentle little Larry is at his funniest when he's carrying out this clandestine operation, and his eyes spark with amazement that he's actually involved in a criminal act. It's as if he'd suddenly found himself at an orgy.

But after the kidnapping, when the abductors are holed up with David in an Oakland apartment, the de-programmer (R. H. Thomson), a tall, imperious figure, stalks in and upstages everybody else. And though we could see and understand David's conversion (and mutation), the de-programmer's methods seem bullying and arbitrary. The director, who, with Anne Cameron, adapted the Josh Freed book, doesn't do enough to clarify the steps in this process (if it is a process, rather than just hit or miss). The relatives and friends (Larry among them) hang around helplessly, cowering when they hear sirens outside, because they know that the cult will have filed kidnapping charges, and the police may get to them before David can be persuaded not to go back. Everybody seems passive now except the arrogant de-programmer. If the others reacted to his lordly manner, we might know how to react. Why aren't they puzzled about what he's doing? *We* are. The dramatic logic of the film requires that we see the beginning, at least, of the reformation of David's character, and surely the high point needs to be the moment of breakthrough. But it isn't clear how this hotshot expert means to get to him, or how, in fact, he does. Potentially, the story has everything: the horror of the destruction of a man's mind and his personality, and then the illegal actions that are the only means available to those who want to help restore him. It's all here, only it's in rather slack form. "Ticket to Heaven" could have used a better script and more taut direction, but a good subject does a lot for a movie—you don't feel humiliated by it.

RETURNING to the screen after a twenty-year retirement, James Cagney, who was born in 1899, has the faint, satisfied smile of an old tiger, and it's a pleasure to look at him. As New York Police Commissioner Waldo, he gives "Ragtime" something: a tartness, some tension and dignity—he doesn't go soft. Actually, none of the performers disgrace themselves; it's the moviemakers who flub everything in sight. E. L. Doctorow's novel "Ragtime" was already a movie, an extravaganza about the cardboard cutouts in our minds—figures from the movies, newsreels, the popular press, dreams, and history, all tossed together. Doctorow played virtuoso games with this mixture—games that depended on the reader's having roughly the same store of imagery in his head that the author did. He drew you into the many stories, and the complex narrative—all that plot!—had a rush to it. "Ragtime" was a near-perfect entertainment for the people who buy and read hardcover books, but it wasn't surprising that the book didn't travel well, and had "disappointing" sales in the mass-market paperback editions: to enjoy the novel you really needed a mind stuffed with images of Admiral Peary and Stanford White and Emma Goldman

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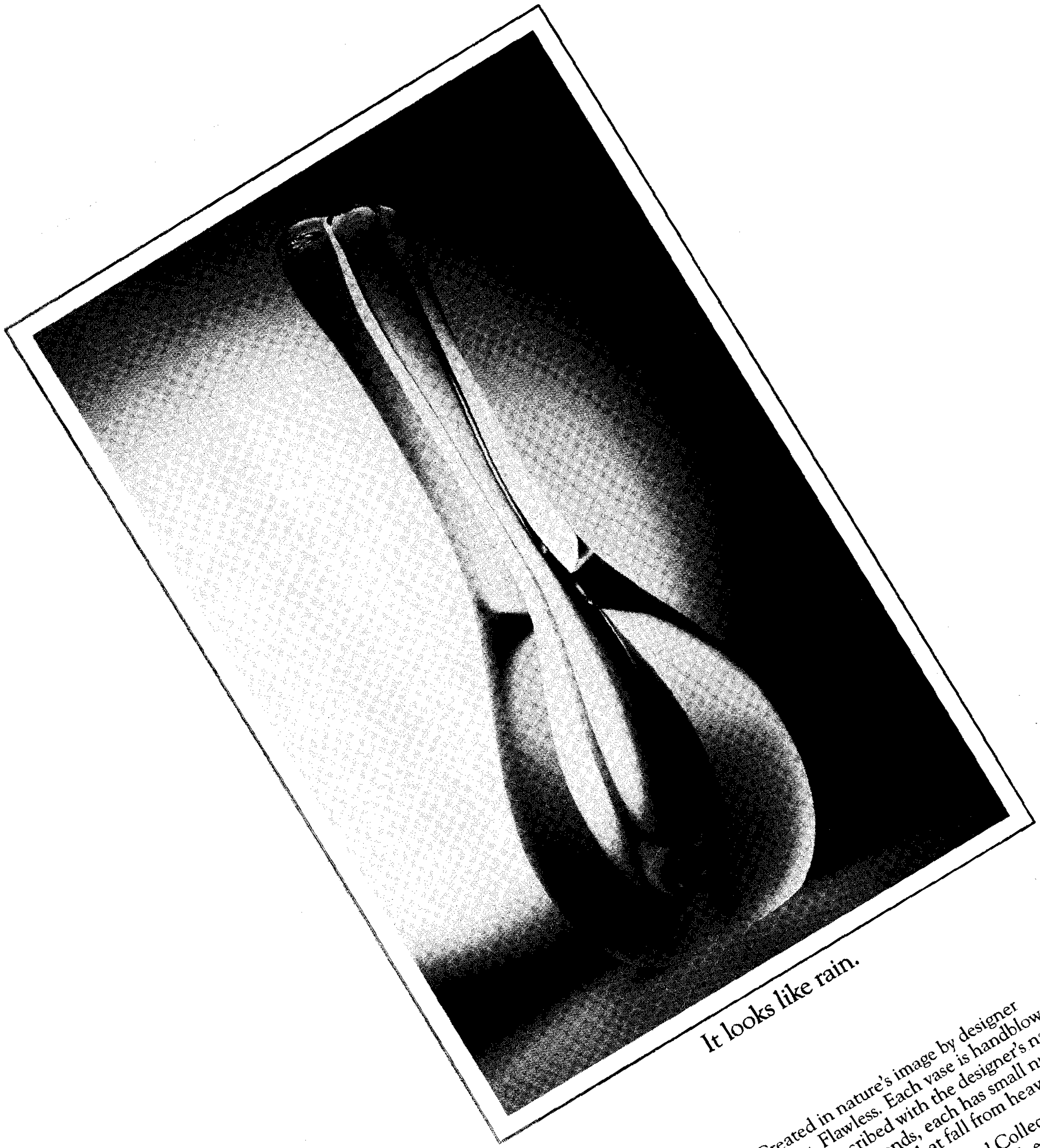

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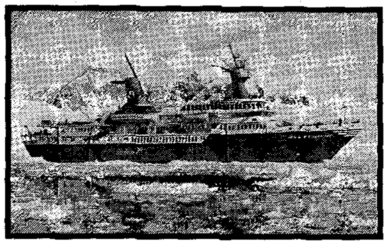

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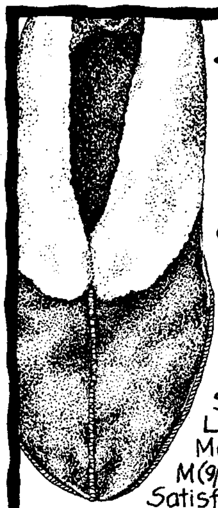

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and Harry Houdini and the "Our Gang" comedies, and enough knowledge of the period just before the First World War to appreciate the joke of the conversation between J.P. Morgan and Henry Ford and the anecdote of Freud having a fainting fit after taking a boat ride with Jung. The book was superficial yet dense, with marvellous details that whizzed right by, and Doctorow's way of slipping invented characters in among the cutouts and having them interact made for a giddy, kinetic synthesis of fact and fiction. Reading the book really was like seeing a movie; the book had a movie-inspired way of perceiving—it's how we look at the past now, with the historical figures and the actors who played them all jumbled, and scandalous items from *Time* and *Newsweek* replacing the battles and dates. (And we no longer expect—or want—to separate things out.) "Ragtime" was an elegant gagster's book, and the character of the poor immigrant Tateh, who lives on the lower East Side and works at his display cart cutting out silhouette portraits of passersby, and then moves on to selling the flip-page "movie books" he makes, and goes from that to designing magic lanterns, and eventually takes the title of Baron and becomes the producer of the ethnically mixed "Our Gang" comedies, was Doctorow's American artist. He was also Doctorow: the people in his movie book are also seen in silhouette.

In 1975, the year "Ragtime" was published, it was announced that Robert Altman was going to direct the film version and that Doctorow was writing the script; how they meant to go about it wasn't explained, but if anybody could do "Ragtime" it was Altman, because he has the nerve and the genius to try things that nobody else would think of. He's a showman with a sense of fun, and he's as obsessed as Doctorow with large casts and chance meetings and nostalgia for what should have happened. It was clear that he was deeply excited by the book and eager to tackle it: when his 1976 movie "Buffalo Bill and the Indians" came out, there he was, tossing historical and fictional figures together, in the spirit of "Ragtime," and working on a huge canvas with stars in cameos flitting in and out. But he didn't bring it off, and, ironically, his deep involvement with "Ragtime"—which helped to wreck "Buffalo Bill"—cost him the chance to film "Ragtime," because the producer Dino De

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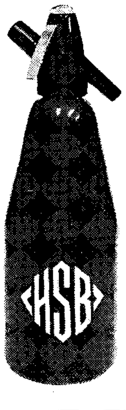

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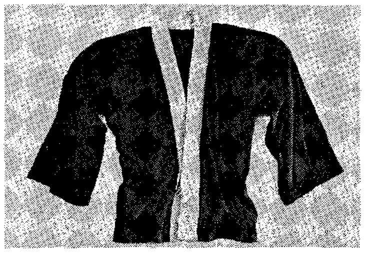

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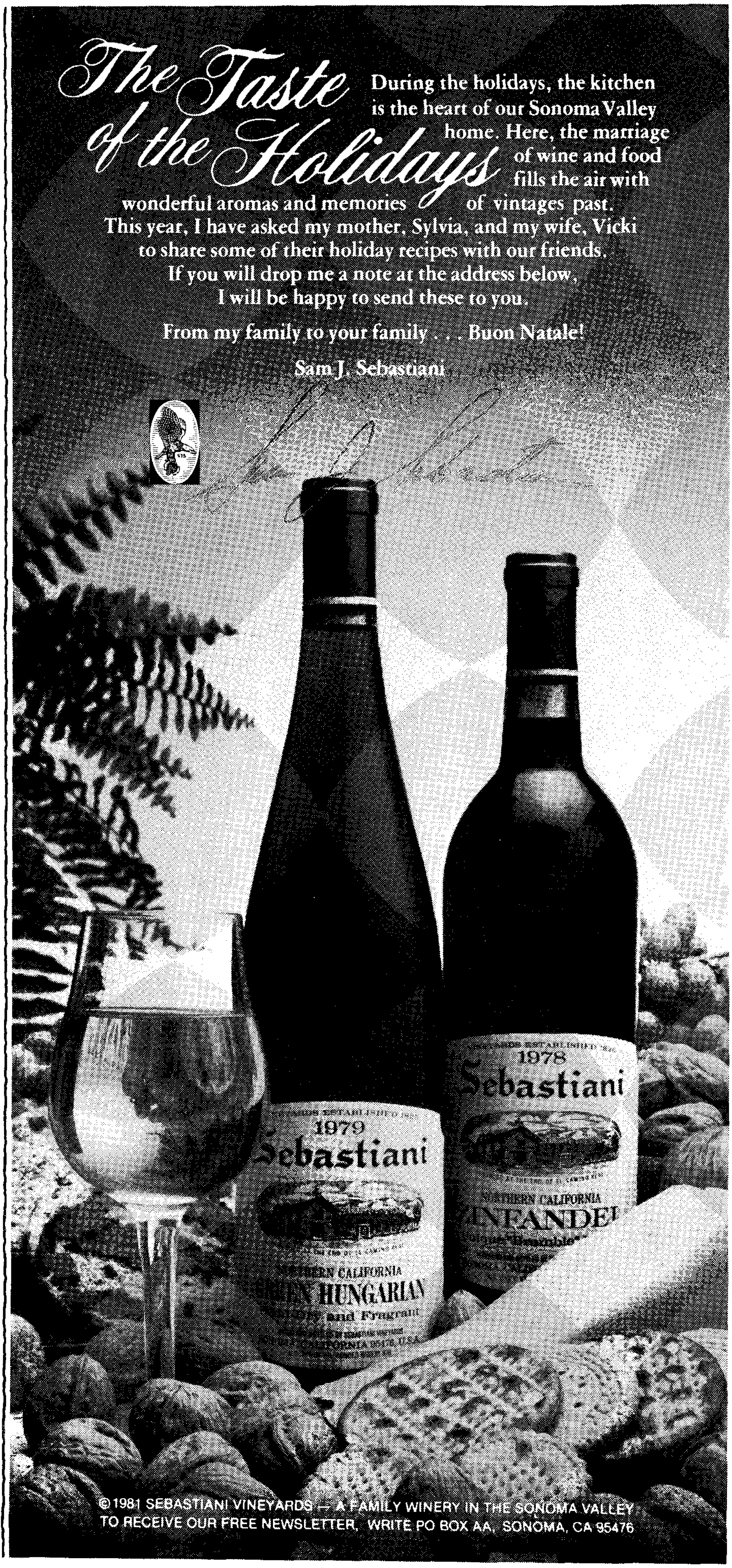
Laurentiis, who had bought the rights to the book, had also financed "Buffalo Bill."

There is probably no American novel that would be more difficult for a European director to adapt to the screen than this one, which depends on the kind of background that we soak up unconsciously over the years—that's a steady buzz in our heads. De Laurentiis made, I think, a calamitous mistake when he turned the project over to the Czech Miloš Forman, who had already demonstrated almost total incomprehension of the American habitat in his grossly energetic "Hair"—so much that his hippies, who were meant to be charming, were abrasively smug. And everything that should have been flowing was chopped up—overedited. (Forman didn't appear to understand that the great achievement of the hippies was that they loosened up the middle classes; he had them shocking rich stiffs who lived in a style that might have come out of editorial denunciations in Pravda.) But there's no reason to think that the Italian De Laurentiis would have recognized the difficulties Forman was bound to get into. Forman simply didn't have the storehouse of associations to make a "Ragtime." (Could anyone besides Altman get the humor across? Possibly Spielberg—he has the playfulness. But he wouldn't spark the connections that Altman might make.) Forman chose Michael Weller, his writer on "Hair," to prepare a new script, and they worked together to produce this graceless piece of prose.

The movie "Ragtime" isn't a splashy comedy, isn't full of tricky juxtapositions, doesn't have an impudent slapstick vision, isn't a pop epic, or even a satiric fling. I'm not sure what it is. It's limp—it always seems to be aiming about halfway to Doctorow's effects. Is it possible that Miloš Forman thinks that if he doesn't go for razzle-dazzle what is left will be "truth"? If so, he started from the wrong book. I don't know what people who haven't read it can make of the movie; first there's a chunk of time with one group of characters in New York and then there's a shift, without any transitional guidance, over to another group, in New Rochelle, and then to different characters in New York. And many of the actors are more famous than the people they're playing. Norman Mailer turns up as the expansive, contented Stanford White and has a couple of scenes before he's killed off; there may be just a



During the holidays, the kitchen is the heart of our Sonoma Valley home. Here, the marriage of wine and food fills the air with wonderful aromas and memories of vintages past. This year, I have asked my mother, Sylvia, and my wife, Vicki to share some of their holiday recipes with our friends. If you will drop me a note at the address below, I will be happy to send these to you.

From my family to your family . . . Buon Natale!

Sam J. Sebastiani

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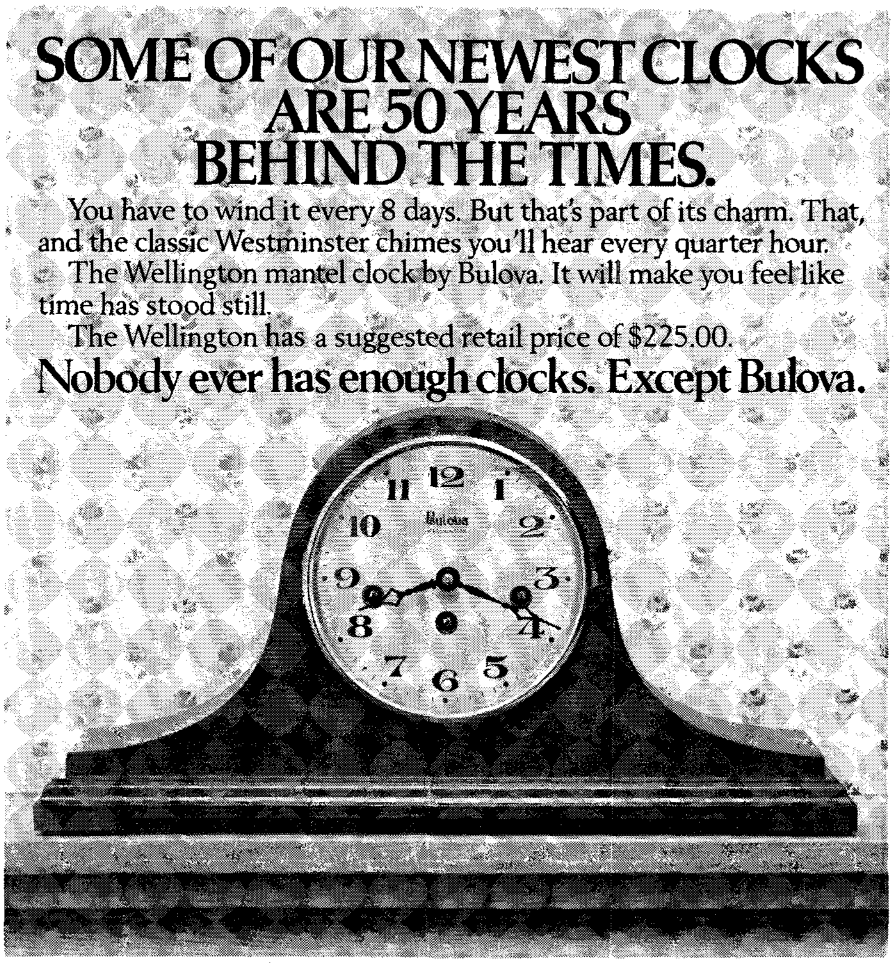
few people in the audience who won't know who Stanford White is, and the movie doesn't identify him, or explain why he and the other gents he's dining with are wearing laurel wreaths. The film goes to great pains to re-create the rooftop theatre of the old Madison Square Garden, where White was shot during the opening performance of the musical "Mamzelle Champagne" (a few flashes of Twyla Tharp's choreography here, the only trace of it in the movie), and we don't even get a good look around. (Forman is not—to put it courteously—strongly visual. His extras are generally posed frozen-faced in a row in the background—they look exactly like extras.) Pat O'Brien, who has aged extraordinarily gracefully, has the bit role of a lawyer, and Donald O'Connor seems to be enjoying himself in his scene as Evelyn Nesbit's dance instructor; he's heavier now but moves well and has an air of professional calm—like Cagney, he seems amused at how little is asked of him.

The film might have been turned into an earnest, socially conscious drama about race relations, because Doctorow does have his liberal nice-guyism, and the book features a black piano player, Coalhouse Walker, who suffers nobly for a principle and who is the weakest and least believable thing in it. (Fortunately, Doctorow's vivacity overwhelms his sentimental side.) And Forman has, in fact, put Coalhouse Walker (Howard E. Rollins) pretty much at the center. But the movie isn't even socially conscious, because Coalhouse Walker (Doctorow's tribute to Kleist's Michael Kohlhaas) is now so totally, aberrantly unbelievable that there's no social milieu that could account for him. This guerrilla Coalhouse has the sugar-sweet smile of a Johnny Mathis, and when he gathers a band of urban guerrillas and sets off bombs, we don't know on what conceivable basis he could have recruited them.

The movie reduces the number of characters considerably but leaves in allusions to some of the discards, in the form of simulated and actual newsreel footage. The story never quite expands, yet what's left of it doesn't quite fit together, either; the editing here seems even more unplanned than in "Hair." A lot of talented actors come across as dead. As Mother, Mary Steenburgen is directed to be so uncertain of what she's going to say that she pauses before each soft, gentle utterance, yet the payoff—the fact that



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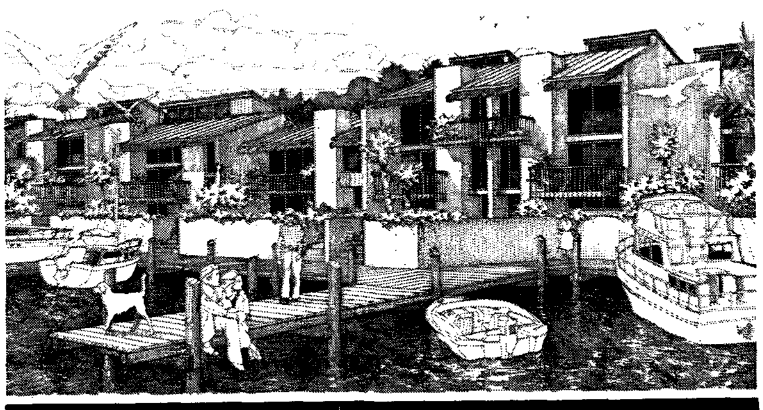


she's morally right and iron-willed, and her blustering husband (James Olson, in a totally charmless role and a performance to match) always gives in—dribbles away. Brad Dourif is Younger Brother—a role that might seem ideal for him, since in the book Younger Brother is strange, likable, and probably totally crazy. But in the movie his full weirdness doesn't emerge. As Willie Conklin, the racist rowdy from the firehouse who causes all the trouble for the musician, Kenneth McMillan seems unsinkable, even though Forman keeps him stripped down to his long underwear. Does Forman think that an actor like McMillan needs a low-comedy prop in order to be low? This actor is also deprived of the climactic scene we're led to expect: we're told that Willie is going to be delivered to Coalhouse's justice, and then nothing happens. But the performer who is treated the worst is the lovely young Elizabeth McGovern, who plays Evelyn Nesbit. Forman appears to see Evelyn as some sort of open-mouthed retard. The actress is photographed so that her cheeks look stupidly full, and Evelyn is not merely dim-witted, self-centered, and venal—she's also such a crude little peasant that when she's interrupted in the middle of naked lovemaking with Younger Brother she proceeds to discuss a business deal with a couple of lawyers without having the instinct to cover herself. Younger Brother makes a move to cover her breasts, but the cloth falls and she ignores it and goes on talking. The focus of the scene is on Elizabeth McGovern's torso. And we sit there uncomfortably, knowing that Forman could make his small, ponderous point just as easily by framing the image so that only her shoulders were visible—it would be perfectly clear that she was naked below the frame. When an actress is left exposed this way, it's the director who's crude.

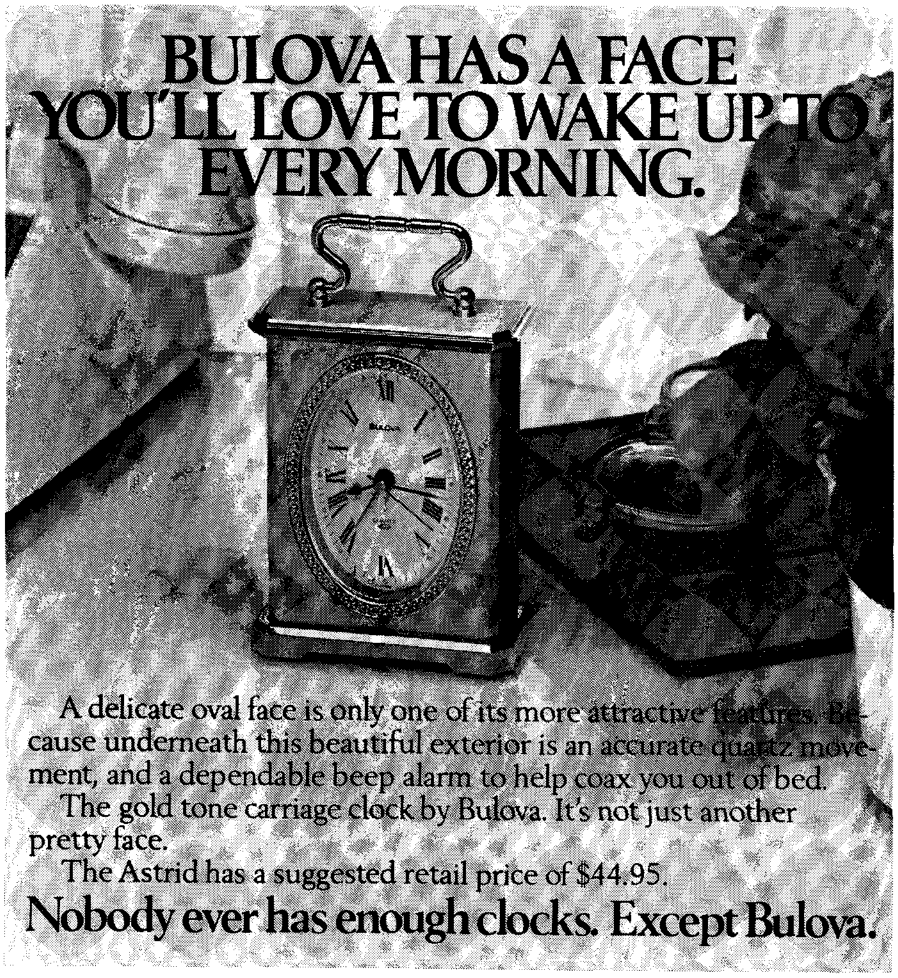
—PAULINE KAEL

•

"TALES OF HOFFMAN"—Jacques Offenbach's operatic fantasy about a poet and his strange, magical love affairs will be presented in English at 8 p.m. today and Nov. 8 in UT's Performing Arts Center Concert Hall, 23rd and East Campus Drive. $10-$4. Call 471-1444.

Jacques Offenbach will present a public lecture on "Tales" at 8 p.m. Tuesday in the UT New Music Building (room 2.604, main floor). Co-sponsored by Austin Alliance Francaise and the UT Music Department. Lecture will be followed by light refreshments.—*Austin (Texas) American-Statesman.*

And a séance.



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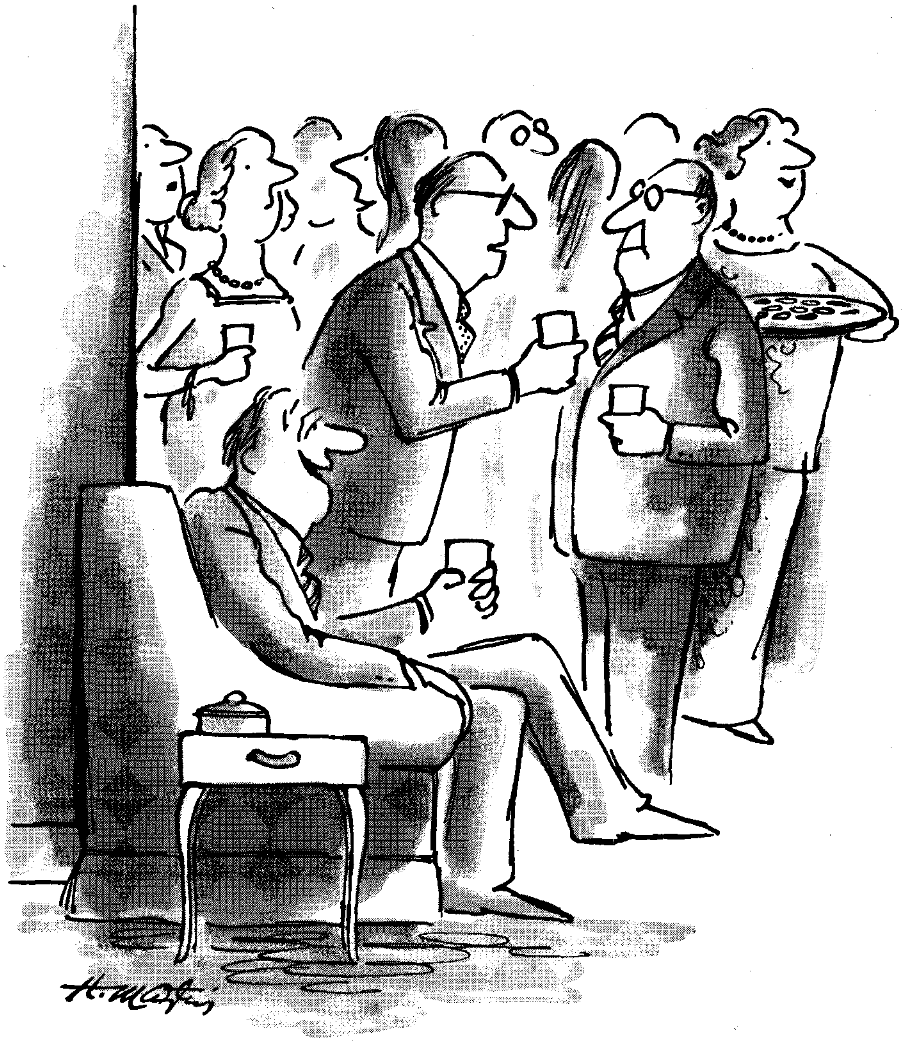
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR WOMEN

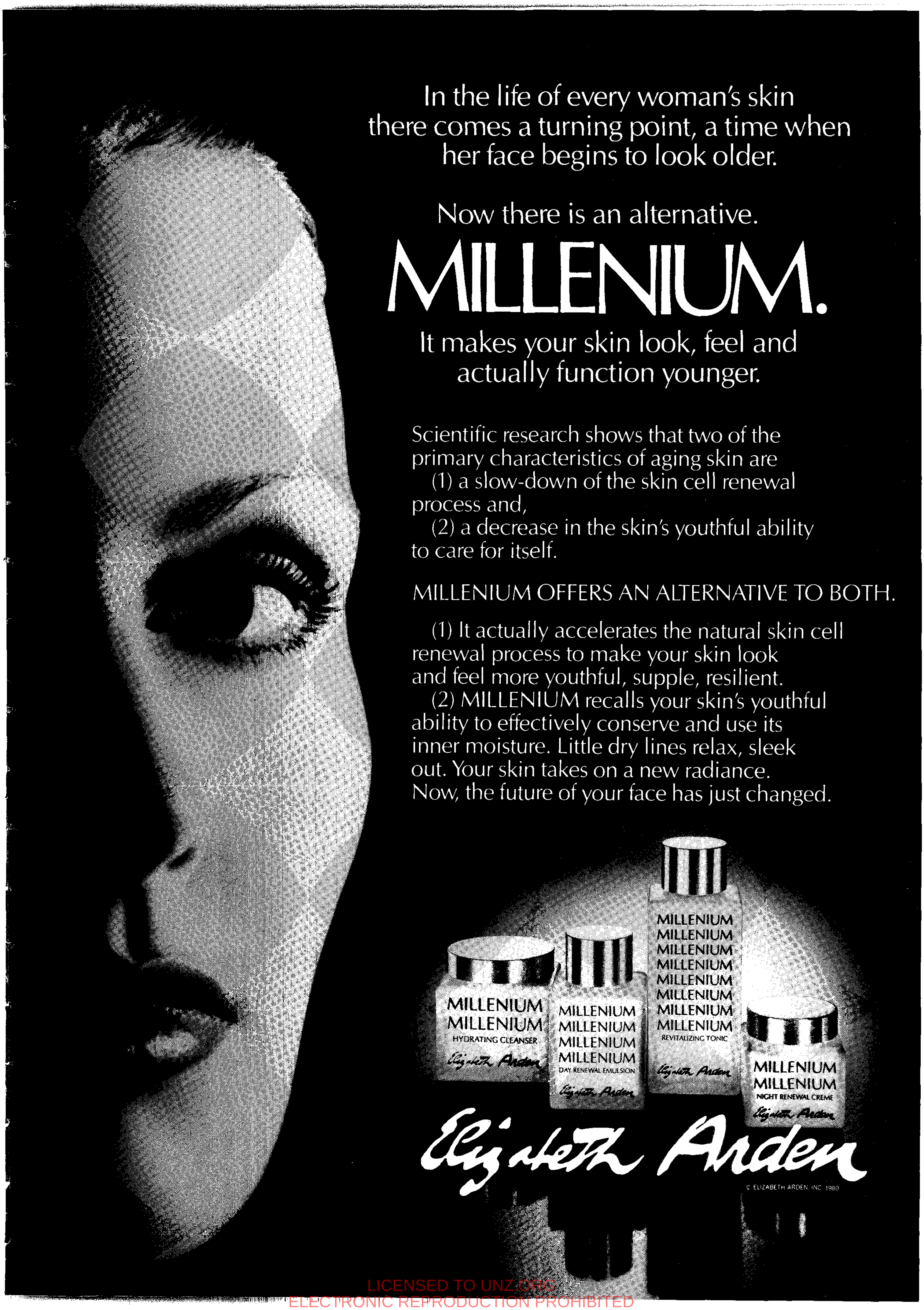
IN the realm of female adornment this year, the style is that of carnival. To judge by the stores, Manhattan is dreamland, a Jazz Age bubble where women in twinkling gold shoes go dancing with Minnie Mouse bows in their hair. Amusing, ingenious ornament is flourishing everywhere: thousands of bits of braid, fur, feather, metal, shell, lace, ribbon, beads, and wool—all knotted, worked, painted, fired, carved, woven, and combined in thousands of ways. One gets an impression of SoHo lofts like Santa's workshop, madly turning out ever-zanier and more costly artifacts to satisfy the magpie urge for acquisition. And virtually every field of manufacture, from handbags to underwear, has been touched (not always, it must be said, to happy effect) by metallic finishes and threads. The metallics are sometimes bronze, pewter, copper, or silver, but, above all, the glitter is the glitter of gold. The many sparkling ornamental fantasies that are around seem almost like bright-colored toys that children draw close about them as talismans against the onset of the dark. At any rate, it all makes for interesting Christmas shopping. In doing the rounds of the smaller stores, we've given priority to those that are new, or new to us. And, just as many of the arty new accessories have done, we started off downtown and worked our way, via the department stores, uptown.

BROOMES, in attractive new quarters at 351 West Broadway (between Broome and Grand), has a Tudor-style beret, redolent of lute music, Thames barges, and dancing attendance at Hampton Court. It's in an opulent choice of gold-, pewter-, or copper-finished leather and is circled with white fox fur; $150. Leggings made of French rabbit fur dyed scarlet, brown, camel, or olive black have cross-garterings like Malvolio's and are $95. Thigh-high leggings of very soft suède, like seven-league boots but without any feet, are in a choice of black, gray, olive, rust, and burgundy and are $200. So that hands won't be left out of the theatrical-historical picture, there are gloves of claret-colored kidskin, nobly ringed at the wrist with claret-dyed possum fur ($75), and Italian gloves of soft black metisse, whose cuffs drip black lace ruffles, and which seem designed for masked and hooded ladies making enigmatic gestures during midnight carriage rides ($65). The designer Marvella Tannenbaum has supplied a number of interesting handbags, among them a crescent-shaped squashy black thing, in very soft leather, that looks like a cross between a miniature dachshund and those drinking gourds that are *supposed* to launch a parabola of wine into the drinker's mouth; $275. Her "teardrop" evening bag is a flat dessert-plate-size pouch suspended from a loop of cord and topped by a gold-painted cone that is like an upside-down golf tee. The bag is of black leather hand-painted with crackled stripes or wedges of copper and silver, and it's $265. Some exquisitely detailed briefcases by Deborah Jackson pay tribute, by means of whipstitched seams and abstract appliqués in skins and leather, to the Western mode at its most refined. A red leather case (like each piece in this group, it is the sole example of its kind) has a front of black-and-white ponyskin under appliqués of red leather cut out in wrought-iron curlicue shapes; $325. An assortment of jewelry and personal ornaments includes bangles made of hollowed-out gourds painted and fired to misty, nacreous pastel colors; $40. A mysterious moiré effect, at once trapped and floating, resides in free-form pieces made of ivory-colored Lucite—a long, slim, cufflike bangle that follows the shape of the forearm ($65) and a sculptural frozen-ribbon neckpiece ($85) that, after coiling around the neck, creeps on around the collarbone like a question mark.



"And now I would like to make a comment addressed to the audience at large."

Two doors down, at No. 347 West Broadway, the shop called Sunday in New York offers evening sweaters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that are boat-necked, long-sleeved, and hand-knitted in intricate combinations of silk ribbon and heavy cotton yarn. One striking example is in black and copper, for $250; a pair of Zouave-style evening pants in black silk, to wear with it, is $128. Elaborate high-necked Edwardian-style blouses in a buttermilk shade are incrusted with ribbons and antique laces; from $150 to $250. Hand-loomed mohair-and-Lurex mufflers are $75, whether ready to purchase in the store or made to order in any color in a week or less. Charles Schwartz supplies the shop with hip-tied belts whose irregularly edged panels of leather over the stomach are decorated in a variety of ways. A soft gray pigskin version of the panel—which displays a trace of a ragged "me Tarzan, you Jane" quality—is ornamented with narrow ribbons of scarlet leather and dangling marble-size wooden balls. The belts are from $45 to $75.

London style (not that of Shoemakers and Shirtmakers to the Palace but that of Punk, of New Wave, or of the recent fashion called the Pirate Look) has more than a toehold downtown. W.E.2, 186 Prince Street (at Sullivan), carries pirate shirts by Vivian Westwood—basically large, loose-fitting eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century-style shirts, familiar from portraits of Byron and from the swashbuckling fight scenes in B-movies—in white, black ($95), or printed in a red-and-blue squiggle pattern on a white cotton fabric ($98). Susanne Bartsch's store, at 72 Thompson Street (between Spring and Broome), offers further evidence of the more radical sort of British fashion sensibility. The stock (which would fit into a good-sized suitcase but is displayed in a tiny blue-decorated shop entirely lined with cloud effects of crumpled white tissue paper) includes odd, sculptural hats by Stephen Jones and broken-glass-and-mica mosaic jewelry by Andrew Logan, both of whom have cultish followings in London. Also here are medieval-looking suède cowls ($100) and knee-length suède leggings ($100). Earrings that are three-inch-long clicking cascades of dried fish scales, dyed a choice of colors such as pink, purple, or canary yellow, are $25. An interesting collection of jewelry from the nineteen-thirties and forties is made of gold- or silver-finished metal and includes bib collars that look like chain mail and bangles that look like buckled metal belts. There are also a score or more of old gold-

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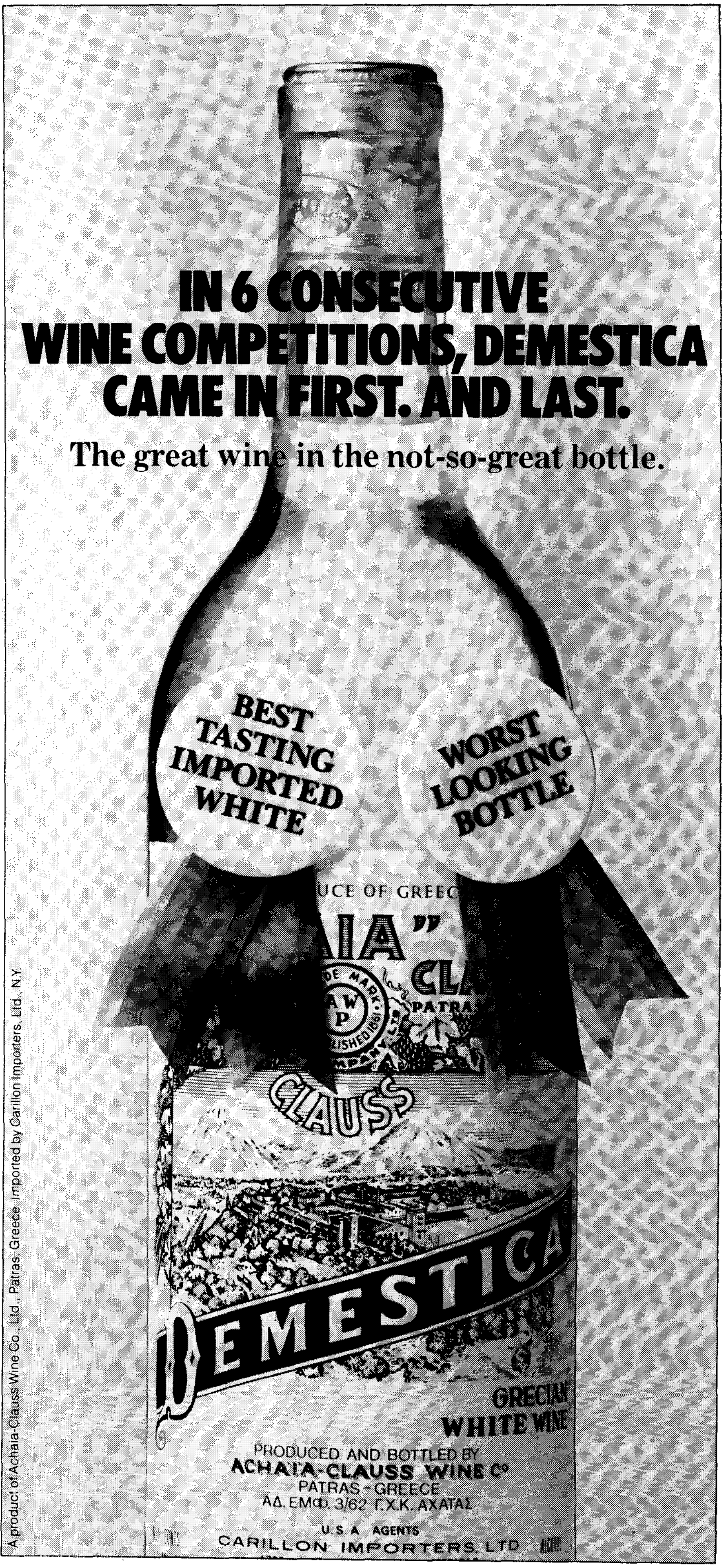
washed bangles shaped like snakes—sometimes with red jewelled eyes—to coil several times around the wrist. Very Nancy Cunard, this; from $80 to $200.

The mostly English stock of jewelry and ornaments at Detail, 204 Spring Street, near Sixth Avenue, represents every sort of currently fashionable idea, from the outrageously anti-tasteful—a pair of earrings consisting of the two separate halves of a thumbnail-size pig, head for one lobe, hindquarters for the other, in natural pink ($8) or gilt-washed ($10) rubber—to the streamlined rainbow simplicity of pieces in titanium. This element, used extensively in the aerospace field, is extremely lightweight and is given interesting color by being submitted to an electric current in various electrolytic solutions. It is very popular among jewelry-makers this season. At Detail, simple leaf-shaped drop earrings in blue, yellow, pink, or green titanium are $21; earrings with triple arrangements of two-inch-long silver-capped titanium rods are $36; and inch-and-a-half-long rainbow-colored uncoiling-spring earrings, like the spirals lying on the floor around a metal worker's lathe, are $21. Necklaces with doll-sized pleated-fan shapes of colored titanium hanging from a chain are $36. In tribute to the spirit of the art-filled neighborhood in which it finds itself, the shop has drop earrings of colored metal in perfectly balanced arrangements that look like Calder mobiles; $8 to $22. Tinkling necklaces of multicolored lightweight glass rings copiously interlinked, like the Olympic Games symbol run amok, are $24. Holly-leaf-and-berry earrings are $7, necklaces $17.

SoHo Zoo, at 176 Spring Street, demonstrates the fashion for wild-animal prints by way of some narrow calfskin belts printed to resemble cheetah-, leopard-, or zebraskin; $38. Among our own species, females, predatory or otherwise, might like to prowl in Zoo's soft-leather pants. Pleated-front jodhpurs with tight, putteelike calves, are $200; knickers are $150; and cigarette-leg pants are $180. A fluctuating assortment of colors is in stock, including copper or gold—which last version of the pants makes, as the saying goes, quite a statement. Zoo also carries sweatpants and tracksuit-style tops, in thick cashmere; in red, black, or camel, these are $225 and $200, respectively. Ankle socks in either red-and-gold or black-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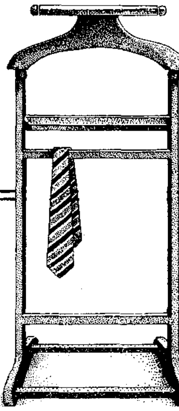

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and-gold zebra-striped Lurex are $7.50 a pair.

The Beauty Saloon, 436 West Broadway (between Prince and Spring, and the store has a branch at 228 Columbus Avenue, near 70th), is one of those nice small lingerie stores that have cropped up in recent years—stores owned by young women who stock them with what they like to wear themselves. The style is sometimes cozy, sometimes sexy, and often nostalgic, with an emphasis on natural fibres. Here are long-john sets dyed bright colors ($30); cotton-knit undershirts ($20); and panties ($10) by the Swiss firm of Hanro. A lingerie range imported from Scotland and made up in pink-rosebud-printed Viyella includes a bias-cut, slip-topped ankle-length gown ($110); bikini pants ($13); tap pants ($42); a camisole ($42); a G-string ($9); and a brassière ($15).

Backtracking downtown, to 117 West Broadway, between Duane and Reade, there is Jeff Kint's new store. This carries Mr. Kint's own evening designs and is the place for people heading for or coming from fashionable dinners in Tribeca—whether at the Odeon restaurant, nearby, or in one of the neighborhood's expensively renovated lofts—or for anyone else who happens to feel like shopping in the middle of the night. Jeff Kint's hours are actually after hours—from 7 P.M. to 3 A.M. Tuesday through Friday, from noon to 3 A.M. on Saturday, and from noon to 7 P.M. on Sunday. (Most stores downtown, like galleries, are closed on Mondays.) The tone of the décor, which includes fashionable mural-fragment wall paintings, is Dadaist neo-Pompeian; the over-all style of the clothing is Moneyed Young Bicoastal Success. Gold-patterned silky rayon-georgette fabrics are hand-dyed by the designer in soft combinations of colors and made up into garments that may be mixed and matched in various ways. Georgette that is graph-paper-checked in gold Lurex thread and dyed either in browns and taupes or in dusty rose and aqua makes a long-sleeved blouse with puffed shoulders and with ruffles at the wrists and the funnel neck; $214. To wear with it, here are Lurex-checked, solid-color, ballet-length georgette culottes ($118) or easy, elastic-waisted pants that hang gracefully, being made of a gleaming coal-black jerseylike fabric whose "fibre" content is entirely metallic ($178). Short caftans, with an all-over pattern

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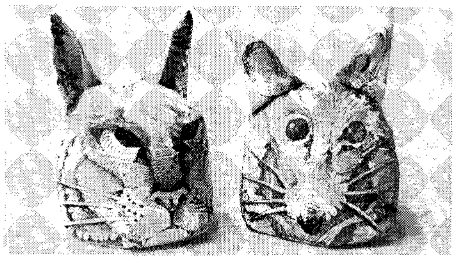

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of gold leaves on hand-dyed georgette, may be worn bloused to mini length, perhaps over gold tights and flat pumps; $226. A little spencer jacket of jigsaw-quilted, satin-lined bright-red wool challis has leg-of-mutton sleeves with gilt-touched georgette forearms, and it is trimmed with a couple of dripping passementerie tassels; $320.

The Women's Duplex at Barney's is an architecturally stylish penthouse space with a "street" of boutiques displaying some of the best designs of the luxurious European ready-to-wear houses—from the Italians Basile, Byblos, Versace, and Complice to the Parisian Sonia Rykiel. In the boutique devoted to ideas for little evenings, we found organza blouses with back buttons, short puffed sleeves, and a decorative panel down the front, folded like Japanese origami. In white, black, or toffee, and $280. These color choices also prevail in a second organza blouse, this one long-sleeved and with a triple layer of rounded biblike collars, each slightly larger than the one above; $290. Toffee-colored knickers in silk Charmeuse with braid frogging at the side of the knee are $180. Pale café-au-lait wool crêpe goes into jodhpur-style knickers whose pouchy outer knees shoot out into triple lightning-bolt points outlined in gold-and-ivory cord; $220. The genius behind this caprice, Annie Blevins, for the firm of Via Nini, also provides charming little waist-length sweaters in fluffy angora or mohair and in different styles; one, in pale-coffee mohair and gold Lurex, has a square neck and elbow-length sleeves trimmed with pastel mink tails, and is $290. In a well-chosen assortment of accessories and jewelry, in another boutique, there are spats made of soft leather in bronze, gunmetal, or black, for $55; thick hand-knitted spats, in earthy colorings, for $60; and hand-knitted, balloon-wristed wool gauntlets, for $70. These last come in pebbly textures of peat or heather, except for one pair in white flecked with gold. Some are matched with hand-knitted caps, among them ones with raccoon tails sprouting from the top of the head. A hand-knitted watch cap with a red crown and a Donegal-flecked black cuff ($30) may be worn alone or over a snug-fitting black helmet-and-capelet headpiece, edged in red crochet, that looks vaguely like chain mail ($58). The effect of the pair in tandem is like that of the Black Knight sweeping down at the joust. Patricia Underwood makes some

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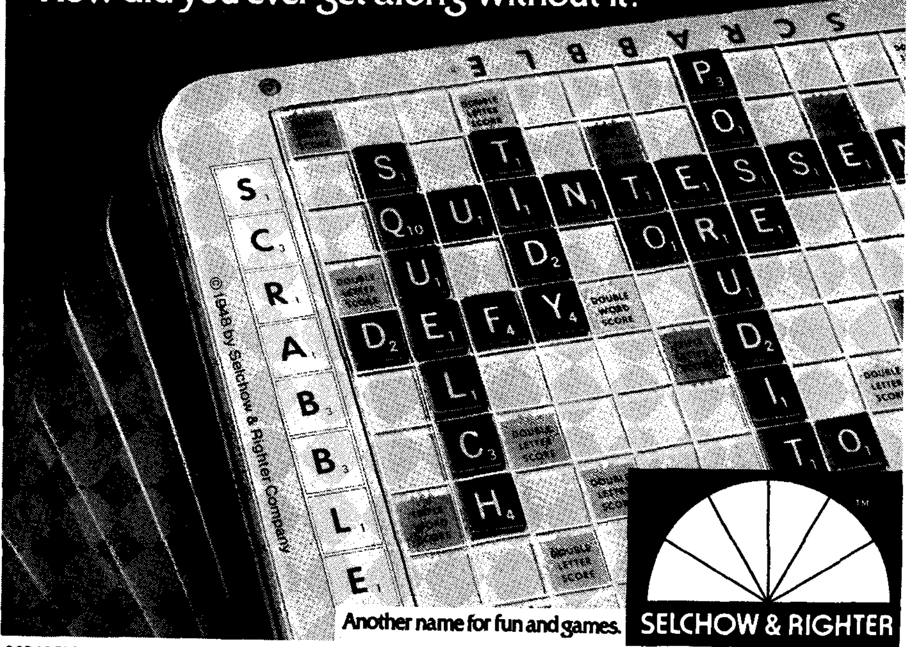

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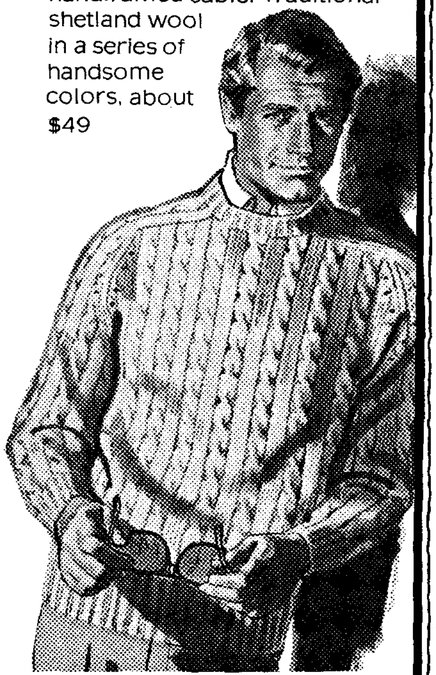

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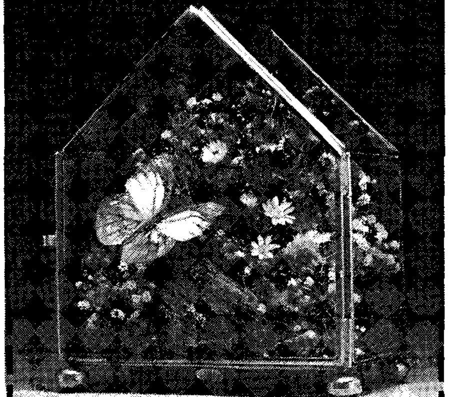

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funny little hats in soft leather—shaped either like gnomes' caps or like porkpies, for $90. Bracelets of Czechoslovakian glass are like fairy-tale ladders of long, thin beads and short, round ones, in melting color combinations of milky-blue, opal, and amethyst or of violet with garnet and amber; $65. Two-inch-long drop earrings of painted lightweight wood are like abstract swallows and are made by a young Japanese woman; $28. Here, too, are a couple of fine examples of those "handbags" that are not bags at all but sculptural containers to be dangled from shoulder cords or held in the hand and then set down at social gatherings to form part of the décor. A tiger-shell conch is lined with China silk printed with enigmatic calligraphy, enclosed with a hinged brass lid, and hangs from a twist of gold-flecked cord; $260. The designer Raphael Sanchez contributes (along with some beautifully hand-painted box *minaudières*) nine-inch-long boxes made of teakwood, shaped like beech leaves, and gleaming like freshly fallen horse chestnuts; $190.

The Department Stores: Henri Bendel's main-floor Leg Shop has opaque panty hose in absolutely vibrant colors—scarlet, canary, turquoise, cobalt, or hot, hot pink—for $3.50. Gold-mesh tights are $20, and flat, pointy-toed Scheherazade slippers in hand-crocheted gold mesh (these from the fourth floor) are $50. Just inside the Fifty-seventh Street door is a brocade-covered table displaying exquisitely packaged toiletries from the Profumo Farmacia di Santa Maria Novella, near Florence. Orange water is $18; cologne in a choice of fragrances which includes patchouli or carnation is $50; hand-milled soaps are from $6 to $12 a tablet; and talcum powder is $18. A small snakeskin-covered pocket memo book, in the stationery department, comes with a slim gold-colored pencil and in a choice of colors; $52. The jewelry nook is a treasure chest spilling over with all the newest ideas, including bangles that are elaborate eclectic confections of beads, lace, painted suède, and fabric, for between $25 and $45. One example, of plump black velvet wrapped with gold rickrack braid and pearl beads and trimmed with black feathers, seems Renaissance-Venetian; $45. Other bangles, set with copper-colored or dusty-rose silk flowers, remind one of the garlands worn by the Princess of Wales' bridesmaids;

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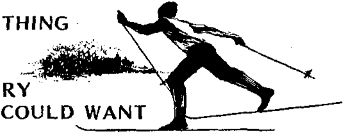

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$50. In the hat department, there are hand-knitted mohair acorn caps trimmed with tiny beads and a Lurex tassel, for $56; funny hand-crocheted Tudor pancake caps, with droopy, bobble-trimmed Lurex-edged beagle earpieces, for $80; and a wacky white mohair balaclava with silver Lurex and white marabou, for $35. In the bag department, we noticed Barbara Bolan's drawstring-topped, nine-inch-high leather reticule in soft olive leather and with wavery vertical lines of narrow copper-colored piping, for $215, and a squashy shoulder-slung Italian duffel-style bag, with a peaked top in soft black leather and a bottom half covered in russet antique Paisley-shawl fabric, for $315.

On the third floor, there is a selection of blouses in the loose-fitting buccaneer mode, but carried out in the most fragile and cobwebby white laces. Some of the blouses have jabots, others frills, yokes, or clown-style ruffs; sometimes the body of the blouse is fine silk mosquito netting embroidered and reëmbroidered with filigree gold threads or frosty traceries. All this airy, finely detailed, fashionable romance comes to Bendel from the firm of Atelier Kei, in Japan; prices range from $365 to $515. Meanwhile, in the lingerie department, the American designer Peter Barton takes the simple kimono shape and translates it into a fine wool specially handwoven by the New England firm of Dunlap Weavers. In a choice of peach, dusty rose, or camel, with a texture of little rectangles, the robe is $185. Mary Stuart brings the pirate look to lingerie with a lace-trimmed knee-length wide cotton nightshirt. It is either in white with a big pink fichu collar and drifting Fragonard-style ribbons or vice versa; $130. Hand-crocheted angora bed jackets with marabou collars and pom-pom ties are $135, and pink silk-chiffon bikini panties with splotches of pink and silver silk-velvet flocking are $30.

At Macy's, the main-floor fashion-watch counter has some paper-thin watches with quartz movements and digital time readouts. The three-quarter-inch square face is enamelled to match the color of the leather strap, and the wide choice of exuberant colors includes hunter green, purple, lilac, yellow, dark red, or magenta; $35. In the accessory boutique called Accents are more of Barbara Bolan's handbag designs, these being pouches like miniature mailbags, measuring six

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inches high and eight across, and with long shoulder straps. Flap and gusset are piped with contrasting color, which also goes into the tassel closing. They're $90, in dark-green lizard piped with pewter; black or lavender with gold; or blue with bronze. Many of this season's belts are very soft and wide, as witness (in the main-floor belt department) a three-and-a-half-inch-wide belt in unlined leather which fastens in front in a ten-inch-wide self-bow; in a choice of tan, red, purple, or gentle Whistlerian gray-mauve, and $80. Macy's has a large area of counter space given over to often whimsical ornaments for head and hair. There is a flapperish band, to ring the brow and raise the spirits, made of a silky rainbow-colored tube diagonally wrapped with metallic braid and frivolously trimmed at one temple with dangling coral-like twigs and plastic leaves in gilt and mother-of-pearl; $35. A second headband has a halo of spikes—white with gold, black with gold, or all gold—that would give a partygoer that interesting Statue of Liberty look; $42. A display cabinet filled by the Madison Avenue jewelry store named Kruger Gallery merits investigation by people Christmas shopping at Macy's. Here are interesting titanium pieces by Mary Ann Scherr (such as a two-inch-wide bangle, for $442) and some imported pieces involving hand-carved ivory and shell. In the Arcade Legdressing shop, there are many ways of clothing legs and feet. Cuffed knee socks in mohair-and-wool by Perry Ellis have a cable-and-garter-stitch texture and come in a choice of white, gray, or navy; $7.50. And wool-mixture ankle socks by San e Origin elevate the genre to a minor art form. Salmon-red socks are dotted at the cuff with tiny jetlike beads and adorned at the anklebone with a bow shape worked in the same beads; pink socks have an edging of white crochetwork and are trimmed with small white bells and green ribbon. Either foot fantasy is $20.

In the Clubhouse blouse department, on the third floor, there is a long-sleeved blouse in white silk by the firm of Icinoo; a square Puritan collar in back and front is bordered with a band of gray silk and has gray silk lotus-blossom appliqués at each of the four corners. In black with white trim or gray with white; $88; silk chiffon in either white or black, with a sort of temple-portico pattern in gold thread, has clown-ruffled neck and wrists; $116. In the sweater depart-

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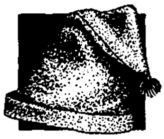

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ment nearby is a lamb's-wool-and-angora model with narrow Victorian-pinafore ruffles running from the shoulders down toward the center of the waist in front; in black, beige, or hot pink, and $58. Up in the fifth-floor luggage department, Redwall's Italian-made bag in schoolbag style, with a shoulder strap of tan canvas webbing, is a handsome combination of tan pigskin and pale-gray-green leather; $250. Briefcases of semi-stiff plastic are very High Tech and very low price, and come in a choice of fifteen colors, including Christmas silver, Santa Claus red, and pine-tree green; $10.

The lingerie department at B. Altman has lingerie cases in pale-lilac satin, with basketweave ribbon and lacy frills trimming them, and with a little matching perfumed sachet tucked inside; $42. Six-inch-square sachets are $9; a heart-shaped one adorned with a real dried rosebud is $10. Orchid-mauve is the color of lace-trimmed wide-legged panties ($9) and matching camisoles ($12). The pair may also be found in ivory, silver, or rust-colored nylon. In the second-floor slipper department, embroidered booties crocheted of a wool mixture are $10; basic flat-soled velours mules in red, ivory, or blue are $7; and Morlands' fleece-lined, sheepskin-cuffed suèdes in either cinnamon or plum are $38. In the department called Collectibles, on the main floor, there are necklaces of handmade glass worry beads from Greece. Some of the beads are in stained-glass colors of cobalt, amber, and a shade between jade and emerald; others, in bluish transparent glass, with tiny trapped air bubbles, look like small ice cubes. Prices are $45 for a thirty-six-inch length, $40 for a thirty-inch length, and $30 for a fifteen-inch choker. (In all lengths, amber versions cost slightly more.) Also from Greece is a key chain sporting a gold-metal coin stamped with a godlike profile; $14.50.

In Lord & Taylor's hat department, on the main floor, big "Doctor Zhivago"-style berets of fox fur dyed either rose or French navy are $350, and matching muffs are $450. Alison Taylor's hand-knitted wool-and-mohair cuffed caps are trimmed with bobble textures and come in gentle deep-pastel colors, for $52. The same designer's sweaters, to wear with the hats, may be found in the fifth-floor Country Clothes department, for $270. At the handkerchief counter, there are cotton-batiste handkerchiefs with edgings of crocheted cotton lace; $7 in

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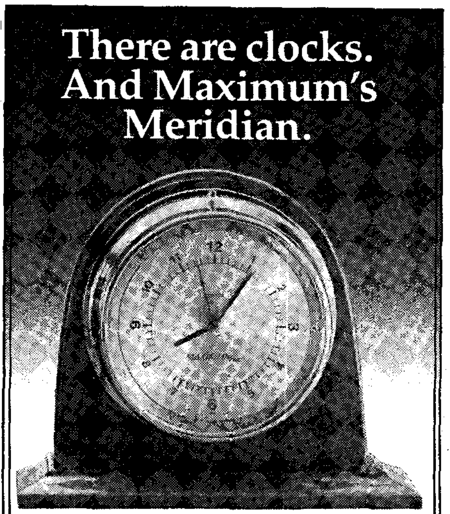
either white or écru. Scallop-edged cotton-and-linen handkerchiefs from Switzerland have hand embroideries—either blue posies around the border or an all-over pattern of red rosebuds or lilies-of-the-valley; $24. In the fourth-floor lingerie department, there is a good selection of night attire from Italy, in a silklike-nylon fabric with restrained and graceful lace-and-embroidery detailing. A peach-pink gown printed with a jacquard pattern of flowers has lace-trimmed pin tucks at the bust; wide white lace makes the shoulder seams and continues down as inserts in the gown; $100. A slip-topped white gown with embroidered bows is $120, and a kimono-sleeved, slightly quilted white bed jacket with grapevines appliquéd in pink on one shoulder is $95. In Fantasia, on the third floor, there are party sweaters in black hand-knitted mohair trimmed with gold-sprayed feathers around the boat neckline, for $515; handbags that look exactly like ice bags except that they are made of mink, for $315; four-button gloves in either black or camel kid trimmed with sable tails, for $110; and white over-the-elbow kid gloves, for evenings marked by protocol, for $105. The designer Gloria Sachs may be counted on for feminine and wearable ensembles in unusual fabrics, which she designs and manufactures expressly for her collections. Here a soft cashmere dirndl skirt in a plaid combining white, navy, dark green, and wine ($310) is paired with a fluffy hand-knitted white angora sweater with bands of the same dark hues at turtleneck and hem ($400). Alternatively, a lacy-textured, high-necked, puff-shouldered sweater in creamy wool ($180) meets a dirndl skirt ($370) and a shawl ($170) in a cashmere-and-silk challis of ivory printed with a tree-of-life pattern in beiges and grays. And again in the Country Clothes department—whose style has been shifting of late from suburban-sporty to nostalgic-feminine—there are intricately hand-knitted cashmere sweaters from England. Pullover and cardigan versions come in various lacy shell-stitched patterns, with popcorn detail, Peter Pan collars, and little glass buttons. Colors are mostly ice-cream-parlor tints, including pistachio, strawberry, or banana; from $240 to $285.

Saks Fifth Avenue's glove department has four-button gloves in painted suède, either black on chamois, to simulate leopardskin, or beige on marble green, for a vaguely crocodile effect;



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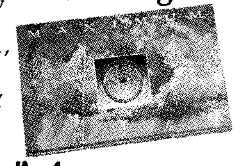

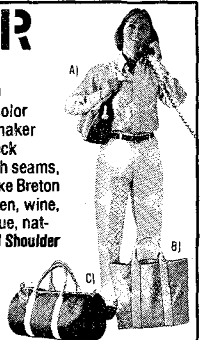

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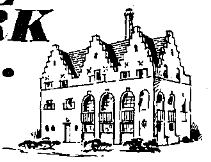

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$65 and $68, respectively. Angora-and-wool-knit gloves by Ungaro have contrasting cuffs and are embroidered with multicolored cross-stitch flowers in Cambridge blue with cobalt cuffs or white with camel; $26. Some triangular neckerchiefs at the accessories counter have come a very long way from cowhands at campfires, being realized in the softest of leathers, which have been colored either taupe or rosy mauve, pierced with minute starry perforations, and bordered with long, glittering "stitches" made of brass; $60. In the Eclectics handbag corner, there are highly stylized basket bags with a mingled texture of straw and fine beading and in Art Deco round and half-moon shapes. Among the handsome combinations of the two materials is gray with silver or black with bronze. The shoulder-hung circle is $135, the half-moon-shaped clutch $125. In the watch department is Seiko's Lassale collection of paper-thin little watches with quartz movements. A rectangular watch with a gold-tone baguette case, a double-chain gold-metal bracelet, and a numberless white face is $425. A second style has a gold-metal face, with both hands and numerals, in a thin, rectangular baguette case, and its strap is of black leather with a lizard texture; $375. At the cosmetics department's accessories counter, antique shoehorns with elaborate sterling-silver handles are from $100 to $150. And the boutique called Park Avenue, on the third floor, has some striking evening sweaters from the Italian designer Valeria Zaccarelli. They are made of angora and are enlivened at the yoke and the lightly padded shoulders by needlework that is more like three-dimensional still-lifes than mere embroideries. On a bright-red boat-necked sweater, there are lavish arrangements of holly berries and dark-green velvet leaves; on a white cardigan, there are upside-down rosebuds sculptured in pink ribbon and set among velvet sprigs of springtime green. Either style is $475.

Bloomingdale's lingerie department has long robes, by Fernando Sanchez, in quilted pale-blue-gray polyester and silk. A white lining shows in contrast at the shawl collar and turned-back cuffs; $186. Sami's peach silk nightshirt is $112, and the same designer's man-tailored pure-silk pajamas in peach Charmeuse are $190. In B'way, on the main floor, there are flapper headbands in black or burgundy velvet with gold or bronze braid ($12 each),

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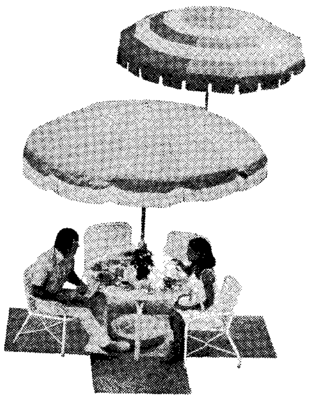

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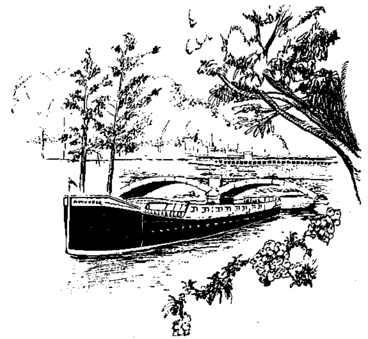

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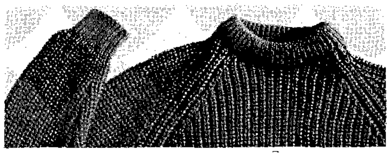

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and there are chunky pebblelike beads, in irregular sizes up to an inch wide, finished in either gold or bronze and strung on single strands as necklaces ($12, too).

At Fortunoff, 681 Fifth Avenue (53rd Street), there is a collection of antique dressing-table, desk, and manicure sets, hand mirrors, and picture frames, all in sterling silver. The antique-jewelry department has bar pins from the nineteen-twenties and thirties, including a pearl, diamond, and platinum number for around a thousand dollars.

Bergdorf Goodman has a rather pleasant perfume department, with some out-of-the-ordinary choices and with a less aggressive approach than some such departments around town. In addition, there is a selection of antique perfume bottles in silver-topped crystal (prices begin at $145), and atomizers of present-day manufacture, from France. Dressing-table-size sprays, with rubber bulbs inside mesh bags, are made of heavy crystal in somewhat bulbous shapes ($70 to $125); lipstick-size sprays for handbags, by Step of Paris, come in a variety of ornamental cases, including faceted crystal, checkered mother-of-pearl, and some bearing eighteenth-century ladies waving fans; $25. In the department called Port of Call, there is more mother-of-pearl, this time combined with stripes of black horn and inlaid in a kidney-shaped, hand-size, Indian *minaudière*; $155. Some stores regard shawls and scarves as among the most significant accessories this year, and are giving them great play. Bergdorf carries very elegant throws by the Italian firm of Agnona. These are handwoven of natural fibre—wool, alpaca, cashmere, vicuña, or combinations of these—which is in undyed beige, tans, or camels, because dyeing inevitably destroys some of the fibres' softness; from $250 to $375. Also imported from Italy are oversize squares in either silk ($125) or silk-and-wool challis ($150). These are in muted colors with Persian-miniature prints of little mythological creatures—birds, elephants, and turbaned warriors—framed by a border of contrasting solid color as if by a garden wall.

Up on the third floor, there are some snow-maiden offerings. Donald J. Pliner's sweater-dress in white mohair may be worn bloused and belted as a minidress or with the hem at knee level. The hem has a band of gold ribbing, which also makes cuffs and a

WEDGWOOD'S
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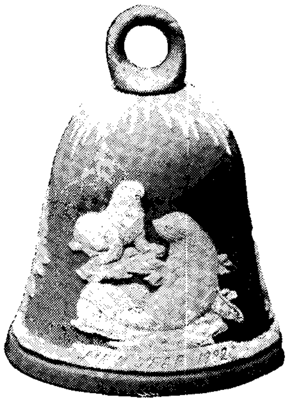

Only 3" tall, this blue and white Wedgwood jasperware bell is the fourth in a brand new annual series. A family of fur seals with icicle trim and the embossed inscription "New Year 1982" is done in white bas relief. $60.00. Gift boxed and delivered anywhere in the USA.

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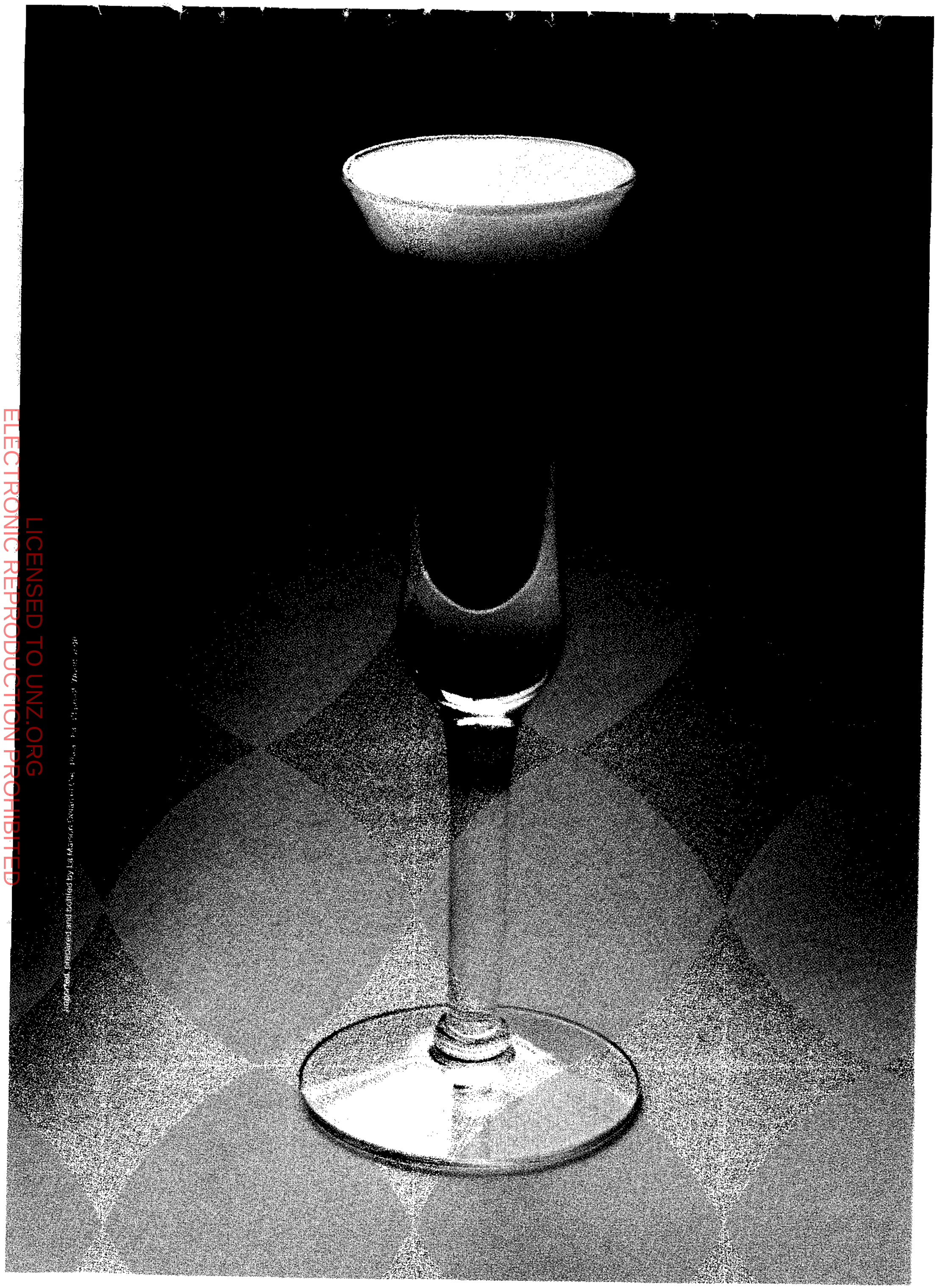
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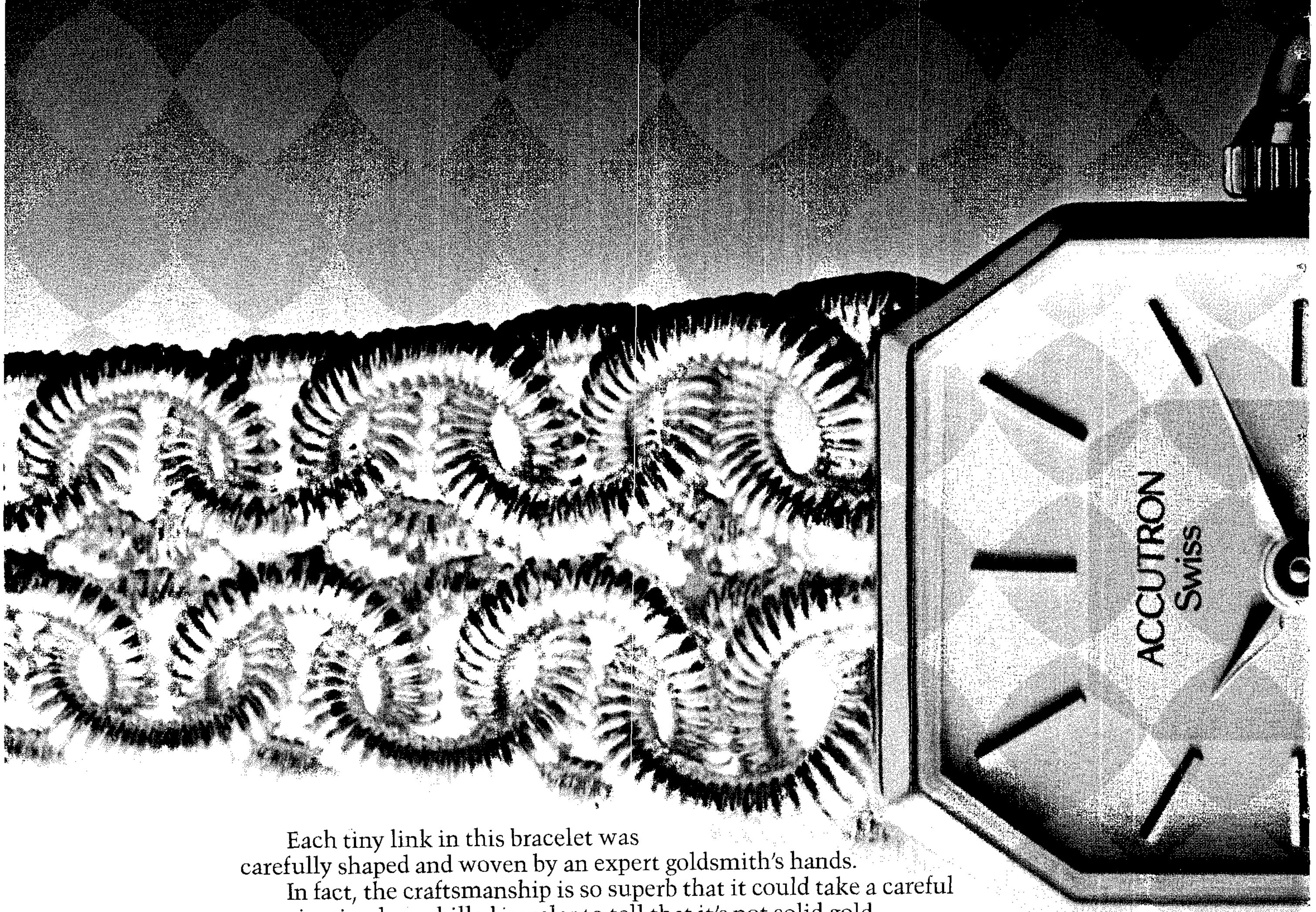

Each tiny link in this bracelet was carefully shaped and woven by an expert goldsmith's hands.

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This watch is priced at $495. But few watches priced under $1,000 boast handmade bracelets of this quality.

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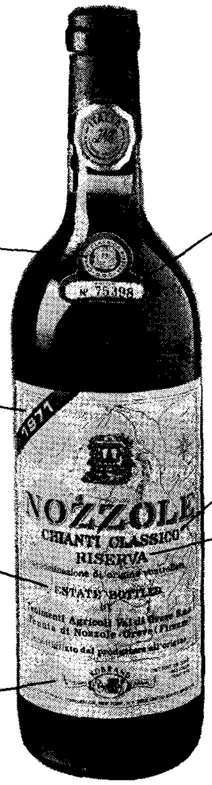
turtleneck. All down the front is a wheatear pattern worked in gold embroidery. The dress is $600. White lamb's-wool footless tights, or leggings, to wear with the dress are $280. The interesting, boldly all-white winter collection by the young designer Michael Kors may be variously mixed and combined. An oversized white leather jacket is $620, and a leather vest is $220; a long-sleeved white silk T-shirt is $220, and a silk camisole is $165; knotted white silk tube belts are $75, and a garment intended to be worn either high as a strapless jump suit or, with the elastic around the waist, as baggy, low-crotched pants is $315. (This last may make women's nether halves resemble those of a fluffy-troused, spindle-ankled snowy owl.) On the main floor—and at that mecca for contemporary jewelry, Artwear, in SoHo—there are earrings made by Ted Muehling which are made of lightweight blackened bronze or pink-gold plate and resemble in looks and heft the empty lengthwise section of some exotic bird's egg. On the second floor is a section devoted to the striking, deceptively simple, and authoritative designs of Ronaldus Shamask. Here is the coat called "spiral," which has become a cause célèbre among students of fashion this year. It is magically molded from bright-red wool melton, with only two lengths of seam (slot-seamed over a hairbreadth of black contrast) running in a gentle helter-skelter spiral around the body; $985. Also here are spectacular leather suits in either pale or charcoal gray. Shamask's skill with seams is demonstrated in this case by the bellowslike structure of the upper sleeve and by rippled lines down the jacket, which costs $1,025; jodhpurlike wide-hipped, puttee-calved pants are $830.

SMALL STORES UPTOWN: The aromatic store called St. Rémy, 156 East 64th Street, is a celebration of Provence. It has fragrant bunches ($10) or wreaths ($75) of sun-ripened lavender, and Oulivado cotton fabrics from the region. Palm-oil or olive-oil soap is $4 for a seventeen-ounce block, and tablets of lavender or sage-and-honey soap are $2.50 apiece. Here are herbal shampoos, floral waters, bubble baths, and bath oils, all made with the purest of natural ingredients. The cotton fabrics are to be bought by the yard or found made up into laminated, barrel-shaped overnight or tote bags in a red, blue, or tan Paisley-like print which are $48; lining round wicker

How to read a great Chianti.



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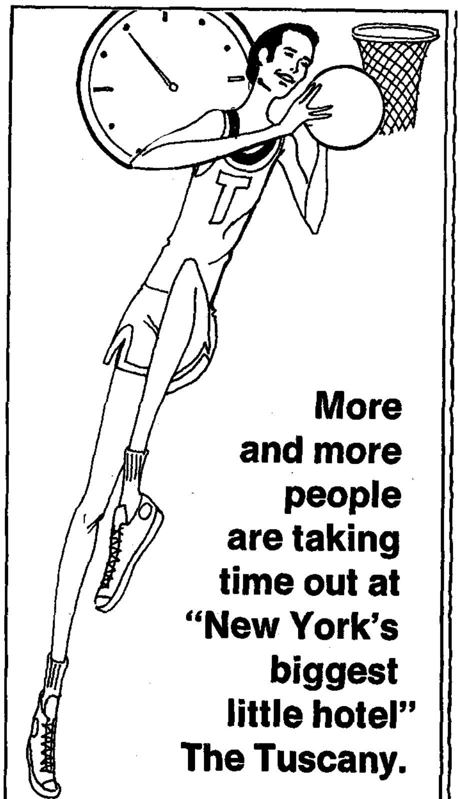

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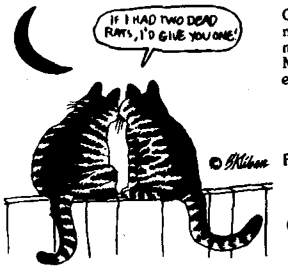
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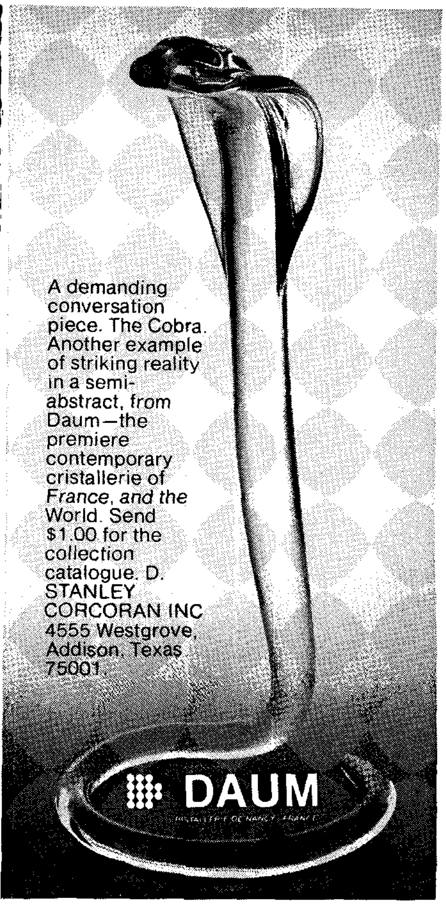
sewing baskets, which are $40; and in the form of laminated bib-top aprons, which are $32.

Harbour Knits, at 22 East 65th Street, is a small new store of modest charm with an airy, light-oak-lined décor; it specializes in hand looming, much of which is done right there for customers to see. Hand-loomed mohair stoles ($96) and mufflers ($48) come in a wide choice of exceptionally pretty colors. There are also sweaters knitted either of wool or of heavy cotton, which the store's owner calls very practical for year-round wear. A crew-neck cotton sweater in cable stitch is $52; a cardigan in a choice of ten colors, including raspberry, yellow, pale lilac, sporty hunter green, or seafaring navy, is $56. The shop is connected with the island of Nantucket, and hints of sea breezes waft through, by way of wooden shorebirds so finely hand-carved and painted that they look almost like stuffed birds; a ten-inch-high Greater Yellowleg, for instance, costs $150. There is also a collection of handmade oak lightship baskets—an old and declining craft form in Nantucket. Among these baskets, which have handles and are the size of an average terrine, is one with an oak-panelled lid on which is a carved ivory seagull in flight; $600.

Martine André, 772 Madison Avenue (66th), is a brand-new source of fashions imported from France. Among ideas for evening here is a knee-length white sweater dress in a soft wool-angora-and-nylon blend, with self ruffles at the neck and wrists and a bow shape worked in mother-of-pearl beadings appliquéd on the yoke; $220. A boat-necked evening sweater, also of fluffy white knit, has leaves and waves embroidered around the neckline in gold thread; $180.

Coach Leatherware, whose handsome all-American-looking bags and belts have an understandably loyal following in stores throughout the country, has a distinguished new showcase for the entire range at 754 Madison Avenue (65th). (This seems only right, since the firm already has a store in Paris, where women are taken by the practical good looks and the transatlantic *je ne sais quoi* of "le Coach bag.") In this new store, the walls are hung with photographs of the bags being made in Coach's factory, on Thirty-fourth Street, and floor-to-ceiling shelves hold richly colored rows of bags and briefcases. A tote bag, open at the top but with two brass-zippered compartments running



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the length of the bag (fifteen inches, and it's ten inches high), has two sturdy carrying straps, long enough for shoulder use but not too long for carrying the bag in the hand. This comes in a choice of black, mocha, tabac, or British tan. (Most Coach bags come in any of ten colors—the above, plus saddle, sage, navy, red, putty, or burgundy.) The tote is $130, and $15 obtains an old-fashioned, hard-wearing, leather-lined change purse, with a leather-covered frame, and dyed to match any of the same colors.

Bip, 755 Madison Avenue (65th), is a store specializing in the sportswear of the French firm of NewMan. It is named for Marcel Marceau's mime character, but customers will find sales people courteously communicative about assembling the elements of outfits—perhaps beginning with velvet, corduroy, denim, or flannel pants. Pleat-fronted flannels in solid blue-gray, khaki, beige, or gray or in pinstripes or checks are $112. Corduroy knickers in beige, camel, red, or navy are $77. Culottes are $66 in corduroy, $120 in gray flannel. Hand-knitted English sweaters by Jennifer Kiernan are $195 and up, and small-checked cotton-flannel shirts with Peter Pan collars are $65.

Good news for small-boned women and those who shop for them: Piaffe, where sizes run from 0 to 8, has expanded into larger premises and is now at 841 Madison Avenue (70th). Suits, with jackets properly proportioned, cost from $180 to $250. A wide array of styles in pants includes culottes in a choice of black, navy, olive, or white lightweight wool flannel, which range in price from $75 to $150. Fifty-eight dollars is the price of a mandarin-collared, puff-shoulder, cossack-buttoned blouse in white cotton jacquard. Two-piece skirt-and-top sets for evening are in wine, black, or olive silk, and the tops have square necks and three-quarter sleeves; $255. A camisole in the same choice of colors is $45. Small-scale females (sizes 2 through 6) are also catered to at a town-house operation on West 88th Street called Le Piccole. A telephone call to 877-1633 will get an appointment with Jane Klein, the store's owner, who provides complete guidance for building a collection of clothes that work together—and, of course, provides the clothes themselves. Miss Klein has scouted out small sizes in appropriate styles, often designed by relatively unknown firms downtown. Three Wishes

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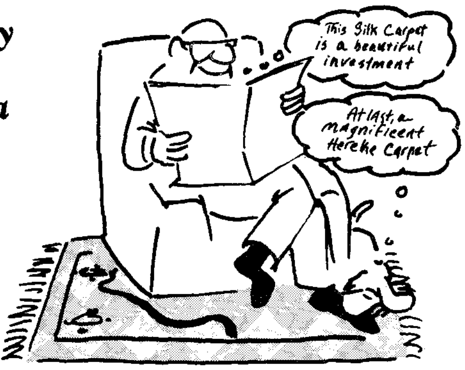
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is the name on the label of a white sheer-wool sheath with puff shoulders, long, slim sleeves, and a standup criss-cross neckline; $152. Jackson/Arnold is the name behind a skirt and top in old-rose silk. The top is blouson-waisted, and has widish pleats running all down the front and back; it's worn over a side-wrapped skirt. The price is $380.

In the case of Samantha Jones' shop, at 1391 Second Avenue (72nd), it is the premises, and not the customers, that are pint-size. Some pretty lingerie is packed into the tiny space, including Celestial's kimono robe in peach silk Charmeuse, for $190; a long-sleeved, high-necked, Victorian-style nightgown in ivory sheer-wool blend and with lace-and-tucking detailing, for $76; and Ora Feder's gown in Satin Remarque, with a V-necked, spaghetti-strapped top and in a choice of peach, white, or blueberry, for $94. Sheer-wool undershirts and long johns by Hanro are $31 and $44, respectively, *in either white or black.*

Rococo Hand Knitting, 28 East 74th Street, can supply leather trousers, skirts, and jackets and various corduroy separates, but its real forte is sweaters, designed by the owner and hand-knitted in intricate patterns that English outworkers carry through most proficiently. Each garment bears a friendly little signed tag like a personal message from the knitter to the wearer, and the general coziness is increased by anthropomorphizing the various styles. One referred to as Florence is in very soft camel's-hair yarn and has cross-stitch detailing on the yoke ($250); Joan involves some wizardry with fluffy thistledown stitching ($225); Maude has a high, ruffled, Edwardian-music-hall neck ($230); and Amelia is a padded-shoulder cardigan with a peplum and diamond-and-popcorn patternings ($280). All these ladies may be viewed in a choice of pretty and soft-spoken colors.

A couple of stores from the Hamptons have opened up branches in the city, to keep right on supplying the owners of summer houses—and others, not so lucky—with a variety of mostly country-tweedy separates. Bridgehampton Clothes Horse, 1033 Lexington Avenue (74th), has, in addition to sporty styles, a number of ideas for festive evenings, such as Janet Stewart's black two-piece dress in treebark-textured crêpe, with handkerchief-pointed panels in front and back ($275), and Maria Scotto's black two-piece in tissue faille, which has a soft,

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slightly A-line skirt and a top with only one shoulder, this marked by a big self-bow ($195). Latham House now has, in addition to stores in Southampton, East Hampton, and Sag Harbor, an address at 1329 Third Avenue (76th). In an attractive room furnished with antiques, here are—among many other offerings—crew-necked cable-stitched cashmere sweaters in a choice of twelve colors, including buttercup, red, or any of three shades of purple, for $195; ankle-length culottes in either district-checked gray flannel or an earth-toned country-textured tweed, for $298; wheat-, black-, or chocolate-colored alpaca mock turtlenecks with a small, flapped breast pocket, for $165; and Viyella shirts, in a variety of colors, for $60.

Plunging intrepidly on through the fiefdom of preppiness, we visited the new store of J. McLaughlin, at 1343 Third Avenue (76th). (The firm may also be found at 1295 Third Avenue, at 74th Street, and at 1260 Madison Avenue, at 90th.) Wing chairs, bookcase walls, and a neo-Victorian storefront give the place the air of some handsome set left over from Masterpiece Theatre. Hand-knitted Fair Isle sweaters have buttons along one shoulder and squared-off patterned yokes on a background of tan, hunter green, navy, or grape; $95. British hand knitters are also responsible for Argyle patterns in unexpected color combinations on V-necked long-sleeved ($90) or sleeveless ($65) pullovers. Edwardian-style cotton blouses with ruffled necks and wrists have either puffed shoulders and back buttons or ruffled button-fronts, and come in plain white, pastels, or navy and bottle-green plaid; $65. The plaid blouses combine happily with pleated-front pants of Italian flannel in any of three shades of tan or three of gray and in navy, olive, or white; $105. A very soft pigskin in a rich pecan color makes a stylish bomber jacket trimmed with wool knit; $170.

A sweet new shop named Mabel's (in honor of the owner's cat) may be found at 1046 Madison Avenue (80th). There are bright-colored hand-crocheted wool hats ($35 apiece) piled inside an old wooden wheelbarrow; baskets filled with hand-knitted slippers ($36); shelves stacked with the most beautifully colored hand-dyed, hand-spun, and handwoven mufflers, shawls, and lap robes; and wicker armchairs to sit down in, if customers feel overcome by it all. The

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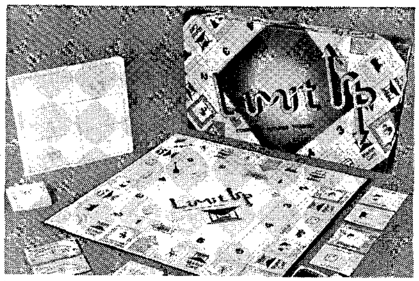

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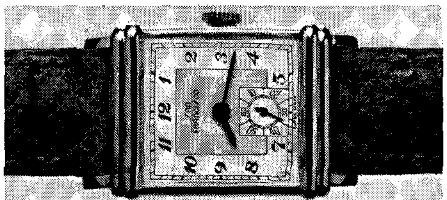

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scarves, shawls, and rugs are generally fringed, and colors run to watercolor pastels in solids or in dappled combinations; lilac, rose, celery, periwinkle, seafoam (a very pale jade), peach, apricot, or buttermilk are some of the choices. Mufflers are $80, stoles $125; small lap robes are $205, large ones $380. Hand-knitted or hand-crocheted mittens with triple-ruffled cuffs are $45; hand-crocheted Pierrot-ruffled collars, for the neck of a coat or a sweater, are $45; *and tiny hand-crocheted cotton* two-piece bathing suits, for those heading south, are $70 and up.

Marlene, 185 East 79th Street, is an attractive new shop selling pretty and immaculately preserved antique clothes. One-of-a-kind Edwardian cotton-batiste shirtwaist blouses with details of tucking, lace, and embroideries are from $200 to $400. Cotton calico "Little Women"- style morning dresses in practical gray, blue, rust, or small-flowered dark prints are $195 to $300, and old printed-cotton quilted petticoats are $195 and up. A choice of evening dresses from the nineteen-twenties, thirties, and forties includes a beaded black chiffon Charleston-dancing gown, for $450. Also here are old hats for day or cocktail wear, silk stockings, bags, gloves, dressing-table accessories, and period jewelry.

Aja, diagonally opposite Marlene's, at 202 East 79th Street, is another of those minuscule lingerie boutiques. Here are a number of pure-*silk teddies, for wear hidden under*neath everything or showing at the neckline of a strictly tailored suit. Loré makes lace-trimmed silk Charmeuse ones in peach, lilac, or pale turquoise, for $96; Hanky Panky makes halter-necked ones in black silk chiffon, for $117; and Sabeth-Row makes a strapless white lace teddy, for $170. Silk jacquard in pink, écru, or claret goes into a kimono with a matching pouch, for travel. These boudoirish things remind us that a telephone call to Trouvaille Française, at 737-6015, will bring access to an open-by-appointment treasure trove of antique French and American linens, many with hand-worked flower embroideries and lace trim. Choices include boudoir or baby-pillow-size pillow slips and French squares and bolsters, for from $10 to $85.

IN the gift shop of the Cooper-Hewitt Museum, 2 East 91st Street, there are miniature handmade round and oval bandboxes covered in striped or flower-patterned wallpapers. The

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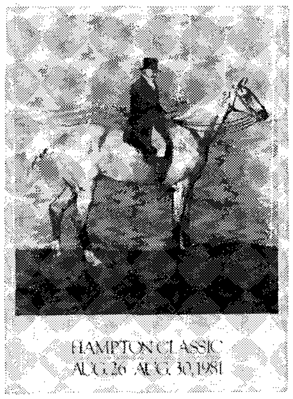

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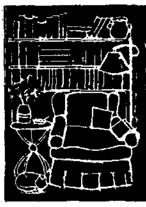

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full-sized early nineteenth-century versions of these boxes (seen in a recent exhibition at the museum) were used for bonnets, hats, and collars; these tiny models are good for holding pins, stamps, or paper clips. A two-and-a-half-inch oval is $15, a six-inch round box $30. A lap desk that is a stiff folder covered in flame-patterned paper, with a pocket for stationery, is $40. Here, too, are posters, notepapers, postcards, and paper bookmarks, these last at the stocking-stuffer price of $1.50.

At the New York Public Library, doughty volunteers man tables of gift items on the main floor and in the third-floor Rotunda (Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, 10 A.M. to 4 P.M., Saturdays, 11 to 3). Here are a selection of Christmas cards and postcards; note pads bordered with the library lions ($4); and a beige jute tote bag with a bold red or blue lion ($3).

The Morgan Library, 29 East 36th Street, has an elegant and well-stocked gift shop. (It also has, through January 10th, a fascinating exhibition in honor of P. G. Wodehouse.) Here are beautifully printed postcards and Christmas cards, bookmarks, flower prints, and notepaper. Handmade marbled endpaper covers books that may be garden diaries ($18), address books ($3.50 to $12.50), or Week-at-a-Glance appointment books ($22). The endpaper—which comes in pastel colors, burgundy, navy, or green—also covers a handmade stationery folder tied with grosgrain ribbons; inside are endpaper-covered pencils, ten cards and envelopes, and an endpaper-covered jotting pad. All this for $18.50.

If all else fails the shopper in search of gifts for women—and even if it doesn't—there are always, mercifully, flowers. The new Southflower Market, on Columbus Avenue at 68th Street, does a splendid job of demystifying the buying of blooms. Instead of being locked away like jewels inside glass cases, the flowers—including orchids and exotic Dutch imports—are out on supermarket-style shelves, for customers to assemble their own bouquets. Choices vary daily, and handwritten prices are clearly posted on a printed sheet, which works on the same when-available principle as the menu at the Oyster Bar.

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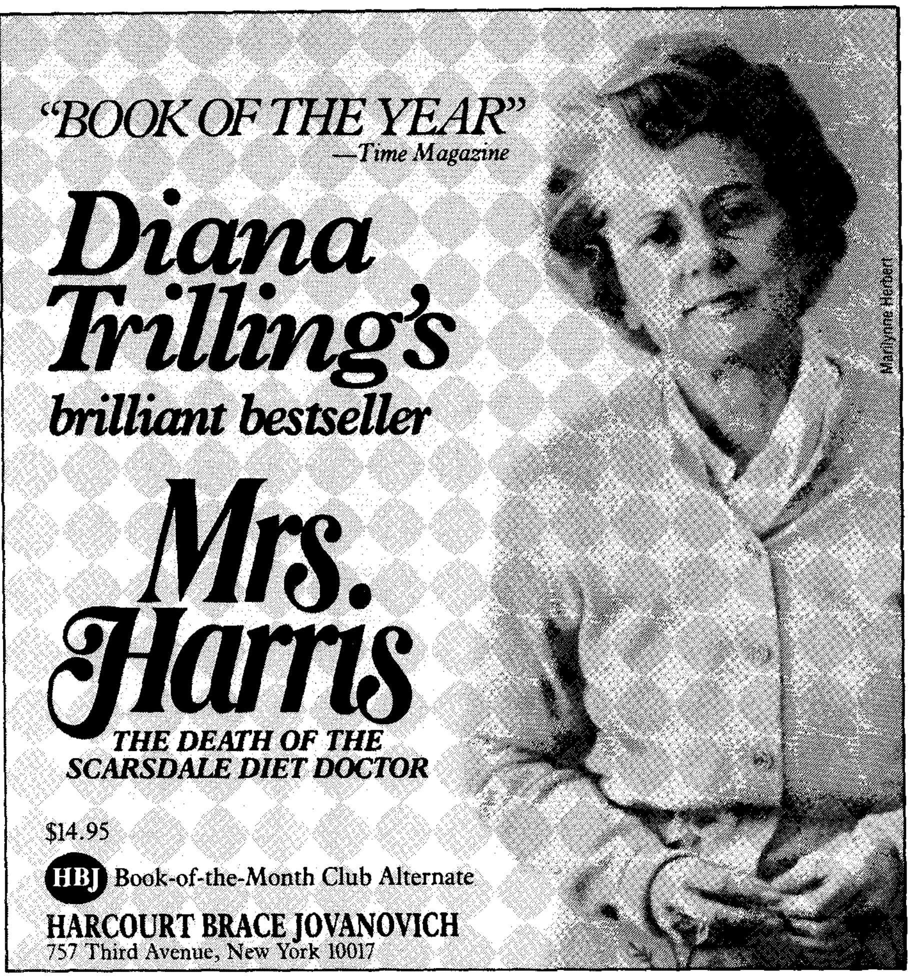
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MUSICAL EVENTS

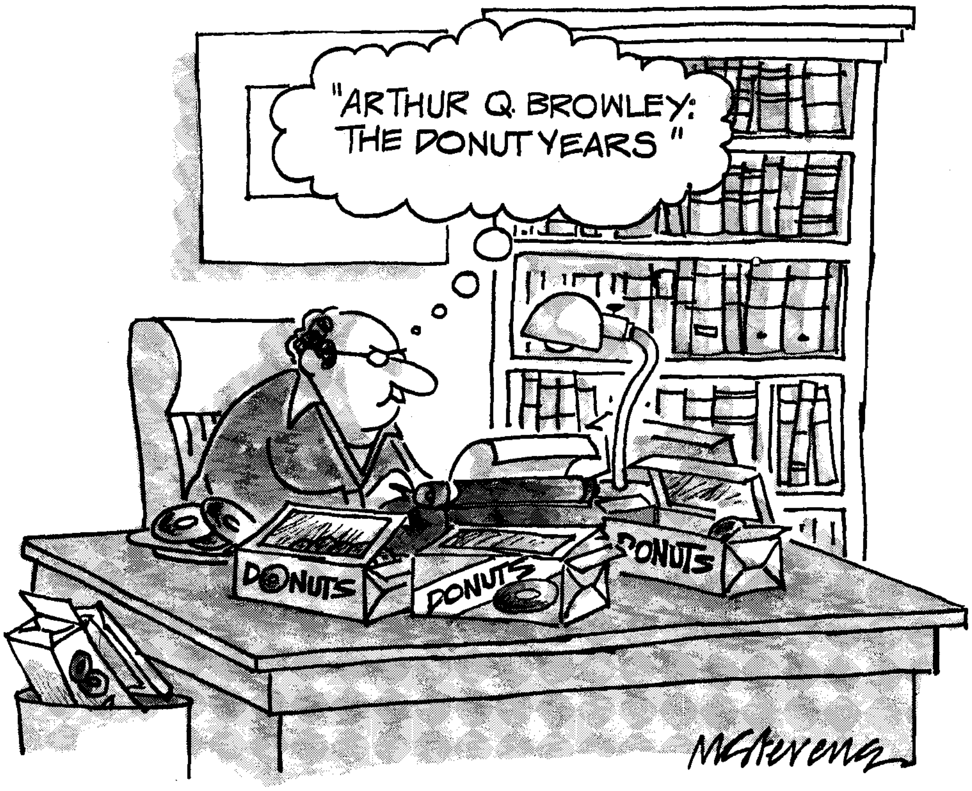
A Loftier Strain

THE University of Maryland at College Park, outside Washington, has an admirable chorus, conducted by Paul Traver. In its library, it has the collection of the Handelian scholar J. M. Coopersmith. And recently it has established a Center for Renaissance and Baroque Studies. In 1979, the university chorus and the Smithsonian Chamber Players joined to give the first Washington-area performances of Handel's first English oratorio, "Esther," in an edition prepared by Howard Serwer, of the Music Department, with his Baroque-music seminar; and then that "Esther" was taken to the Handel Festival in Halle, Handel's birthplace. From these foundations, there rose this month the Maryland Handel Festival—a three-day event, with three concerts in the Memorial Chapel of the university and, in the Library of Congress, a two-session international symposium in which eminent Handelian scholars—Winton Dean, J. Merrill Knapp, Paul Henry Lang, Jens Peter Larsen, Alfred Mann, Walther Siegmund-Schultze—took part. The choice of the main work to be performed, "Messiah," was conservative, but its execution was not uncontroversial. Handelian passions run deep and, like torrents in summer, can suddenly rise and overflow. Moreover, "Messiah" in particular holds so special a place in most musicians' hearts that reaction to any performance of it may well be as susceptible of Jungian as of musicological analysis. I know it in myself, as I strive for accurate listening, clear of personal associations that cluster thickly around several of its numbers, and I sensed it at the Maryland performance, as the air became charged and the distress of one of the distinguished visitors grew so keen that after the first part he had to flee the chapel.

The edition Mr. Traver used was that of Watkins Shaw, published by Novello. Shaw's full score, careful and unexceptionable, presents the notes Handel wrote and little else except some suggestions for rhythmic alteration and some added trills—clearly indicated as editorial. But his complementary vocal score is more freely embellished. Handel set the words "He was despised, despised and rejected" to a melody thirteen notes long—a note to a syllable except for two sixteenths on the last syllable of the second "despised." Shaw adds seven notes more, in the form of slides, passing notes, and twiddles. His preface to the vocal score points out that the embellishments are editorial, but since they appear on the main staff, a singer is tempted to sing them unquestioningly—with the result that Handel's original clear, beautiful outline is then never heard. Adornments of this kind are by some modern Handelians eagerly welcomed, by others despised and rejected, and both camps adduce historical evidence to support their preferences. Handel himself wrote a somewhat elaborate and fanciful cadenza for the air "He was despised." But about adding cadenzas—provided they are kept within eighteenth-century bounds, and do not go rocketing into Rossinian, Bellinian, or Verdian territory—and about moderately decorating da capos there is little dispute. It is mucking around with a melody before ever it has been heard as written and varying it out of all recognition that rouse passions. The castrato Guarducci, who sang in English oratorios in the late seventeen-sixties, after Handel's day, once said to Burney:

> The English are such friends to the composer, and to simplicity, that they like to hear a melody in its primitive state, undisguised by change or embellishment. Or if, when repeated, *riffioramenti* are necessary, the notes must be few and well selected, to be honoured with approbation.

But then Guarducci, as Dean observes in his great book on the Handel oratorios, was singing before an audience "already affected by the movement to sanctify the oratorios." And so the argument goes back and forth. Peter Wishart's published album of ornamented "Messiah" arias and Dame Joan Sutherland's renditions of what a famous conductor once called her "Mad Scenes from 'Messiah' " represent two aspects of the modern taste for adornment. In a 1972 essay reprinted in the Maryland program book, Larsen compares two recorded performances, a quarter century apart, of the opening recitative and air "Comfort ye . . . Ev'ry valley." Aksel Schiøtz's, which appeared in 1940, "at its time . . . seemed sensationally new because the performance of aria accompaniments . . . in Handel's scoring for string orchestra only—without added wind parts—was still highly unusual." Robert Tear's, which appeared in 1967 (in a "Messiah" conducted by Charles Mackerras), "is anything but unadorned. The solo performance is totally dominated by a modern tendency towards richly embellished vocal interpretation. One can in no way escape the impression that the soloist wants to show his audience how well he masters the art of ornamentation. His singlemindedness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in this respect is completely naïve—though taken seriously in wide circles." And so historicism in one case leads to the omission of added nineteenth-century orchestration, restoring the freedom with which a gifted singer can present the glorious melodic flow of Handel's music. In the second case it leads to the false conclusion that Handel's oratorio solos are to be treated like the bravura arias of operas, with constant elaboration of the musical text—a wealth of vocal virtuosity in which the original music is nearly lost.

Larsen's words are loaded. In Handel's day, there were already complaints about overadornment. Early in the nineteenth century, Mrs. Billington, mistress of bold inventions and rapid divisions, was admired for not "gambolling" when she sang Handel's sacred music. (But that "sacred" is a question-begging word.) A Schirmer 1912 vocal score of "Messiah" boldly cites Hugo Goldschmidt's 1907 study of Baroque vocal adornment: "The interpreter's work is no mere execution. . . . His task is rather to seize the vital conception of the art-work, to blend it with his own ego and the views of his period, and thus to imbue it with life and effectiveness." The views of any period are varied: from the same evidence different conclusions are reached. Opposed contemporary views clash resoundingly in the issues of *Opera* from June to September, where Dean and Mackerras—both of them "Giulio Cesare" editors —and their supporters disagree on many Handelian matters. And when it comes to "Messiah," then, as I suggested, more than musical passions seem to be fired. (Larsen charges that noble singer Janet Baker with committing "appalling examples of exaggerated ornamentation" in a recording of "O thou that tellest.") One soprano sings the "liveth" of "I know that my redeemer liveth" to two G-sharps; another alters the notes to A and G-sharp. Either way, a shudder of disapproval runs through part of the audience.

I agree with Larsen. A confluence of tendencies each good in itself—the wish to make familiar music sound fresh, and to free Handel's oratorios from Victorian heaviness; a fuller recognition of how dramatic, even "operatic," they often are; a delight in virtuoso "star" singing—has led to overexuberant and frequently tasteless ornamentation. Moreover, when new discoveries about authentic performance practice are made there is a natural desire to test them to the hilt. A *Musical Times* exchange over another of our modern "historical fashions" is relevant. In the May issue, a reviewer of Bach's orchestral suites recorded by the English Concert complained that "every long note is like an overdriven love affair, with hectic advance and retreat." In July, Robert Donington suggested that the current craze for such "lozenge dynamics" (sustained notes soft-loud-soft, or the "Harnoncourt lurch") is a "particular bit of authenticity which has gone wrong, or should I say got out of hand." In October, Trevor Pinnock, the director of the English Concert, pointed out that he had made the record three years ago, in a putting-it-to-the-test period, and that since then "the orchestra has developed a style which is less dependent on this feature than that of almost any other Baroque ensemble that I know."

Fashions in performance change fast. Today's orthodoxy becomes tomorrow an old misunderstanding. But the good and the true remain: the baby born during the fad for "terraced dynamics," for example, waxes bonny while the bilge that once surrounded him is gone. Mr. Traver, to judge by the Maryland "Messiah," is still in an overenthusiastic stage, discovering the delights of decoration, for to the Shaw edition he had added still more adornment, written into choral and instrumental lines; and most of this was hard to accept. When a Handel melody takes the step of a third, the small leap was often filled in with a passing note. In "I know that my redeemer liveth," the violin seemed to be playing precomposed variations without regard to what the singer, Phyllis Bryn-Julson, did; the result sounded more like a musicological dispute than a serenely declarative duet. In one respect, however, Mr. Traver clung to yesterday's practice: at the close of recitatives he held back dominant and tonic chords until the voice had finished, instead of striking in with the cadences where Handel wrote them. (Propulsive, foreshortened cadences, today's new thing, prove vivid and convincing in performance.) And he left awkward gaps between the numbers that should follow swiftly one upon another.

SO there were things to question and argue about. The performance as a whole was spirited, shapely, thoroughly rewarding. The chorus, consisting of about a hundred light, clear voices, was firm, lithe, rhythmical, and well balanced. (The full complement

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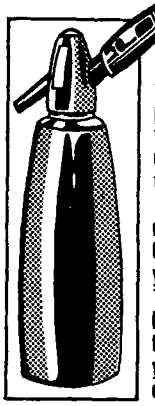

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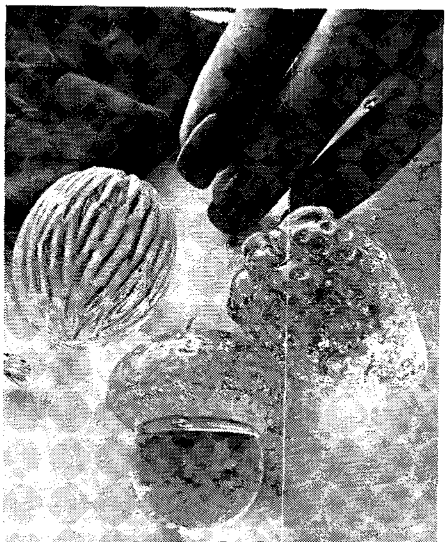
was used only in the bigger numbers.) Mr. Traver has a fine command of the dance rhythms that underlie so much eighteenth-century music. Nothing was heavy or labored. There was much joy in the performance, and where majesty was called for, it was not missing. The solo quartet contained one Baroque specialist, the countertenor René Jacobs, whose steady tone, beautiful melodic and rhythmic articulation, and chaste, discerning adornments tended to show up the more ordinary manners of the three "modern" singers—Miss Bryn-Julson, John Aler, and Donnie Ray Albert. The first was not in good voice: has much leaping around in the service of contemporary music taken a toll of the evenness, pure timbre, and accurate intonation that we expect of her? Mr. Aler displayed his newfound strength and fullness of timbre, and he sang with fervor. Sometimes he and Mr. Albert were louder than necessary. The orchestra was modern, and of moderate size. Practicalities enjoin the former: no point in making a fuss. No doubt the Maryland festival will one day command a Baroque band (I noted a face or two familiar from Aston Magna on the platform), and no doubt even before that the Baroque movement will start to temper the players' vibrato, their bright, modern attack, and their modern approach to phrasing.

The festival began with Handel's four Coronation anthems, in splendidly brave performances. Most of the Maryland campus buildings are vaguely neo-Wren in style, in Wren's plainest, Chelsea Hospital manner. The chapel is like a City church, with pews and galleries, but totally unadorned. (No hint whether Mithras, Mars, Moses, the Messiah, Muhammad, or Mammon is revered there.) It proved a shade unresonant for "Messiah" and distinctly too dry for the Coronation anthems, whose carefully planned figuration and slow, sure harmonic gait flower in the long-sounding spaces of Westminster Abbey. The anthems were divided by three of the Opus 4 Organ Concertos, played by Catharine Crozier on a rather cramped-sounding little chamber organ.

At the second concert, Miss Bryn-Julson, the soprano Linda Mabbs, and Mr. Jacobs paired variously to sing Handel duets, including, interestingly, those that share material with five numbers of "Messiah." (It has been suggested that they are "sketches"



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for the great work—Handel's "Wesendonk-Lieder.") They sounded somewhat underrehearsed. They were framed between four of the Opus 6 Grand Concertos, conducted by Mr. Traver in a manner to make one exclaim afresh at Handel's greatness. The Concerti Grossi—does it need saying?—are marvels of invention in melody, in harmony, in texture, in form. They provide the sort of delight that inspired Haydn does. Perhaps it does need saying: they figure too seldom in chamber-orchestra programs.

The Maryland Handel Festival is intended as an annual event. For next year, the first version of "Esther" is billed, to inaugurate a series of all Handel's English oratorios in order of composition. Exciting prospect.

—ANDREW PORTER

FURTHER EVENTS

Centenary

GEORGES ENESCO, who was born a hundred years ago in Rumania, in a town that now bears his name, is one of too many composers of his time who are well known only by a couple of pieces that have crept into the orchestral repertoire—in Enesco's case, the two "Rumanian Rhapsodies," which were first heard in 1903. Little of his chamber music is regularly heard outside his native country or has been recorded, although his pupil Yehudi Menuhin has constantly championed the violin music. In this country, Enesco is remembered as a guest conductor and violinist with the Philadelphia Orchestra in 1923 and with the Philharmonic in 1937-38; he gave a farewell concert in New York in 1950. His closest links, however, were with France, where he had studied with Massenet and Fauré; he was constantly in demand there as a teacher and performer, and his generosity was legendary. It is said that when he once agreed to accompany on the piano the début recital of an inferior violin pupil, and asked his friend Alfred Cortot to turn pages for him, a Paris newspaper reported, "A man whom we love to hear play the violin played the piano last night; a man whom we love to hear play the piano turned pages; and a man who should have been turning pages played the violin."

It was typical of Jens Nygaard's generosity and enthusiasm that he should mount a long Enesco centenary concert at the Metropolitan Museum recently, with his Jupiter Symphony

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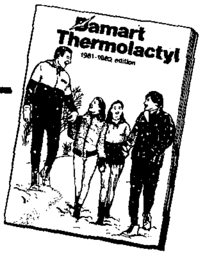

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Chamber Players. Mr. Nygaard paid tribute to Enesco as "one of the great musical spirits of this century," but he did less to convince me that Enesco is one of the great composers of this century. Written judgments on Enesco's opera "Oedipe" are impressive—"a score as subtly wrought and almost as daring as that of 'Wozzeck,' " Gerald Abraham wrote, in his comprehensive and reliable "Concise Oxford History of Music"—but that opera has been seen only in Paris, Bucharest, and Brussels. The Jupiter Players' concert consisted mainly of small chamber works. We heard the homely "Cantabile and Presto," for flute and piano; a "Pavane," for piano, in which a Rumanian pipe trilled above echoes of Fauré; a touching little "Aubade," for violin, viola, and cello, which suddenly struck up the Rumanian national hymn in the middle of its cheerful rhythms; and an ingratiatingly melodious "Légende," for trumpet and piano. There were some songs, performed by Shirley Close and David Evitts, which hinted at a more characterful and harmonically adventurous style. Mr. Nygaard had even dug out a couple of Enesco's early sketches, composed at the age of six—a jolly march and a striking miniature "Grand Fantasy." The evening's two major works were the showy "Impressions d'Enfance," for violin and piano, a series of chromatically drenched episodes, played vividly but rather insensitively by Robert McDuffie, and "Dixtuor," for ten winds, of 1906, a charming serenade that mixed Gounod's "Petite Symphonie" with Dvořák's D-Minor Serenade. (It could supplement those two works in wind ensembles' undernourished repertoires.) On this evidence, Enesco was a humane, competent, lovable composer; I wish I could be convinced that his music really matters.

ANOTHER neglected aspect of music-making was explored in a recent piano recital by Earl Wild, at Carnegie Hall. His program, called the Art of the Transcription, brought together some of the most luscious and audacious rewritings of the classics and juxtaposed them with a couple of translations of operatic music onto the keyboard. Godowsky smothered Rameau dances in chromaticism, Tausig did his virtuosic best to transfer the sustained tone of the organ in Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D Minor to the piano, and Moszkowski un-

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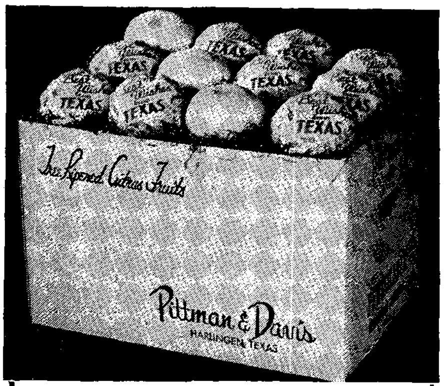

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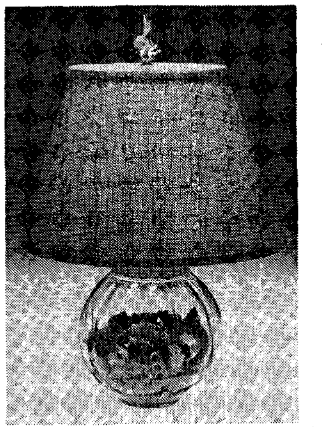

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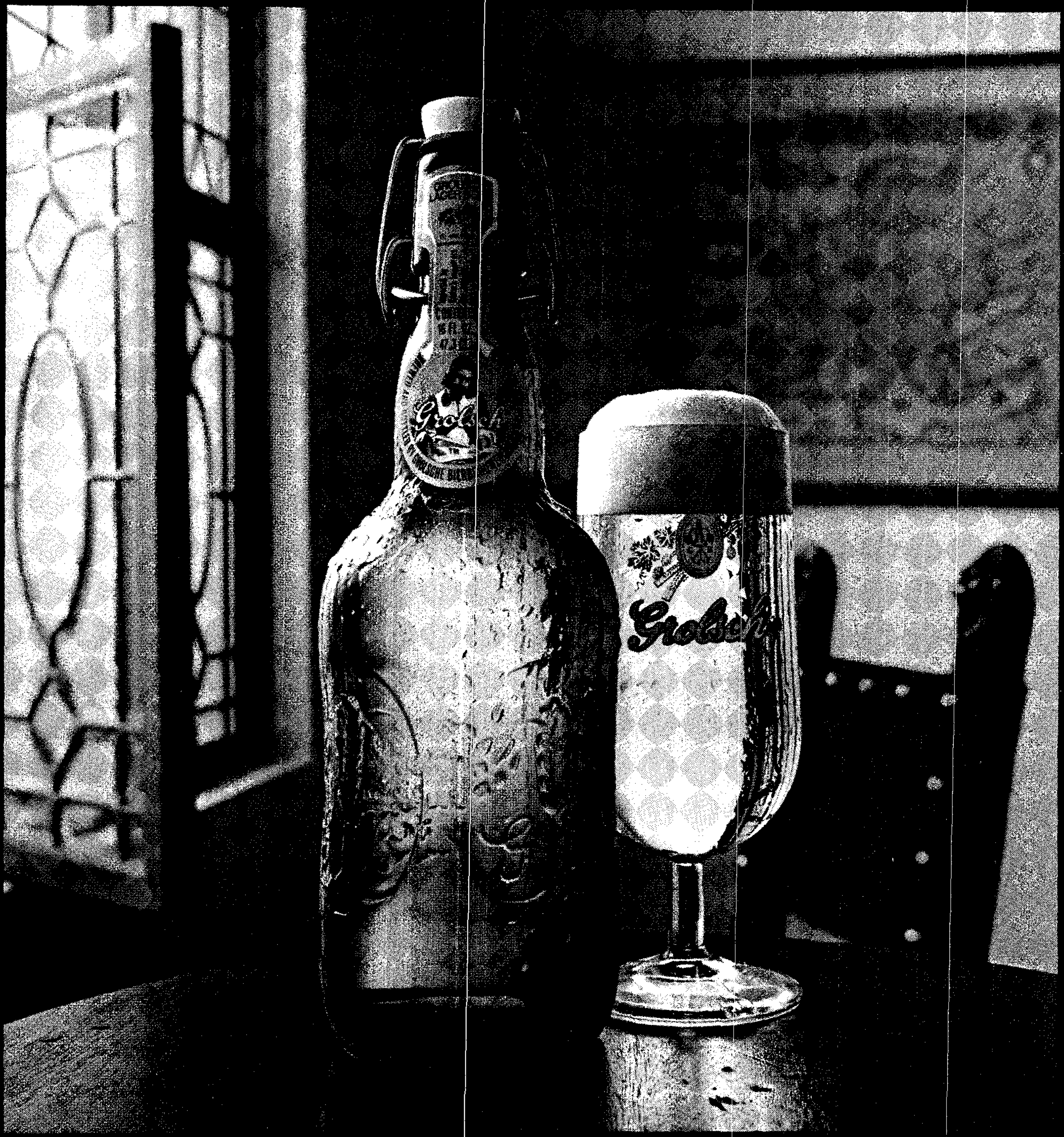

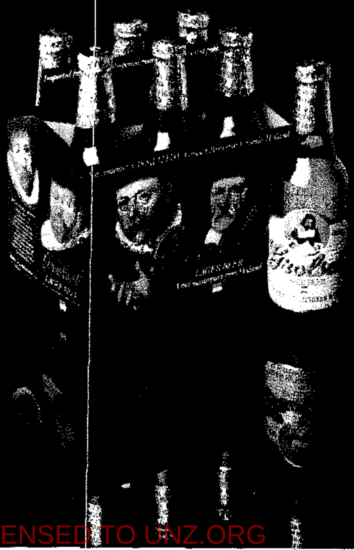

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dertook a similar task with the orchestra in "Isolde's Death." (The solo oboe's B at the closing cadence, one of music's greatest notes, disappeared in a welter of figuration.) The hilarious versions of "The Blue Danube" and of hits from Rossini's "Semiramide" were harmless; Mr. Wild's own shower of tinsel over the Pas de Quatre from "Swan Lake" was the nearest thing to tastelessness in the concert. He persuaded me that this derivative art can be creative, but, oddly, he played the music without panache: the notes were carefully controlled, the range of pianistic color was restricted, the copiously applied rubato was contrived. As an encore, he unwisely transcribed Chopin's G-Minor Ballade into a pretty, sickly showoff piece without changing a note of the text.

AT the attractive and intimate Marymount Manhattan Theatre, on East Seventy-first Street, the Chamber Opera Theatre of New York followed its summer success—a double bill of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Mozart and Salieri" and Salieri's "Prima la Musica"—with some real Mozart. Or almost real: Thaddeus Motyka's production of "Così Fan Tutte" turned it into a fantasy at the Naples carnival, with the Albanians costumed as Harlequins and the girls as gypsies. A great deal of fun was had, mostly at Mozart's expense. Ainslee Cox, who conducted rigidly, took some very deliberate tempi and some absurdly fast ones. (His speed in the sublime trio left the singers far behind.) There was some good singing but little understanding of either style or character; piano continuo was used, and the opera was sung in an English translation that aided the production's effortless removal of the work from its context. Another transcription.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

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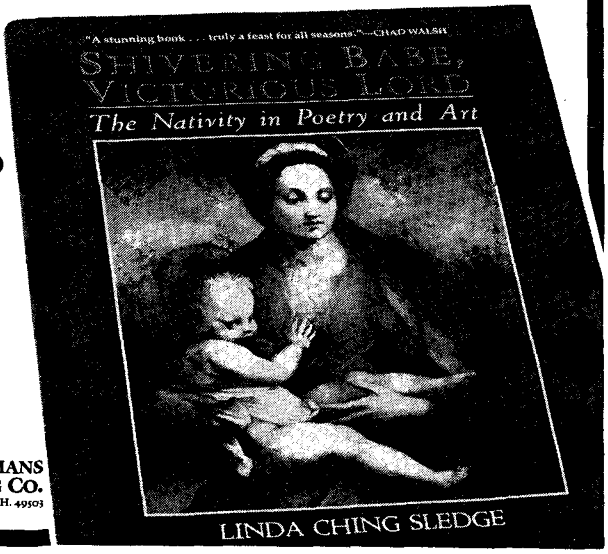
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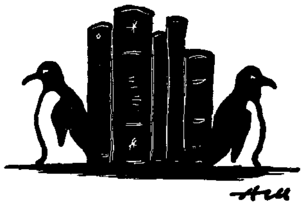
Grove and His Monument



Sir George Grove (1820–1900), most companionable of eminent Victorians, was what the English call an all-rounder: not a polymath, for he laid no claim to scholarship, but a man of wide abilities and of boundless enthusiasm and enterprise, who seemed able to turn his hand to anything. He built cast-iron lighthouses in the West Indies, helped Robert Stephenson throw the railway bridge across the Menai Straits between the Welsh mainland and the island of Anglesey, and played a part in planning the Great Exhibition of 1851. He edited *Macmillan's Magazine* for fifteen years (obtaining for it, incidentally, the serial publication of Henry James's "The Portrait of a Lady"), contributed extensively to Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, and founded the Palestine Exploration Fund for the preservation of Biblical antiquities.

And then, of course, there was his lifelong passion for music. When the Crystal Palace was moved from Hyde Park to Sydenham, Grove seized the opportunity to make it the center of a famous and influential series of orchestral concerts; he wrote most of their program notes (those signed "G"), and eventually turned some of them into his widely popular and long-lasting book "Beethoven and His Nine Symphonies." He loved Schubert as deeply as he venerated Beethoven, and the story is well known of his journey to Vienna in the company of his young friend Arthur Sullivan in search of missing parts of the "Rosamunde" music, and of their playing leapfrog late one night in the silent streets (Grove was then forty-seven, a tidy age for that period) in celebration of their success. He was one of the founding fathers of the Royal College of Music, in London, and its first director. Amid all this administrative work, he conceived and edited for Macmillan & Company the Dictionary of Music and Musicians, thanks to which his name has remained familiar throughout the English-speaking musical world; it appeared serially, and the complete edition, in four volumes, was dated 1890. A new life of this admirable man, by Percy M. Young, came out in England last year, published (as seems only proper) by Macmillan.

For a long time, successive editions of the Dictionary made do with relatively little increase in bulk. The third edition, of 1927, still needed only five volumes, to which a wartime revision added a supplementary sixth. Major expansion began with the fifth edition, of 1954, which ran to nine volumes (plus a tenth in 1961); when it appeared, there was much headshaking over the price of $127.50 (£36 in England), which was felt to put the set beyond the reach of the average music lover. And now that there has arrived the huge sixth edition, in twenty heavy and very handsome brown-and-blue-clad volumes, at the publication price of $1,900 (£850 in England), heads are being shaken—and no wonder—more vigorously than ever. Have we reached the point at which only public libraries (and doubtless not all of them) will be able to afford a set? If so, that would be a sad lookout for a work conceived, and still largely executed, as a source of pleasurable interest and information for the amateur, in addition to its growing role as a serious professional tool. It may be that such anxieties are exaggerated, and reflect mainly the age of the person who feels them. At a celebratory luncheon held in London by Macmillan, a guest speaker pointed out, with perfect justice, that many music lovers cheerfully invest in hi-fi equipment costing almost as much as the New Grove; he might fairly have added that such equipment is unlikely to hold its place unchallenged or unrenewed for half as long as these volumes will retain their place on our bookshelves.

If we turn from financial to higher considerations, it would be churlish not to insist at once that the work, in all its multifarious provision of ordered knowledge, is a marvellous achievement. One minor objection, let me admit, arises at the outset. Both the editor, Stanley Sadie, and the publishers are at pains to justify their decision to identify the Dictionary not, like its predecessors, by the number of the edition (Grove 5, for example) but as the New Grove—on the ground that so much of the text (ninety-seven per cent is the proportion claimed) is indeed wholly new. I remember that when Grove 5 came out it was said to be, in the same sense, about half new. The argument smacks a little of a marketing decision made at a late stage, since bibliographical references within the text refer to articles in Grove 6; and it is open to the obvious objection that no provision is thereby made for the future. What can follow the New Grove but the Newer Grove and, at last, the Newest Grove? Well, perhaps the world will be lucky if it can stave off general disaster long enough to see even one of these.

Eric Blom, who edited Grove 5 more or less single-handed, was a humane and industrious scholar who succeeded in his professed aim of preserving literary standards amid the mounting tide of professional jargon. But by that date the task was simply too much for one man, and a good many departments were poorly covered: not only the vast areas of ethnic and popular music, which are now so extensively treated (there are ninety-eight pages on India, fifty-three on Indonesia, and an entry on Elvis Presley, mentioning his two-and-a-third-octave range "with an upward extension . . . in falsetto"), but, more surprising, certain late-Romantic composers with whom Blom happened to be temperamentally out of sympathy, and whose works—even the listing of them—were sadly scamped. The most notorious examples of this bias were the disdainfully inadequate treatments of Mahler, Rachmaninoff, and, above all, Richard Strauss. In some months of using the New Grove almost daily, I have detected little or nothing of such parochialism. The main reason for this welcome change in approach and coverage is not the boundless sympathies of Dr. Sadie himself but his realization, at a very early stage, of the need for a large and representative team of scholars in every subject, drawn from many countries. At the beginning of each volume, three Senior Consulting Editors are listed, followed by thirty-two further members of the Executive Committee, then by an Advisory Board of six additional names and a panel of seven National Advisers. The user soon comes to discount any unworthy suspicion he may have harbored regarding the reality of all this communal effort: there seems to be no window dressing. The advisory team simply invited whichever writer it considered to be the best for the given task, and suggested the appropriate amount of space; it is encouraging to learn that such invitations were nearly always accepted, although experts are invariably busy and many of the chosen contributors could certainly have made a more lucrative use of their spare time. The obligations of scholarship have been substantially met.

The far wider spread of authorship is one of the reasons for the almost complete avoidance of such failures of sympathy as were mentioned above. The greater and lesser composers have fallen to writers who would hardly have made a close study of the music if they had felt indifferent to it. The great majority of the contributors are too experienced to fall into a tone of adulation; the strength of their feelings is shown, rather, by implication, and by the general tone adopted as they pick their way through the facts that inevitably occupy the bulk of their entries. Every volume contains handsome and detailed studies of major figures, often amounting to the size of a small book; none of them is more notable than the Mozart entry, by Dr. Sadie himself, which adopts an ingenious pattern alternating an account of a period in the composer's life with a discussion of the music then produced, and is equally sane and balanced on the far from simple personality of Mozart and on his perpetually amazing output over the relatively few years of his mature life. A similar pattern has been followed by Andrew Porter in his fresh, well-judged, and thoroughly convincing treatment of Verdi as man and musician, and has been adopted also in the entry on Stravinsky, although in this case the biographical parts are by Eric Walter White and the discussion of the music is by Jeremy Noble. The Beethoven entry, a masterly synthesis of our present understanding of this huge subject, written jointly by Joseph Kerman and Alan Tyson, sticks to the more usual scheme of life followed by works.

There are numerous examples of slighter composers whose qualities have been recognized and appreciatively but judiciously appraised: the late Maurice Brown's Carl Loewe (his excellent Schubert is a revision of his essay in Grove 5), David Brown's Tchaikovsky, and Roger Nichols' Poulenc—a composer easily undervalued. Many French composers of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries fall under Martin Cooper's discerning eye, which becomes a shade too cold and unsympathetic only in the case of Massenet, that regular stumbling block for austere Anglo-Saxon critics. It is not enough to say of his Des Grieux and Werther, two of the most subtle and accomplished character studies in opera, that they are "boys in love with love, as totally absorbed in their emotions as any girl"—a comment that, moreover, does not consider to what extent this trait is also to be found in the literary originals.

Named composers occupy only a part, however important, of the total space; there are also huge articles on ethnic music, on instruments, on musical forms, on theoretical subjects, on categories (I have found invaluable the very full listing of periodicals, country by country), and on places—seventy-six pages on London, forty-one on Paris. It is in these more general topics that American scholarship comes into its own: the largest number of contributors from any one nation—over a third, we are told, of the total—are from the United States. In medieval and Renaissance subjects, in the Baroque area, on theoretical and conceptual matters in general, and on various branches of non-Western music, the status of American musicology has been fully recognized. Younger composers of all countries tend to fall, rightly, to younger writers, who are likely to be in sympathy with—or, at least, conversant with—the aims of their allotted subjects; a high proportion, naturally, are compatriots. To compatriots, again, often falls the task of supplying the articles on minor or secondary composers such as form an especially valuable feature of encyclopedias—if only because a private library that is likely to contain a book or two on Beethoven or Mozart will often have nothing on Duparc or Busoni or Szymanowski. The results, it must be said, vary a good deal. The writer invited to replace J. B. Trend's entry on Granados in Grove 5 has provided a very sketchy account of that delightful composer, followed by a miserable list of works, which is at one point incorrect (there are ten tonadillas, not four: an error taken over from Trend) and is considerably less detailed than the list appended to Trend's article. Enrique Franco's updating of Trend's essay on Manuel de Falla is, by contrast, exemplary.

Lists of works—complete for major composers, necessarily selective for lesser fry, especially those whose productivity is out of all proportion to their merits—are among the most valuable features of any musical dictionary. They are also, one suspects, among the more intractable problems that the editor and his advisory board have had to face, if only because they are so space-consuming. On the whole, the New Grove maintains a sound and sensible balance between

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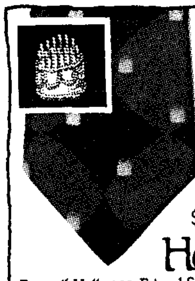

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comprehensiveness and practicality, between clarity and completeness. The Dictionary's most serious and most modern rival is the German "Die Musik in Geschichte und Gegenwart" (commonly known in the profession as MGG), edited by Friedrich Blume, which appeared in fourteen massive volumes between 1949 and 1968, followed by two supplementary volumes in 1973 and 1979. MGG's sublime disregard for mere convenience has involved the printing of hundreds of items within a given category in a single sequence without the smallest assistance of layout or separate columns, and may be seen at its most densely uncompromising in the seven and a half non-stop columns devoted to the songs of Schubert. Grove likewise adopts chronological sequence, but treats each song under column headings—for title, opening line, author of text, key, dates of composition and of publication, and place within the two scholarly complete editions—and then provides an alphabetical index. The result uses up twenty pages but is incomparably clearer and more useful. (In one respect only does MGG provide detailed information—as compared with more summary treatment in Grove—of a kind that can be extremely useful, especially in entries on modern composers; namely, the identity of the publisher.) The forty-two-page Haydn list is similarly classified, and will prove invaluable to users—even though a specialist reviewer has already complained of errors or inconsistencies in the listing of the symphonies.

Everyone is sure to come across details in his own particular field which are either misleading or plain wrong; one or two of these raise points of general interest which make them worthy of discussion. The other day, in connection with a new production of Monteverdi's "Orfeo," I tried to discover something that has proved intermittently elusive over the years: the type of voice first used for the title role and, if possible, the actual singer. The standard books on Monteverdi, which discuss the instrumentation of the opera at length, are curiously silent on this point, and Professor Denis Arnold's Monteverdi entry in the New Grove maintains this tradition. The fact that the two editions of the score printed in the composer's lifetime (1609 and 1615) use the tenor clef for the part (it shows in an illustration accompanying the entry on Ricciardo Amadino, who printed both) tells

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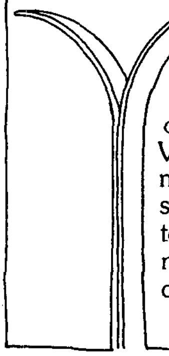

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strongly, of course, in favor of a tenor. But Grove speaks with more than one voice on the point. The article on Giulio Caccini (by H. Wiley Hitchcock, a member of the Executive Committee) says that its subject, a noted singer and teacher as well as composer, "also taught Severo Bonini, Francesco Rasi and the castrato Giovanni Gualberto Magli (who created the title role in Monteverdi's *Orfeo*);" and Thomas Walker seems to assent to this view in his entry on "castrato," in which he observes that "the castrato figured in the history of opera from its beginnings: Peri's *Euridice* (1600), Monteverdi's *Orfeo* (1607) and Vitali's *Aretusa* (1620) all included eunuchs in their casts." The entry on Francesco Rasi, on the other hand, by William V. Porter, says, "At Mantua in 1607 [Rasi] almost certainly created the title role in Monteverdi's *Orfeo* (see T. Carter, *MT*, cxviii [1977], 393)." Rasi was a man of parts—composer, tenor, *chitarrone* player, and poet—and his art as a singer was highly praised by both Peri and Caccini. What makes Grove's confusion on this point the stranger is that Mr. Carter's letter (it was in fact signed jointly with David Butchart) appeared in a journal, *The Musical Times*, that is edited by Dr. Sadie himself, and gave virtually decisive support to the theory that Rasi was the original Orfeo—a theory that was first advanced as long ago as 1954 by Dr. Nigel Fortune, one of Grove's trinity of Senior Consulting Editors. Here, it seems, is one topic that can hardly have cropped up in the course of their high-level consultations.

Another, more surprisingly, is the matter of the original singer of Wagner's Tristan. There is not the slightest mystery about this: it was sung by Ludwig Schnorr von Carolsfeld (his wife was the Isolde), a twenty-nine-year-old tenor who was hugely admired by Wagner and whose death a bare six weeks after the première affected the composer profoundly. The careers of both Schnorrs are clearly set forth in an entry by John Warrack adorned with a well-known photograph of the two in "Tristan," which might have been expected to stick in the memory of the editorial staff. Nevertheless, a general entry on singing in the next volume solemnly assures us that the tenor "was to have created the role of Tristan but . . . died before doing so."

Such slips as these are humanly inevitable. Very different is the case of

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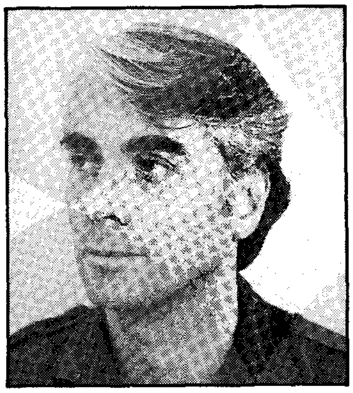

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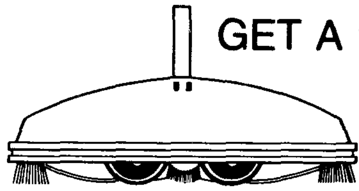

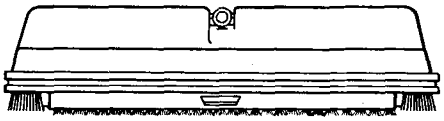

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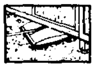

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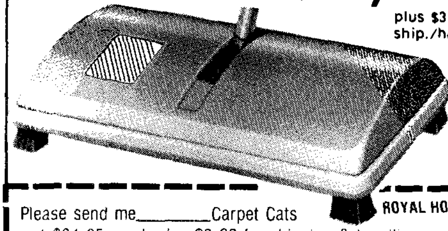

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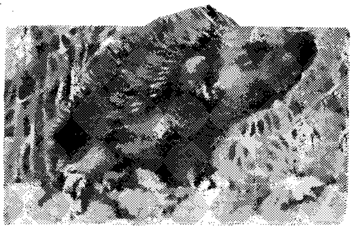

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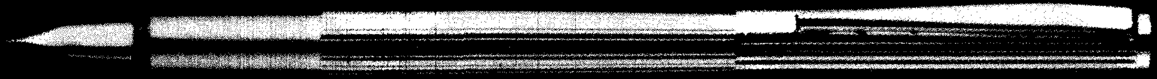
"Esrum-Hellerup, Dag Henrik (*b* Arhus, 19 July 1803; *d* Graested, 8 Sept 1891). Danish flautist, conductor and composer," who gets a twenty-three-line entry followed by a single bibliographical reference. Esrum-Hellerup is a hoax. There's no sich a person: the names are those of two small Danish places; the biography, supposedly written by A. Pirro and published in Paris in 1909, doesn't exist. Apart from its fictitious contents, I can detect no trace of humor in the entry; it is just such a piece as might have been expected on a minor Danish musician whose inclusion in the Dictionary would perhaps have been a borderline case. In short, the joke (if it can be called that) consists wholly in having successfully smuggled the bogus fellow into these august pages. Is it priggish to feel shocked by such behavior? (For a parallel, suppose that one of the world's most reputable atlases were to show, "for fun," a small and nonexistent island off, say, the coast of Africa.) The entry is signed by Robert Layton, a well-known English authority on Scandinavian music, and the author of a study of Berwald and two books on Sibelius. In the New Grove, Layton gets an entry of his own and has contributed three or four major articles, including Sibelius. Moreover, he is named in the editor's introductory pages of "Acknowledgments" among "a number of individual contributors and others to whom we are specially grateful, for one reason or another." When I discussed the matter of Esrum-Hellerup with an embarrassed member of the editorial staff, she admitted the fact of the hoax, and said that the entry would be removed when a reprint was put in hand—which, fortunately, is expected to be quite soon. "How on earth will you fill the hole?" I tactlessly inquired; to which she murmured the reply that an illustration might serve the purpose.

That neat solution would have been impossible in the previous edition, where separate pages of plates on shiny paper inevitably meant a frequent and sometimes considerable distancing of the illustration from the entry to which it referred. The advantage of having the picture beside its subject—together with the remarkable richness and variety of the chosen illustrations—contributes substantially to the value of these volumes; but it is only *one of the material and practical conveniences that make the Dictionary so delightful to use and to handle.* Paper of such quality is bound to make nine-hundred-page volumes weighty, but everything possible has been done to further the physical comfort of the reader. Except at the very beginning and the very end of each volume, the page lies flat wherever opened, and no painful breaking of the spine is required to achieve this result. The typeface is small—Times New Roman eight on nine point for the bulk of the contents—but extremely sharp and clear, with unusually wide spacing between words: virtues that became strikingly evident when, for display purposes, a page was blown up to cover a large area and was seen to have retained its perfect clarity.

Many awkward decisions have had to be made, the vast majority of which strike me as sensible and unpedantic compromises aimed at the convenience of the reader. Whereas in Grove 5 even the longest entries were signed by initials, and the alphabetical identification, if wanted, was to be found only by consulting Volume I, in the New Grove the names of writers are given in full at the end of each article, or sometimes (as in the hundred or so pages devoted to the fourteen leading members of the Bach clan) at the end of an extensive group of articles. In such joint or multiple entries, one may at first think that the individual writer's name should come at the point where his own piece concludes, but reflection shows that such a practice would often convey a false impression at the end of an entry, where whichever name came last would appear to have shouldered the whole task. Unsigned articles are so rare (I have noticed only two of any length: one on the English composer Brian Ferneyhough, the other on the American scholar H. C. Robbins Landon) as to arouse the suspicion that their unattributed state may be accidental.

Transliteration, especially from Slavic languages, is a formidable problem, perhaps recalcitrant to an entirely consistent solution. For example, Tchaikovsky (who, according to accepted modern rules, should be either Chaikovsky or Chaykovsky) retains his traditional spelling—to the great convenience of most users, if to the distress of scholars. On the other hand, Diaghilev has become Dyagilev,



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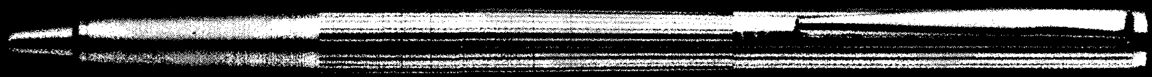

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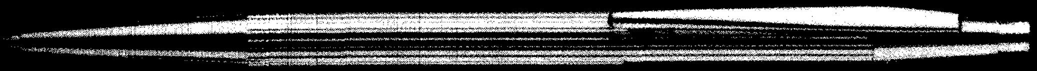

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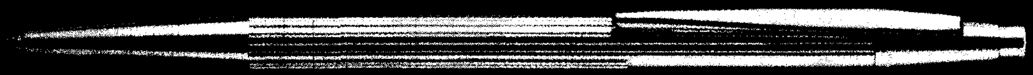

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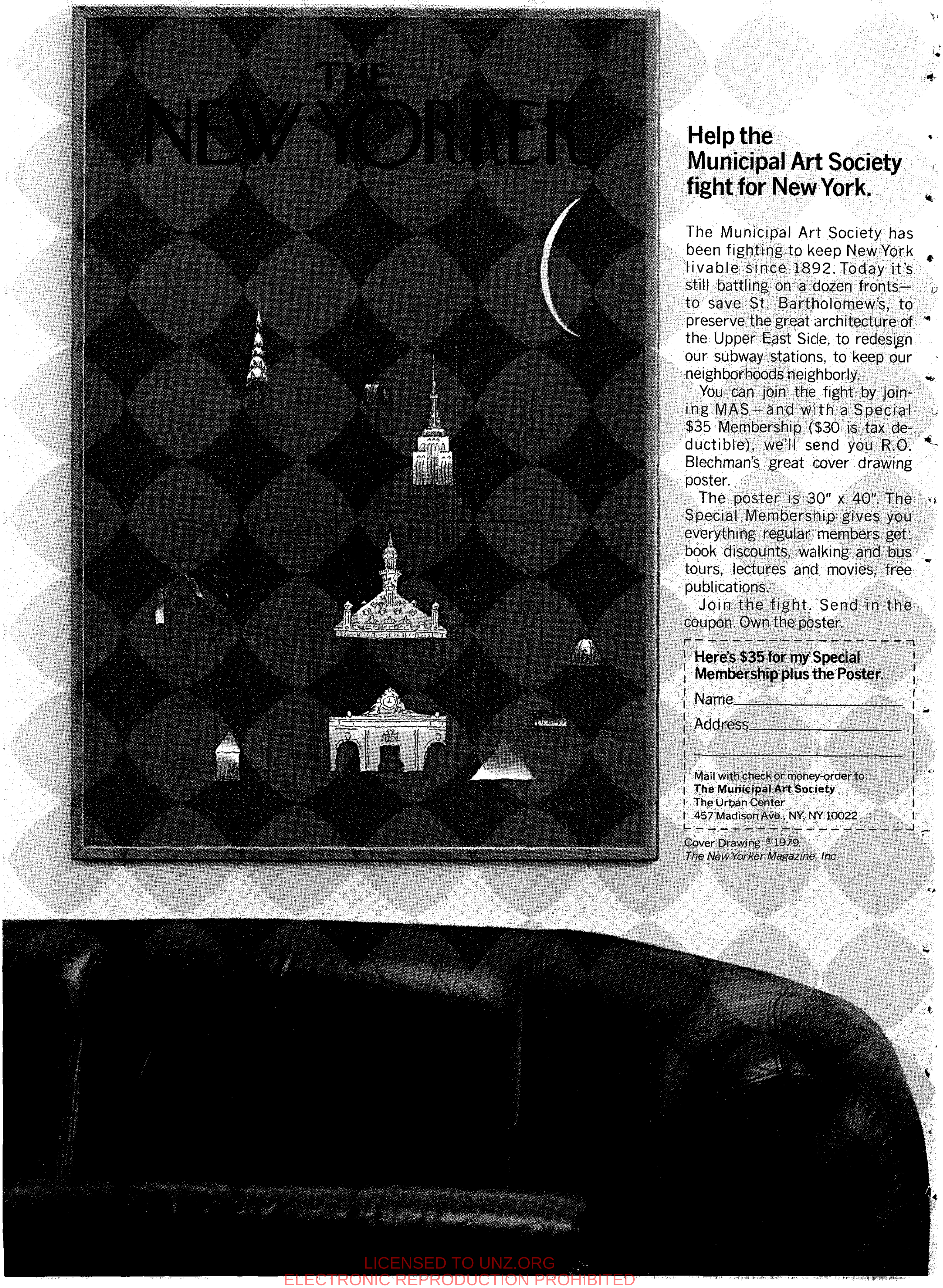

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Glière becomes Glier, Chaliapin becomes Shalyapin, and Rachmaninoff becomes Rakhmaninov. More questionable is the spelling of Medtner as Metner, since this Russianized form of a name of German origin should, for consistency, have involved the parallel spelling of Richter (the pianist) as Rikhter. A minor curiosity is the change (from previous editions) of the famous German conductor Karl Muck—he was at one time head of the Boston Symphony—to the less familiar Carl Muck. And one would never guess from this entry that Muck's famous and glorious conducting of "Parsifal" for some thirty years at Bayreuth (as to the tempos of which the evidence of a singer is cited) was documented by no fewer than thirty 78-r.p.m. sides—that is to say, getting on for half the total score. This is only one of several instances in which the living evidence of the phonograph has been culpably ignored.

What, then, is the net result of all this labor, all this dedication to the minutiae of scholarship? A comprehensive and, on the whole, amazingly accurate summation of present knowledge—that goes without saying. But also endless pleasure to the fortunate possessor of the set, and even to the less fortunate individual with access to a library that has it. For myself, I confess that continual use of the New Grove has been a constant joy and also an insidious temptation: again and again, looking up one entry, I have been caught by others, which have kept me engrossed until long past midnight. Many people must have wondered whether, in the intimidating new world of modern musicology, sheer readability could have been maintained. By and large, they need not have worried. Twenty-seven years ago, reviewing Grove 5, I felt able to conclude, "More than ever, Grove is its delightful old self," and I can still say almost the same of Grove 6.

—Desmond Shawe-Taylor

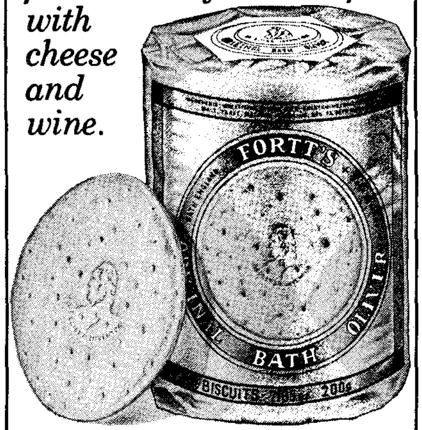
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Spring Moon, by Bette Bao Lord (Harper & Row; $14.95). As this unusual historical novel opens, in 1892, nine-year-old Spring Moon violates the Manchu rules of etiquette by dashing into the presence of her female elders without stopping to pay respect to the matriarch of the house. Spring Moon is bright and inquisitive, and so a scholarly and progressive uncle teaches her to read and write, as if she were a boy. She is also beautiful, and at sixteen becomes a wife; shortly afterward, she is also a mother, and then a widow and (briefly and discreetly) her tutor-uncle's mistress. Her daughter, named Lustrous Jade, becomes a zealous Communist and a veteran of the Long March of 1934; Lustrous Jade's struggle to forsake her family's Confucian heritage occupies a large portion of the story. Mrs. Lord clutters the novel (her first) with too many uncles and in-laws, but her vivid portraits of places and things translate vast cultural changes to a personal scale; for instance, the exquisite ancestral halls of Spring Moon's childhood become a sort of Hell's Kitchen by the nineteen-seventies, and the calluses on Lustrous Jade's hands after she has labored as a peasant contrast with an earlier description of Spring Moon's bound feet. A Literary Guild selection.

GENERAL

Van Wyck Brooks: A Writer's Life, by Raymond Nelson (Dutton; $21.75). This well-written biography demonstrates how powerfully fashion affects the reputation of critics as well as of artists. In the teens and twenties of this century, Brooks (1886-1963) gained attention as a critic who was a leader of and spokesman for the American avant-garde in its assault on what remained of Puritanism and the genteel tradition. Subsequently, his emotional problems overcame him, and from 1926 to 1931 he was either insane or on the brink of insanity, unaware of the events (the crash of 1929 among them) that turned many writers and critics to the left. Thus, when Brooks recovered from his illness and resumed writing, producing a major history of American literature with "The Flowering of New England" in 1936, several assortments of Young Turks were ready to regard him as outdated. In his personal life, Brooks had much difficulty coping with the conservative upper-class demands made on him by his mother and mother-in-law; he intellectually rejected their concept of success, yet was driven to comply with it and felt guilty when he could not earn enough money. Mr. Nelson shows that Brooks did not merely write about but suffered through the



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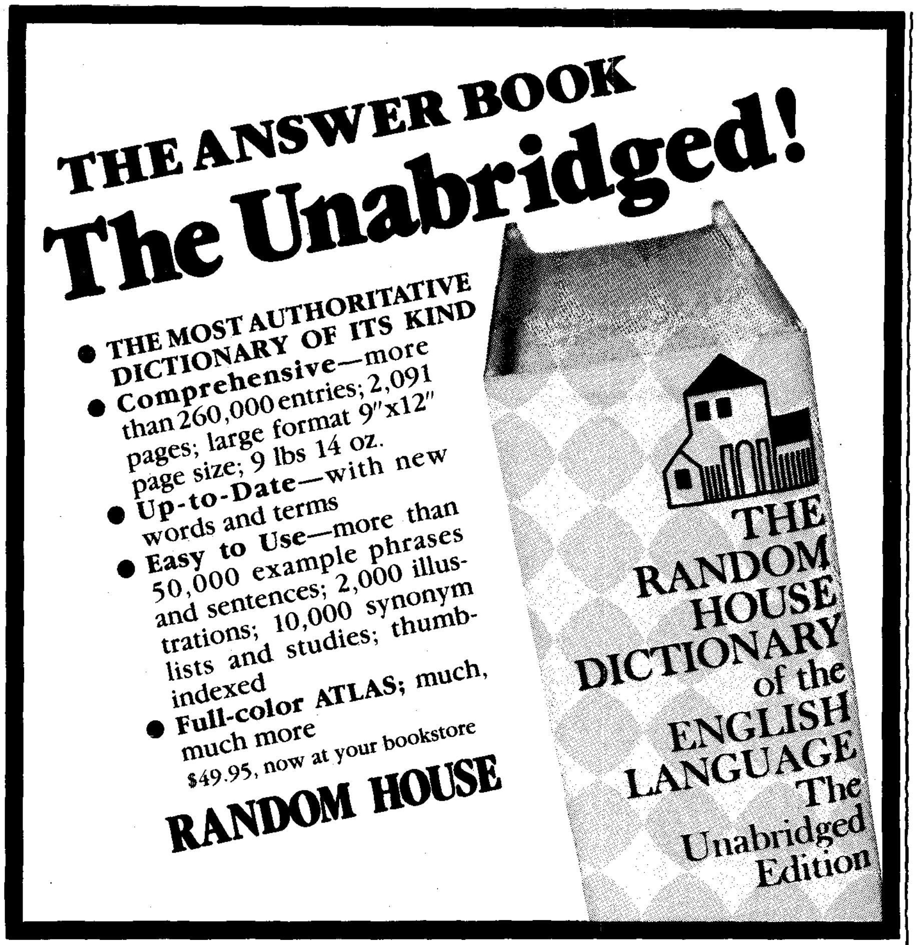
strains of cultural and social rebellion. He does not slight Brooks' strengths, either. He stresses Brooks' sense of literature and criticism as moral endeavors, and points to his efforts to make sense out of the American past in order to set goals for the future.

LABYRINTHS OF IRON: A HISTORY OF THE WORLD'S SUBWAYS, by Benson Bobrick (Newsweek; $13.95). A remarkably interesting work, and not only for engineers. (The author, a poet, has a Ph.D. in comparative literature.) Although the ancient Egyptians, Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans all built tunnels, the popular mind invariably confused the underground with the underworld, and in the centuries after Rome fell its tunnels were regarded as the work of the Devil and gateways to his realm. The story of modern tunnelling begins with the great engineer Marc Isambard Brunel, who in 1816 observed the operations of shipworms tunnelling through timbers. Adapting this animal's techniques to machinery, Brunel constructed the first tunnel beneath the Thames; it opened in 1843. Mr. Bobrick is lucid in describing the technical problems and vivid in conjuring up the nightmare of nineteenth-century urban transport as he recounts the construction of the London, Paris, and New York subways. In somewhat less detail, he covers the creation of later ones, such as Moscow's; he himself thinks that Mexico City's is the most attractive. Indeed, he tells us that more and better subways have been built since the Second World War than ever before, and he thinks that "New York's deteriorating system is certainly an aberration; worldwide, the momentum has been the other way."

THE TRANSATLANTIC SLAVE TRADE, by James A. Rawley (Norton; $24.95). This first-rate new study discusses the size and profitability of the slaving business, the people who engaged in it, and its consequences in European and American history. Since transatlantic slaving lasted from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth, it crosses several periods of economic history, and the Netherlands' Commercial Revolution and Great Britain's Industrial Revolution gave these powers, at least temporarily, a greater share in the slave trade, as they had in every other kind of business. Slaving first



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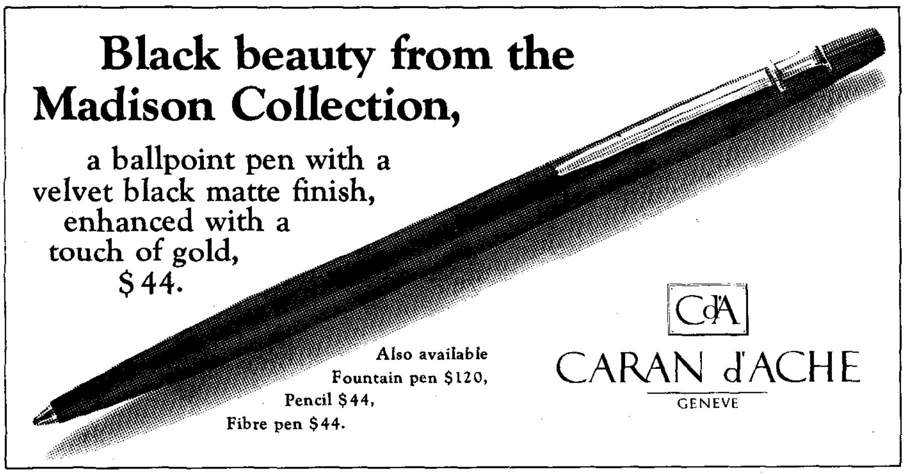

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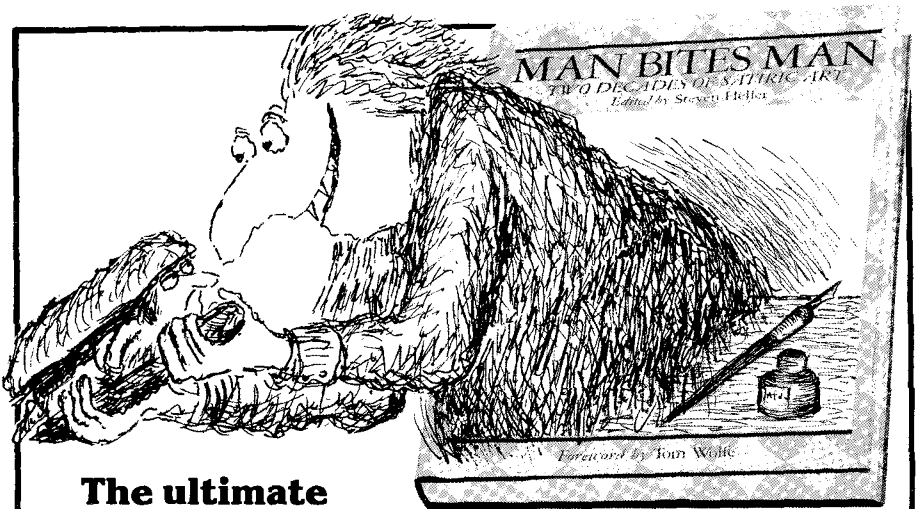
became a serious enterprise when the Portuguese established sugar plantations in Brazil. New World sugar was the mainspring of slavery; the typical concept of a sugar-plantation slave was something to be worked to death and replaced. The United States had an attitude that was only slightly different, but the physical environment was better, which explains why this country today has about a third of the black population of the Western Hemisphere, although it originally imported no more than five or six per cent of all African slaves. The author's scholarship demolishes some of our myths of indignation (the importance to Colonial New England of the triangular trade of slaves, molasses, and rum, for instance), while leaving us astonished that nobody who was engaged in the business, from African potentates on down, saw anything wrong with it.

DAYTIME STAR, by Simon Mitton (Scribners; $14.95). The British astronomer Simon Mitton is one of the better writers on popular astronomy; his previous book, "The Crab Nebula," was a superb example of the genre. His present book is about our own star, the sun. It, too, is generally excellent; the only cavil—and this is one that often applies to professional scientists who write about their craft—is that Mitton knows too much too well. The effect is that on occasion he collapses complicated arguments into a couple of sentences that seem almost a bit flippant. One wishes at such times that he had written a somewhat longer book and had spelled things out in more detail. But this does not detract fundamentally from the general excellence of his book, which can be recommended to anyone who would like to learn about the latest in solar astronomy.

YOSEMITE, by Margaret Sanborn (Random House; $17.50). A biography of the Yosemite Valley, in the Sierra Nevada of central California. The valley, which had been home ground to the Ahwahneeche Indians for several thousand years, was first seen by white men in 1833, when a party of mountaineers stumbled upon it, and looked down in awe at this lush meadowland, with its waterfalls (one of them seven times the height of Niagara), its stands of giant trees, its endless variety of flowering herbs, enclosed by



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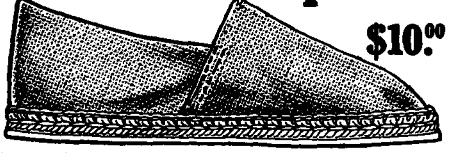

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a wall of granite peaks eight thousand feet high. They were unable to find a way of descending to it, but in the early eighteen-fifties access was finally achieved, and since then Yosemite has exerted a strong pull on men and women of every description—explorers, exploiters, naturalists, homesteaders, sheepmen, writers, artists, photographers, and Teddy Roosevelt. Mrs. Sanborn, who wrote a notable history of the Tetons, singles out some of these enthusiasts for more extended treatment; among them are Grizzly Adams (and his famous bear, Ben Franklin); John Burroughs; the protean Scottish naturalist and eccentric John Muir, who did most for Yosemite; and the pioneer photographers Carleton Watkins and Eadweard Muybridge, some of whose pictures illustrate the book.

NOTE: "Creature Comforts," a collection of drawings by Charles Addams, all of which first appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Simon & Schuster ($12.95).

MYSTERY AND CRIME

SUMMON THE BRIGHT WATER, by Geoffrey Household (Atlantic-Little, Brown; $11.95). As Mr. Household has aged (he is now in his eighties), the names of his hero-narrators (Bernardo Brown, Alfgif Hollaston, Piers Colet) have grown stranger and stranger, and the adventures into which he thrusts them have tended more and more to involve the religious beliefs of early man, but the quality of the writing—the invention, the suspense—has in no way diminished. This new high entertainment, told by an economics historian (Piers Colet), has to do with a neo-druidical sect in Gloucestershire that seems to have access to unlimited supplies of twenty-four-carat gold and very few qualms about murdering inquisitive strangers.

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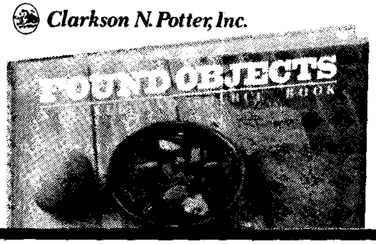

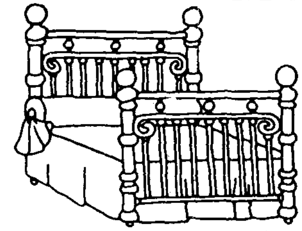

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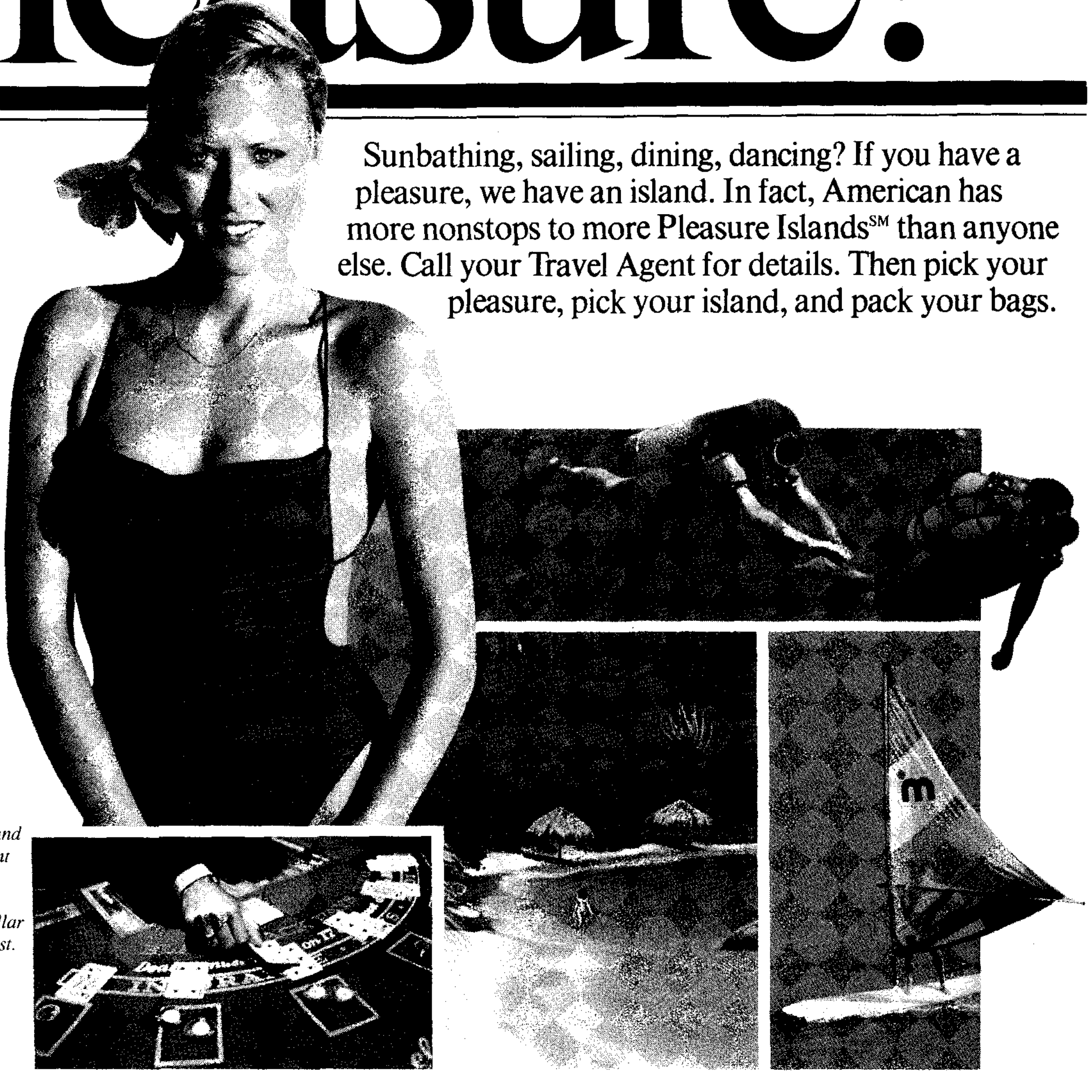

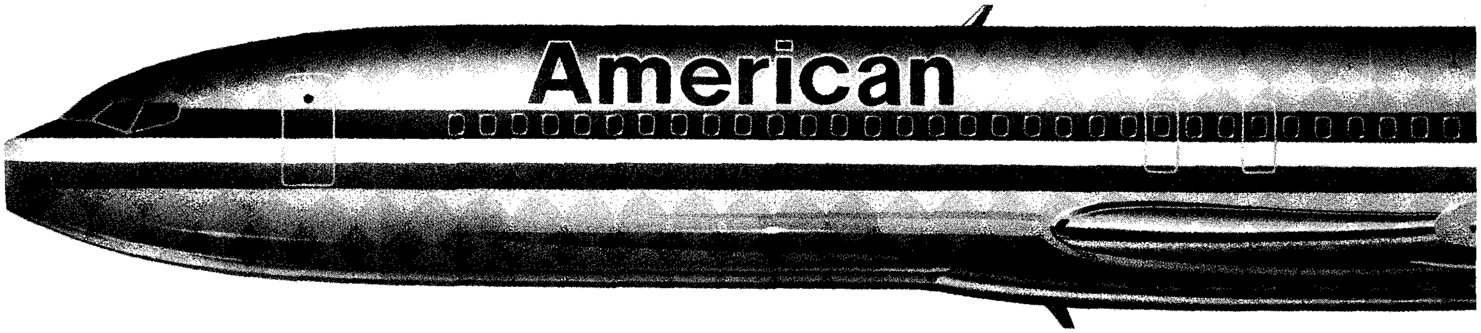

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